

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

ON THIS SIDE.

II.

MR. KETCHUM was somewhat mistaken in the calculations he had made as to the probable time the Britannia would take to reach New York. That steamer, with his friends and friends' friends on board, to say nothing of other passengers in whom he felt no interest, was off Bedloe's Island a good ten hours earlier than he had supposed possible, to the distraction of a certain florist who had been ordered by telegraph to send off "the finest basket of roses to be had in New York" by the pilot-boat, to greet the strangers before they had so much as set foot on American soil. Interpreting his instructions liberally, this artist had taken great pains to prepare one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* on which he prided himself,—an enormous wire structure full of hot-house beauties, with a parasol of maiden-hair and rose-buds suspended above it, the whole requiring the best efforts of two able-bodied seamen to deposit it in the cabin of the Britannia. There it was much admired by the passengers while the steward hurried away in search of a certain gentleman, who presently came back with him,—a somewhat elderly, squarely-built, stout man, with iron-gray side-whiskers, dressed in a pepper-and-salt travelling-suit, having a field-glass slung across his ample chest, wearing a cork helmet that he removed

as he descended the gangway smoking a brier-root pipe, which disappeared about the same time in one of his pockets, and diffusing a genial air of good feeling and high living, breeding, and fashion,—in short, Sir Robert Heathcote.

If this gentleman had in an eminent degree the indefinable everything that announces to the looker-on, not only of Vienna, but from Dan to Beersheba, an Englishman, and to a practised eye can no more be counterfeited than the flavor of oyster or olive to the cultivated palate, the two young men accompanying him may be said to have fairly reeked of Bond Street, St. James, Kensington Gardens, Pall Mall, the Guards' Club, Tattersalls, Lord's,—any and all resorts where English men-about-town are wont to congregate. Both were tall, both handsome, but the good looks of Mr. Heathcote (Sir Robert's nephew) were of the dark, worn, and dissipated order, while his friend Mr. Hugh Ramsay was a young Adonis of five-and-twenty, such as is frequently to be seen in London parks, of average brains and barely respectable attainments,—a model of manly beauty, simple and honorable in character, modestly self-reliant in manner, rosy as any girl, with a girl's trick of blushing, and a voice which it is no exaggeration to call delicious,—the sort of man that always looks and

seems about to be charming, yet really says little and does less to justify the fervid liking he is apt to inspire in the breasts of most women, and a good many men, almost at sight.

He approached the table now and fell into one of his usual graceful attitudes as easily as a kitten or a child might have done, and, though it would not seem difficult of accomplishment to sit on the arm of an easy-chair, holding a Scotch cap in the right hand, while the left arm describes a curve that enables a shapely hand (well cared for and adorned by a handsome cat's-eye ring) to rest lightly on the left hip, another man would have found it an impossible feat after a month of posturing and posing, at least so far as achieving the same result is concerned. Mr. Ramsay had a great and happily unconscious gift for attitudes, and did the simplest things in an especial and incomparable manner of his own. He did not even take a seat like other men; while his manner of rolling his umbrella or drawing on his gloves had all the effect of a new idea, and seemed an exhibition as original as it was attractive, not in the least a matter of course.

The florist had disappeared by this time, but a card dangled from the handle of the pretty parasol which said all that was necessary, and, having examined it, Sir Robert looked with some interest at the flowers, and said, "Very friendly of Ketchum, upon my word! Very friendly indeed! He is the man I was telling you of this morning, Ramsay, that lived out here,—in the Western part. A very good fellow; an original: one doesn't meet his like every day. In trade, of course, but not in the least like our Brummagem fellows. Just so! We must have the ladies out to see these."

"The beggar must have pots of money, to throw it away like this," said Mr. Ramsay, half enviously.

Looking around for a servant to take a message, Sir Robert saw the unctuous steward bearing down upon him with another large bouquet, less elaborate than Mr. Ketchum's, but also beautiful.

"If you please, sir, this has just been

left by a person," said the man, with a fatuous air of personal gratification.

Sir Robert, without a word, looked at the card attached, which was glazed and had written on it, in fashionable-boarding-school characters, "For the ladies of Sir Robert Heathcote Baronet's party," and underneath, "From Miss Bijou Brown."

"This is from a Miss Brown, some friend of Ketchum's, I dare say," he said, with an amused but genial smile. "Very kind, I am sure. Let the ladies know that I wish to see them here" (turning to the steward).

"The plot thickens!" exclaimed young Ramsay. "There will be a third presently, for that chap and myself" (nodding toward Mr. Heathcote, who was leaning languidly against the wall, an impassive witness of what was going on). "A lyre, most likely. Do they do this sort of thing often over here?"

"Can't say, really," replied Mr. Heathcote. "Never been here before. I should like to land at least before setting myself up as an authority on American customs, though I know a chap that wrote a book about it without ever leaving his rectory in Dorset,—not half a bad book, either, giving the Americans what they would call 'particular all-fired fits.'"

Mr. Heathcote said this with the air of a man who is being witty and knows it. He considered himself an authority on American slang, though he had just disclaimed any knowledge of American customs, and was in the habit of using it a good deal (with a certain elephantine clumsiness and dislocation of terms) at his club, where it met with hearty uncritical appreciation, as well as in many drawing-rooms, where mothers with marriageable daughters were apt to be convulsed as by a second Talleyrand, called him "a clever, satirical, malicious creature," and told him that he ought to be ashamed to make those poor Americans so ridiculous. Mr. Ramsay laughed now, having always had an infatuated admiration for what he called "Heathcote's Far-Western expressions," and, having exhausted this sensation, consulted his watch, saying, "How

goes the evening? I must toddle. I've got some things to put up.—Oh, I beg pardon!"

This last was addressed to a young girl against whom he had jostled in turning round,—one of the ladies of his party, who was closely followed by the other two.

"What lovely nosegays! Where did they come from, Ethel dear?" asked the eldest of the trio, the Honorable Augusta Noel, an elderly gentlewoman of charming appearance and dignified bearing.

"Dear! dear! I had no idea there were such roses in America!" exclaimed her friend Mrs. Arundel Sykes, in a deep chest-voice, that reverberated as if it had come from a female bassoon, but was harsh in tone, exaggeratedly English in its inflections, and distinctly patronizing. "How very klawrious! And what an extravagant profusion! Whose are they?"

"Yours, partly," said Sir Robert, and explained the situation.

"Most civil and kind of them," commented the Honorable Augusta. "It is so very pleasant to be welcomed like this to a foreign country."

"Yours were sent by Mabel Vaughan's husband, you say? They must have been grown under glass. What does the man want of you? Depend upon it, he is trying to make something out of you," said Mrs. Sykes.

"Not at all. You quite mistake him," replied Sir Robert quickly.

Mrs. Sykes took up Miss Brown's card and inspected it: "Miss Bijou Brown. What an extraordinary combination! And glazed! And with that 'Baronet,' too. Very queer indeed! And who is Miss Bijou Brown when she is at home? And why should she be sending us flowers? I don't understand," she said.

"It is simple enough. She is a friend of the Ketchums, no doubt, and, being here in New York, has sent these out of politeness and regard for them. There is nothing remarkable about it that I can see," said Sir Robert, "except that it is remarkably civil."

"Oh, yes, to be sure. That is all very well. Only, I suppose we shall have to *know* her; and that may be awkward. I don't wish to know her, I'm sure," said Mrs. Sykes, speaking with conviction, and thinking of the card. (Mrs. Sykes would not have cared to know Joan of Arc or St. Paul had either used glazed pasteboard, at least until they had received the hall-mark of society in spite of the awful fact.) "Well, well, we are in America now, and I suppose it doesn't matter. We must expect everything in the way of indiscriminate association in a country where there are no class distinctions."

"None? Surely you exaggerate, do you not?" asked Miss Noel.

"Oh, not in the least, I ashore you," affirmed Mrs. Sykes, with warmth. "I've read Miss Alcott's books, and a lot of other American works, and they all tell the same story. Not only do the gentry, or what we are used to regard as such, visit the tradespeople, but if the cook should develop a talent for music, or painting, or anything of the kind, the family rejoice like the Biblical female over the lost piece of money, send her abroad to cultivate it at their expense, and seem quite charmed to have her come home and marry the son of the house."

"Dear me! How very dreadful! I can't fancy it for a moment! So very destructive of personal dignity, and subversive of social order," said Miss Noel. "I almost regret having brought Ethel."

"Pooh! stuff! Ethel is all right," said Sir Robert. "You don't suppose I am going to have Tom, Dick, and Harry introduced to my niece! I shall be the judge of all that. To be sure, it is rather difficult to place them. I have known numbers of them, and the only thing I have learned is that, as a general rule, it is safest to avoid officials. They must hold titles in republican contempt, to judge from some of the people they bestow them upon. The most vulgar fellow I ever knew in all my life was their minister to Karlsbaten, and one of the most delightful was a

man I met out in Egypt, a most accomplished, clever, gentlemanly fellow,—a dentist. Just so! But all the same, depend upon it, they have their share of social distinctions: their society could not hold together otherwise, and caste is one of the fundamental natural laws of all society, whether it rests on an aristocratic, plutocratic, bureaucratic, or simply inherent foundation. However, my rule is to take people as I find them, and among fifty millions of people I should think it would be quite possible for us to find some who are our equals, perhaps a few who are even our superiors."

"Oh, really!" said Mrs. Sykes, in scornful dissent, and had no time to say more, for there now came up to her certain fellow-passengers—a Mrs. Washington Hitchcock and her two daughters—in intent upon making their adieux and final compliments. This was accomplished on their part with grace and warmth, and met with a civil response from the Honorable Augusta, a neutral one from Ethel Heathcote, who, in the face of recent disclosures, dared not give expression to the wish she had formed to know more of the new acquaintances, and a distinctly haughty and repressive one from Mrs. Sykes, who thought it one thing to know people at sea and quite another thing to know them on land.

Friendliness with her was a fluid condition of mind and manner, adapted to ocean and watering-place life, but apt to form into a thick deposit of ice across which she skated to *terra firma* at the close of a voyage or season, leaving rueful or indignant acquaintances to think what they pleased. She now made it so clear that she considered her relations with the Hitchcocks to have been of this temporary character that those ladies bowed themselves stiffly off the scene. Ethel hastened after the girls and shook hands again, murmured something about the pleasure she had had with them, and "the awfully jolly voyage," and also expressed a hope that they might meet "somewhere" again, blushing a good deal while she made

this atonement, and feeling extremely uncomfortable.

Her aunt took Mrs. Sykes to task as follows: "Surely, Georgina, it was not necessary for you to be so—well, positive. I fear you have given offence. And you know Mrs. Hitchcock kindly gave up her cabin to you when she found it was making you so ill to be near the screw, besides showing us other civilities. Really, I feel concerned that you should have repulsed her as you did."

"Oh, never fear. That kind of people, who dress up to the nines and wear their diamonds when they travel, are in the habit of putting out small attentions at interest and quite used to the cold shoulder in return. They are accustomed to being sat upon. They like it, expect it, thrive upon it, I assure you. It is the only way to deal with them," replied Mrs. Sykes coolly. "I met two families at Scarborough last year that I did not care to keep up with afterward, though they amused me at the time, so I cut them all dead in the Park a month ago. But they didn't mind it in the least, with the exception of one daughter, a red-haired dowdy of a girl with whom I had been rather intimate in a way. She was perfectly furious" (Mrs. Sykes called it "fawrious"); "but the others, on the contrary, bowed most graciously to me after that at the opera, and told a friend of mine that I was the most delightful woman they had ever met. I should never have taken them up but that I got the use of a drawing-room facing the sea out of them without its costing me a penny, and I knew I could drop them whenever I liked. A vulgar lot, of whom I am well rid."

"You—surprise me," said her companion, though "disgust" would have better expressed her meaning. "But the Hitchcocks are not at all vulgar,—a little over-dressed perhaps, but not more so than a good many people in the highest society at home. I can't think why they wear their diamonds in the daytime. It is such an extraordinary thing to do."

Sir Robert, who had walked away at the beginning of the conversation, now

came back again to ask if they were quite ready to land, and the two ladies, remembering a number of last things that required their attention, retired to their cabins again, where Mrs. Sykes's deep voice might have been heard giving explicit directions about her "darling Bobo,"—a Dandie Dinmont about which she gave herself endless concern, and for which she felt apparently all the fondness that the most doting parent could lavish on a favorite child. Mrs. Sykes had once been a mother, but always a devotee to dogs, and, when people complimented her upon the appearance of her little daughter during the brief stay it made in a world of woe, she was wont to reply, "My baby is all very well, of course" (tepidly); "but" (with enthusiasm) "you should see my dog! He has got no nose at all!"

Perhaps it may be well to take this opportunity of saying that Mrs. Sykes was a middle-aged widow of ample fortune and aristocratic connections, who belonged to the genus lately and accurately defined as "globe-trotter;" an aggressively clever, well-informed woman, an insatiably curious woman, who yet travelled all over the world that she might enjoy the *éclat* of having seen and done everything and been everywhere rather than for any pleasure it gave her, unless indeed it was a pleasure to assure herself (and everybody else) that there was "no place like England;" a woman coarse of nature, destitute of tact, and profoundly selfish, who could make herself very agreeable or perfectly insufferable, just as she saw fit. Returning from Siam three months before Sir Robert planned his tour in America, and hearing that he meant to take with him his niece and nephew and their maternal aunt, the Honorable Augusta Noel, she skilfully fastened herself on the party, knowing from experience that it was certainly less expensive and might prove more agreeable to travel in that way than alone, and stating frankly that she had to do America,—everybody was doing America,—and she had best get it over and done with.

Another addition was made to the party later, in the person of Mr. Hugh Malcom Farquharson Milman Ramsay, the younger son of a younger son, who, growing tired of supporting this wealth of title and its possessor on the salary of a Foreign-Office clerk, had conceived the idea of making a future for himself in America, where, although he knew nothing whatever of business and had the habits and tastes of a man with thirty thousand a year rather than eighty, he had mapped out for himself an abnormally successful and brilliant career.

"I give myself five years in which to make a million and come back to England," he said to young Heathcote.

"How are you going to do it?" his friend inquired.

"Oh, in mines and things," explained the sanguine innocent. "You watch your chance and put in a little capital out there, and before you know where you are you find yourself rolling in money. I have been reading a lot about it lately. You strike a vein, don't you see, or a railroad comes along, and there you are. Not that I mean to live in America, I can tell you. When high tide comes, I'll sell out and put every shillin' of it in the Bank of England, and come home and turn country gentleman, and marry, and all that."

In this easy and agreeable fashion did Mr. Ramsay lay up much wealth for himself in imagination and prepare to eat, drink, and be merry, not knowing what would be required of him in the way of knowledge, capacity, and energy in order to earn so much as one trade dollar making up in piety the weight it lacks in silver. Acting on this belief, he drew out of the funds his entire fortune, consisting of a thousand pounds left him by a maiden aunt, and with immense eagerness and delight set himself to take the plunge he had determined upon,—ordered fourteen suits of clothes of Poole, bought the newest and best gun, the most ingeniously jointed and reeled fishing-rod, the most gorgeous dressing-case to be found in London, not to mention equipments for twelve horses, a great

bundle of canes and umbrellas, a case of pistols, a travelling-clock, despatch-boxes, Cockle's pills, Pears' soap, Lubin's "White Rose," eau de Cologne, and a thousand other things suggested in "Bell's Life" by army-men who had been stationed in Canada, by friends who had "done the States," and by the general public, with something less than fifty pairs of shoes, boots, gaiters, slippers, tennis- and racquet-Oxfords, and the trees to keep them in shape; all of which he regarded as essentials for the intending colonist which it was unlikely he could procure in America "anything like so good, if at all."

To purchase all these things and have them packed under his own eye, to pick up his rifle and, shutting one eye, aim at an imaginary buffalo in full gallop, and drop it again with a click of the tongue and a radiant expression betokening sated ambition and intoxicating victory, to set up his rod and give it a dexterous whirl worthy of Izaak Walton, that sent his fly into the farthest corner of the hall adjoining his bedroom at his London lodgings, and draw in an enormous mountain-trout from California, to examine every buckle and strap of his saddle and fancy himself careering across the prairies on a wild mustang in pursuit of some sort of game, was the keenest pleasure this enthusiastic sportsman had ever known or was likely to know. He told all his acquaintances, with an awkward shamefacedness that betrayed his satisfaction, how tired he had grown of England, which was always the same old two-and-six, and how he meant to "cut it" and go out to the backwoods of America. He also continued to buy this or that up to the last moment and to give the tradesmen very particular instructions about furnishing articles adapted to his great purpose. Altogether he contrived to get a great amount of satisfaction out of the journey before it began at all, and when he got on board the *Britannia* was able to boast with good reason that, from his tent and his portable shower-bath to his English breakfast-tea and a sovereign's worth of gold-beaters' skin, nothing had

been forgotten. While the others had not given individually such scope to their desires or taken such comprehensive views of the situation, all of them had brought about five times more stuff than there was any necessity for, unless, indeed, they had been going into the heart of Africa for an indefinite period; and the collective total was so various and extensive that Sir Robert felt called upon to make some sort of apology for it to the custom-house authorities in New York. Those officials were still peering dubiously at the Wardian case for plants of Mrs. Sykes and the complete photographic apparatus of Mr. Heathcote, when a gentleman came up to Sir Robert and introduced himself as Mr. Brown, explained that he had been asked by his friend Mr. Ketchum to make their acquaintance, shook hands formally with the three men, bowed gravely to the ladies, and made some polite inquiries about their trip. This gave them time to observe that Mr. Brown had an air of spotless-cambrio respectability and a family-prayers voice, was very well and very quietly dressed, and had a dignified cordiality of manner that was admirable.

"My carriage is waiting to take you to your hotel," he said, when the last chalk-mark had been scrawled on the last trunk. "There it is" (waving his hand toward where a handsome carriage was standing, drawn by a beautiful pair of Kentuckian thoroughbreds).

Sir Robert looked inquiringly at the ladies, and Mrs. Sykes, ever eager to save a sixpence, came forward graciously, saying, "We shall be very pleased to avail ourselves of your kindness, I am shore.—Miss Noel? Ethel?"

Those ladies were close behind her, and with Parsons, a prim elderly maid of indescribable stoniness, boniness, and efficiency, now followed Mrs. Sykes's lead, and were assisted into the landau. Mr. Brown, when they had rolled away, told Sir Robert that he would call very soon, pleaded a business-engagement, and called a cab. Before getting into it he put his carriage at Sir Robert's disposal and that of his party during

their stay in New York, without either ostentation or Orientalism, in all simplicity and sincerity, and so was driven rapidly off on his own errands. The three Englishmen followed him in another cab, and as they peered out curiously at the unfamiliar streets through which they were passing, Sir Robert said, "Mr. Brown is a man of ability, I should judge. Fine head. Remarkable frontal development. I observed him with interest. I wonder if his is the national type. There must be a national type, you know. Stimson had a paper in the 'Fortnightly' lately in support of his theory that the Americans are rapidly reverting to, or rather assuming, the aboriginal type,—high cheek-bones, coarse hair, and so on; but all the same I shall trust only to the results of personal observation and maintain an independent judgment meanwhile. Very curious and interesting speculation, is it not, how far a race can be affected by climatic conditions, diet, and all that? Attractive man Brown, very. And extremely civil of him, I must say, to offer his trap for our use."

"A fellow with horses like those at home would hardly do as much for his own brother," replied Mr. Heathcote.

Arrived at the hotel,—chosen because it was the hotel of the country and *not* kept on the European plan,—Sir Robert faced that great American fountain of absolute authority and irresponsible power, the clerk, with the unconscious courage that animates a boy in his first battle. He did not know the danger, and so knew no fear, and had no idea of what he was doing, when, after stating particularly that he wished a room with a southern exposure and being assigned one with a northern one,—a fact ascertained by taking his bearings with a pocket-compass as soon as he was installed,—he marched down-stairs and boldly rebuked the gorgeous young man with the solitaire pin who had betrayed his confidence, and who, paralyzed perhaps by such audacity, forgot to either threaten or command, but called a servant and bade him "take that there

lord's things up to 36 from 24, and be quick about it, too."

Sir Robert had not been long in his new quarters when a telegram was brought to him from Mr. Ketchum, which read as follows:

"Delighted to know that you are on the right side of the pond at last. Would have run on to meet you if it had been possible. String of the latch on the outside, remember, now and always."

The next day's post brought letters also from Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum urging the whole party to come "right out to the West and make Kalsing their head-quarters during their stay in the country." At least, this was what Mr. Ketchum wrote. His wife said that she would be very pleased to receive them whenever they might appoint a time, and suggested their taking a "sleeper" from New York, besides giving them the exact distance and a good deal of information about the trains.

Established at the hotel, the various members of the party proceeded to occupy or amuse themselves as best suited their respective tastes and characters for a fortnight. Miss Noel went promptly to Trinity the first afternoon, to return thanks for a safe voyage, after which she came back and rested quietly in her room. Mrs. Sykes, who was made of equal parts of steel and whale-bone and did not know the meaning of fatigue, bought a guide-book (shop-worn, at a reduction), and, accompanied by Parsons, tramped up and down Broadway until tired of the full pulse of trade, when she took the elevated road up town, honored with a rapid and supercilious survey the Metropolitan Museum, asked there what three churches were considered best worth seeing in the city, tramped to each of them in succession only to give a brief stare of detraction, and returned to the hotel satisfied,—at least with herself.

"A narrow, dirty street," she reported of Broadway; "but the shops well supplied, at ruinous prices. I met the Hitchcocks. Wasn't it odd? And who do you suppose was walking with

them, and actually stopping at the house? The Duke of Marlshire. I've seen him often at home, and am not mistaken. I stopped and told her we were here, but she was as haughty as Mrs. Siddons, if you please. After that I went up to a museum with a lot of stuff in it of one sort or other; there wasn't time to see much, but I got quite enough of it; and then I did a few churches, very tame and uninteresting. How did you like Trinity, which I believe is their crack church? I was told to go there, but didn't."

Miss Noel had liked Trinity, had thought "the service respectably conducted and the hymn-tunes pretty," and had not found the changes in the ritual as numerous or startling as she had expected.

"Oh, my dear," Mrs. Sykes went on, "what *do* you think that bouquet cost that Mabel's husband sent Sir Robert? I passed the shop on Broadway and recognized the name, which was peculiar, and thought I would just ask. Fifty dollars! Ten pounds! Was there ever such a senseless piece of ostentation! And, talking of flowers, I noticed a most curious Yankee fashion to-day. In the windows of a great many houses that I passed there were huge bouquets flattened against the panes, so as to be seen from the street and impress the passers-by, I suppose. I had never seen such a thing, so I stood stock-still at one place and gazed rural-fashion, and pointed it out to Parsons with my umbrella. And just then a lady came out of the house, and I said, 'What's that for? Can you tell me? Why do you make a vulgar show of the flowers you get, instead of keeping them about your rooms for your private enjoyment?' And, would you believe it? the rude creature walked off without a word. American manners, I suppose."

In the hotel Mrs. Sykes certainly found ample food for her peculiar order of intelligence, and made almost hourly "returns," in election parlance, of all that was happening around her to Miss Noel, who, being differently constituted, did not enjoy the same advantages for

observing the singular people among whom she found herself. "So very odd," Mrs. Sykes would say in her throaty, strident tones, and laughing her guttural laugh. "There are five women in one of the 'parlors,' seated in five rocking-chairs, and they have been plunging backwards and forwards without intermission for the last two hours like mad women, trying to find some vent for their nervousness, and not one of them usefully employed. I saw it myself. The door was ajar, and I caught a sight of three of them, and I pushed it open a little to get a better view, and found two more doing the same thing. The woman I noticed at dinner, the one in yellow satin and point-lace and diamonds, *of course* (as far as I can see, every other woman in New York wears a black silk and solitaire ear-rings, even in the tramway, but this creature's dress was a satin *merveilleux* of the best quality),—well, my dear, that woman, arrayed as a duchess might be for a garden-party at Marlborough House, is the wife of a draper's clerk, and gets herself up like that every day for a four-o'clock dinner at the *table-d'hôte*. I expected to hear that she was some great personage,—the wife of a cabinet officer, or something of the sort. A draper's clerk! Fancy the wife of the floor-walker at Whiteley's or Marshal & Snelgrove's going on like that."

"Most likely a silly woman who puts everything on her back and doesn't know how lacking in good taste and good sense she is not to dress as becomes her station and lay by for a rainy day," was Miss Noel's placid reply.

But, if these and other things gave occasion for disapproving or sarcastic comment on Mrs. Sykes's part, there was at least one other that struck her in a more favorable light. And this was the bill of fare. She scanned it closely the first day, and ordered but a moderate share of the good things set forth, under the impression that she was paying a certain sum for each dish. But when the steward, sharply interrogated as to the cost of each viand, explained the system on which the hotel

was managed and the great fact dawned upon her that she could have anything and everything on the *menu* without its costing her a penny more than if she were to dine on pulse and water, a marked change was observed in the lady.

"That is quite another thing," she very truly said; and now it took two experienced waiters to minister to the widest range of gastronomic experiment that can be imagined. Always blessed with an enormous appetite, and feeling the opportunity a golden one, there was scarcely a dish that she did not order at least once, and certain expensive luxuries she was never without, while in the matter of ices it must be confessed that letters three can alone describe her conduct. She studied the bill of fare, if possible, more earnestly than ever, though with a different object in view, and has got a pile of them now among her papers somewhere, mournful souvenirs of a bright and beautiful past that will never come again.

Sir Robert was likewise struck by this feature of American hotel-life.

"I don't care for all the glare and glitter of this place, and I can't see why they should fetch me a jug of iced water every time I ring my bell, but I certainly like the American plan of paying a fixed sum for inn accommodation and no extras. The way I have been regularly fleeced on the Continent with *bougies* alone is really a scandal," he said.

All the party did the regulation sight-seeing, but Mrs. Sykes went at it with tireless, deathless energy, and kept Mr. Brown's carriage dashing over the city morning, noon, and night. It had been devoted to the ladies' service, and Mrs. Sykes, who was the sort of woman whom the French describe as *maitresse femme*, took it upon herself to give all the orders in connection with it, and used it so unsparingly that at last Miss Noel, after many remonstrances to which no heed was paid, spoke to Sir Robert about it. He gave Mrs. Sykes "the English of the thing," which was that she had behaved shamefully, and that he would not permit Mr. Brown's

kindness to be so grossly abused, so that the carriage was dismissed at the end of five days, with a handsome tip to the coachman and a note of apology and thanks to his master.

Mr. Ramsay and Mr. Heathcote had a small adventure that was amusing at the time and became a standing joke with them in after-years. Going out to see the town on the day of their arrival, they got over a great deal of ground, made various sage reflections on what they saw, and found themselves about noon a long way from their hotel and decidedly hungry. Not long after making this discovery, they came upon an inviting-looking French restaurant and agreed to have luncheon there. Both were extravagantly fond of oysters, and, after some consultation, called the Alsatian attendant and ordered in good *quatre-ving-sang* French "*sans weeters*," being, as they expressed it, "peckish, uncommonly sharp-set," and feeling quite equal to the order. They also asked persistently for *l'ale pâle de Bass*, thinking thus to describe accurately their national beverage, but, in spite of this handsome concession to his nationality, succeeded only in puzzling Alphonse thoroughly. Finally that genius had an inspiration. "*Ah! c'est de la bière!*" he exclaimed, and forthwith produced several stubby bottles with the right trade-mark. They asked for "biscuits," but for answer had a French loaf and accompanying pats of butter furnished them, after which Alphonse disappeared for so long that they were about to make violent demonstrations of some sort, when he returned, gravely bearing a huge tray containing dishes full of enormous oysters, and followed by other waiters bearing other trays loaded in the same manner. The tiny room was quite blocked with them finally, and the two young men first stared with all their eyes, and, seeing at last the difference in size between the English and American oyster, burst into a perfect roar of laughter, in which they were joined by Alphonse and his crew, who had simply thought the order another evidence of English eccentricity.

I am afraid it cannot be denied that both of these young men were bored by the Astor Library, which they visited next day; but perhaps it was only that they reserved their admiration for purely American institutions. It is certain that they went into a bar-room of the best class, and watched with keenest interest the accomplished gentleman who brewed two different beverages at the same time, poured the contents of one glass into another at impossible distances, and described a sherry-cobbler rainbow behind his back without spilling so much as a drop in the effort. Moreover, they each bet a half-sovereign that they could imitate his feats successfully, tried to do so, and failed. Being asked to name what they would take, they chose two concoctions called "Moses's Milk" and "Settler's Friend," which they assured him were well-known American drinks, but of which he had never heard. They drowned their defeat in a delicious preparation for which that bar-room was noted, and then went back to the hotel, where they spent the next hour drenching themselves with water in a futile attempt to reproduce the rainbow that had so fascinated their imagination.

They had just given up in despair and joined the ladies in the drawing-room, when Miss Bijou Brown's card was brought in, and that young lady followed closely upon it.

A tall, graceful girl, with what in more poetical days used to be called "a kiss-worthy face," fresh, bright, and sweet, eyes like two patches of brown velvet, but with spikes in the iris, a quick, bird-like turn of the head, a wave of the gold-brown hair wholly unconnected with pins, irons, or papillotes, small feet, small hands, and a rather thin voice as full of light and shade as the face in its varying inflections,—such was the lady who, with an *aplomb* that made elderly Miss Noel feel positively shy and awkward, came forward, made herself known to each member of the party, and, dropping into a chair, straightway seized the helm of conversation, and kept it during her entire

visit. With a great flow of language and pleasant glances to the right and left, Miss Brown acquitted herself of her social *devoir* with a frank naturalness that was not the ease or simplicity of the highest breeding, but was very attractive, and with an entire absence of embarrassment and constraint which girls in other countries are not apt to achieve at eighteen. Ethel made round eyes at her, as if still in the nursery, Mrs. Sykes listened to her with an amused smile of superiority and Miss Noel with one of kindly interest, as she fluently explained that the Ketchums were her next-door neighbors in Kalsing, where she spent her summers and until recently had passed the winters as well, that she was intimate with them and thought Mabel "perfectly lovely," and was very happy to make acquaintance with her friends, and so on.

"She was not thought a beauty at home," put in Mrs. Sykes. "Nice-looking, rather, but certainly not lovely. Still, over here I suppose she would be above the average. I am forgetting that the Americans consider themselves to have the prettiest women in the world, though I must say that I have not seen even a moderately good-looking one since I landed."

At this speech Ethel colored with annoyance, and Mr. Ramsay shuffled his feet uneasily; but Miss Brown only laughed, and said, "Haven't you? I didn't mean that Mrs. Ketchum was a beauty. She is such a fine woman, though, we all think, and is liked by everybody."

"A fine woman you call her?" exclaimed Mrs. Sykes, with animation. "Then she must have grown at least a foot and expanded to match. She used to be rather undersized than otherwise: there was never very much of her."

Miss Brown felt puzzled, but, it being evident to her that they were talking at cross-purposes, she changed the subject by saying that her especial object in coming that morning had been to ask them all to a theatre-party she was giving the same night.

"What! Do you hire a theatre and

give all your friends an invite?" demanded Mrs. Sykes, prepared for anything in the way of American extravagance. "What is it like? What do you do? Is it one of your favorite amusements here? I never heard of one before, but can guess a little what it is like."

"There wouldn't be many of them if we had to go to all that expense," replied Miss Brown, answering one of these questions. "Oh, no! we all go to the theatre together and have a little supper at Delmonico's afterward, that is all; but we think it a pleasant way of entertaining our friends."

"And how are we expected to get there?" asked Mrs. Sykes, ruthlessly rubbing the bloom off an intended courtesy. It was not only that she was utterly destitute of tact, but that, possessing it, she would have thought it much too expensive a luxury to indulge in, when there was a question of her being, as she afterward said to Miss Noel, "let in for the hire of a cab both ways."

"Don't bother about that. Popper will send for you; and you had better have an early dinner, perhaps, for it is Salvini, and he's perfectly splendid!" replied Miss Brown, rising to go. "There will be another Englishman in the party," she added, and looked brightly around; but, if her new acquaintances felt this to be a gratifying piece of intelligence, they all concealed it under aspects of varying stolidity and unexpressed disapproval, and she got no reply but "Oh, really!" from Mrs. Sykes, which expressed a good deal, if she had only understood it.

"I asked him on purpose, thinking it would be so pleasant for you to meet, and that it would be nice for Miss Ethel to have somebody from her own country to talk to and flirt with," she went on. "He's a lovely little man. The girls here are all wild about him."

"You are very kind, my dear, and we shall be pleased to go with you," said Miss Noel, "but you mustn't be putting ideas into my Ethel's head."

"Goodness gracious alive! Has she

had to come all the way to America to get that idea, at *her* age?" inquired Miss Brown, with her merriest laugh.

"What is my age?" asked Ethel, smiling, and addressing the visitor for the first time.

"I can't tell a bit. You are as fresh as though you were fifteen, and as grave as though you were fifty, at least when your aunt is around," was Miss Brown's audacious reply, at which the two girls looked at each other and laughed, and, with the Free-Masonry of their age and sex, decided on the spot to be friends. So much good nature and friendliness had not been thrown away upon Ethel, though she had only rewarded it with monosyllables. Miss Noel now thanked Bijou for the flowers sent on shipboard, and, after more ladies' last words, the pretty visitor was gallantly escorted down-stairs and put into her carriage by Mr. Ramsay.

She had hardly driven off when an old friend of Sir Robert's and flame of his nephew's — Mrs. De Witt, *née* Jenny Meredith — came to call. Sir Robert, who had been writing letters previously in strict seclusion, was addressing a note to "The Lord Bishop of Maryland" when this interruption came. Down dropped the pen instantly, and he was soon shaking Mrs. De Witt's hands with an enthusiasm and heartiness he did not often exhibit. Mr. Heathcote slipped in a few phrases somewhere among his uncle's fluent greetings, and then retired to the fireplace, from which he blushing and pensively regarded his lost love during the remainder of her stay, paying small attention to Sir Robert's "God bless my souls," his assurances of his delight at meeting her again, his inquiries for mutual friends and protestations that she was handsomer than ever, but hearing clearly every word of her clever and gracious replies, and acknowledging to himself that she was, if anything, more charming than in the old Cheltenham days.

"Ass that I was ever to have thought that I could confer any distinction on that woman by asking her to be my wife," he thought. "She would grace

a throne; and but for my confounded conceit she might have married me. That disgusted her utterly, and no wonder!" It will be seen from this that time and disappointment had had a wholesome effect upon Mr. Heathcote's character and given him a much more modest opinion of himself than he had once entertained; but he was mistaken in his conclusion, for Jenny Meredith had been attached to Colonel De Witt for two years before she went to England, and had engaged herself to him the day she sailed. Sir Robert had thought that Mrs. De Witt was in California, and it appeared that she had only very recently come to New York, and had, through his banker, accidentally learned of his arrival and that of his relatives.

"We have the tiniest little house that ever was, near Babylon, Long Island," she said, "and, like Mrs. Skewton, I always sleep with my head in the parlor and my feet in the kitchen. But it is a great saving in housemaids, and I am by no means the most miserable of my sex. You must come out and see the 'nut-shell,' as we call it. Name a day when you can come and take a high tea with me. With paupers like us *on mange, mais on ne dine pas*."

"Babylon did you say? Did I understand you to say that you lived at a place called *Babylon*?" quoth Mrs. Sykes. "How very extraordinary!"

"Yes; but, you see, I am a woman of nerve, and my husband a soldier by profession. And there are worse places. We have tried Versailles, Kentucky, and Whiskey City in the West, and it is a distinct improvement on both places, I assure you," said Mrs. De Witt, laughing, and so took her leave, having made herself so agreeable that even the "globetrotter" had something amiable to say of her.

"Really, quite a charming person, and not bad-looking. But she can't be so frightfully poor as all that. Her lace was lovely, and real, I know, for I came up behind her while she was bidding Ethel good-by and *felt it*," was her characteristic comment. "I am glad we are asked to drink tea with her. She

said her husband had some photographs of those curious cliff-cities of the Mexican Americans in Anazona, or whatever it is, and I mean to get a couple out of him for my diary if I can."

Mrs. Sykes and Sir Robert both kept diaries, hers being an illustrated one, and forming part of a series which she had kept in all the countries where she had travelled,—very entertaining reading, and made more attractive by her really admirable sketches, supplemented by photographs.

In spite of Miss Brown's suggestion about an early dinner, it was rather late when the party from the hotel presented themselves in her father's box, where she was seated awaiting them, looking her prettiest and as if clad in white samite, an immense bouquet on the railing in front of her, and a crimson *sortie de bal* thrown over the back of her chair.

She received them quietly, assigned them their seats, and introduced them to the two other guests present,—Mrs. Conway, a gorgeous matron in blue velvet, stout and stupid, and the Englishman of whom she had spoken. Bows were exchanged between the opposite sexes. Sir Robert and Mr. Heathcote met their countryman with the affectionate effusiveness for which Britons are noted; that is, they gave him a haughty stare and then shook hands with him limply and ignored him utterly. In the confusion attendant upon getting seated, no one noticed a little scene that took place in the back of the box between Mr. Ramsay and Mr. Drummond of London, as the stranger was called by Miss Brown when she presented him to the others.

"What the deuce are *you* doing over here?" demanded Mr. Ramsay, by way of greeting.

"I don't see that it is any business of yours," replied Mr. Drummond coolly, returning with interest the scowl he had received.

"Oh! all right!" said Mr. Ramsay, and took a seat as far from him as possible and proceeded to look as disdainful and as thoroughly out of humor as

a man very well could for some time,—indeed, until Miss Brown diverted his thoughts into more agreeable channels. Even this *adoucissement* did not last long, for when that young lady in her capacity of hostess turned round and addressed various pleasant remarks to Mr. Drummond, Mr. Ramsay straightway relapsed into his former mood, and, not being an adept at concealing his feelings, was either offensively silent or disagreeably curt of speech the whole evening.

While Mr. Ramsay, like a grown-up school-boy, was giving vent to his disgust with the incurable honesty and constitutional incapacity for sophistication which causes Englishmen of his type to be liked and trusted or disliked and ridiculed according to the mental habits and moral bias of the people with whom they are thrown, another member of the party was in a state of mind that precluded the possibility of enjoying Salvini's performance; though her discontent arose from a much more trivial cause. This was Ethel Heathcote, who had been placed in a front seat, under the full glare of a chandelier as well as in full view of the audience, and, owing to having been hurried off by an imperative uncle, had forgotten to bring her gloves. Now, Ethel, like many English girls, was afflicted with hands that had an awful trick of turning red,—yea, like unto the lobster,—and had given much time and the most anxious thought to curing this defect, but so far with no result but that of aggravating the unfortunate peculiarity. Not only did the hands appear to grow uglier every day under cosmetic treatment, but the objectionable rose-flush mounted slowly but surely to her very elbows, and made her wretched. She was sitting tugging furtively at her uncompromisingly short elbow-sleeves, with tears of vexation in her pretty blue eyes, when Bijou noticed the movement and asked what was wrong.

"Oh, dear, it is so tiresome! Do let me hide myself somewhere. I came off without my gloves, and only see these awful hands of mine! Scarlet! Pos-

itively scarlet!" murmured Ethel, in a distressed whisper. "Dear, dear! what shall I do with them?" she added, pulling a fold of her overskirt over the objectionable members.

"Wait a minute. They are not so bad at all. You only think so because they are yours. Hold on, and I'll look in my coat-pocket and see. I think I've got a pair there that will fit you," whispered Bijou back again, consolingly. Accordingly, Miss Brown looked, found no gloves, put her head out of the door, spoke to an usher whom she found there, and returned to her seat. Five minutes later there was a knock at the door, which Ethel did not hear, owing to her interest in Desdemona. An envelope was handed to Bijou, which, when unobserved, she quietly tore off, and, going back to Ethel, slipped into her hand a pair of eight-buttoned *gants de Suède*. The relief of Sebastopol was nothing compared to Ethel's as she breathed out a fervent "Thank you very much indeed; but a fresh pair?" and hastily drew them on. It may not be out of place to mention that Bijou got another pair next day, with an eminently lady-like note stating, in Ethel's bold hand but rather weak style, "that some girls would have been rather glad to see another placed at a disadvantage, and other girls would not at all have cared how other girls appeared;" also that "one would not so much have minded how one was dressed in one's own country, but that one did not like to make one's self ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners," as well as that the writer was hers affectionately, "Ethel Maude Heathcote," from which it will be seen that if Miss Brown did a little kindness she was certainly paid for it in the right kind of coin. Rich as Mrs. Sykes was, perhaps she was bankrupt in this particular, for, having occasion to borrow Bijou's exquisite fan during the evening, she kept and used it during her whole stay in New York, and finally sent it home, a good deal the worse for wear, wrapped up in a fragment of newspaper, without a line of acknowledgment, by Parsons, who for

very shame invented a civil message on her own responsibility. But for these episodes, the evening passed very much like others of its kind. Mrs. Sykes talked a little in a patronizing way to Mrs. Conway, put the usual number of questions, swept the audience from side to side again and again with her *lorgnon*, and gave such attention to the great artist who was playing as she had to spare. Sir Robert and Mr. Brown talked incessantly between the acts, and intermittently during the performance. The girls were vaguely moved by it, and Mr. Ramsay at certain points very much so; as, for instance, when Othello springs like a tiger upon the crouching Iago. "If I had that chap I'd break every bone in his rascally skin! What does he let him off for like that?" he asked, with sparkling eyes.

When they had all helped to murder a most lovely and unfortunate lady, and the curtain had fallen and Salvini had committed the unpardonable sin of appearing before it, they went off to Delmonico's and had a delightful little supper, at which Mr. Ramsay continued pointedly to ignore the existence of Mr. Drummond, and Miss Brown was always casting herself *à la* Quintus Curtius into the gulf that separated them; and so the affair ended.

When Miss Brown got home that night she felt an unaccountable sense of disappointment in thinking over the events of the evening. "He's the handsomest and the 'swellest' fellow, as they say here, that I ever saw, but I am afraid he has got an awful temper," was one conclusion that she jumped to.

Driving back to the hotel in their cab, Mr. Ramsay said to Mr. Heathcote suddenly, "Who do you think that chap was that they had there? That was my cousin, Arthur Plummer."

There seemed to be a voluminous biography in the bare statement.

"The deuce it was!" exclaimed Mr. Heathcote. "I thought there was something familiar about his face, but I haven't seen him since we were at Eton together. I thought he had been transported or hanged long since."

"And so he would have been, if he had got his deserts," rejoined Mr. Ramsay. "They haven't heard of him at home for years. I was never so astonished in all my life as when he showed up on this side. I wonder where he got the money to come? If it hadn't been for the women and all that, I'd have kicked him out of that, pretty quick. He isn't fit to sit in the same theatre with them. If he thinks I am not going to tell of him, he is vastly mistaken, that's all. I shall go to Mr. Brown the first thing in the morning and expose him. Hang it all! To think of his turning up over here now!"

Mr. Brown was out of town when Mr. Ramsay called next day at his house, but was expected back in a few days, the servant said, so that, after spending several minutes in trying to decide whether he would ask for the daughter and pour into her ear the particularly plain and entirely unvarnished tale he had come to tell, his shyness got the better of him, and he left cards instead. These being promptly taken up to Miss Brown, that young lady exclaimed, "Too bad!" and darted to the window to get a glimpse of the retreating visitor, after which she inspected the cards again with an interest hardly justified by the narrow strips of pasteboard on which was inscribed, in plain text, "Mr. Ramsay, of Ferneyhaugh," and, in pencil, "Ninth Avenue Hotel."

F. C. BAYLOR.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STEERAGE TO LIVERPOOL, AND RETURN.

WHEN I found that the steerage rate to Liverpool was only thirteen dollars, I made up my mind to go to England.

Many people esteem it an act of philanthropy *per se* to travel steerage. I don't deny that the voyage I took was of considerable benefit to one person,—myself,—and for this I am willing to take all the credit which a utilitarian age will allow me; but I wish to give the epicures of sensationalism fair warning. I say at once that the emigrant, as I knew him, was neither as dirty nor as miserable as he is painted; and Diogenes, I can well believe, would have complained that the steerage was too luxurious for comfort. True, I made only two voyages, summer voyages both, and these on the Oregon and the Alaska; but even on that face the steerage is *terra better cognita* to me than Africa, for instance, was to the old geographers; and if I make no mention of anthropophagi in my maps, that will be because I didn't meet any. If, then, I air no particular complaints, and make no special appeals, at once peppery and pathetic, to popular opinion, let somebody else explain this by casuistical juggling with circumstances, for I will not take the responsibility of defrauding the steamship companies. I travelled for the sake of recreation, and, as I had the recreation, I think it would be more delicate in me to write as an optimist.

As I knew nothing about the recent history of any combinations and dissensions—any pools and drains—of the companies, I had no idea that they might be cutting the rates, and thirteen dollars seemed to me mirific. As a matter of fact, I paid fifteen, as I was luxurious enough to wish to travel on a first-class steamer; but that is little and to spare, as anybody will allow. By the way, never travel by cheap steamers if you wish to avoid Jews, and especially Polish Jews, *en bloc*. And buy a

return passage here, for in England you will find your ticket cost you four guineas: I think they slyly clap on the government tax. To whatever you pay you must add the price of your bedding and eating-utensils. It is announced that you must be provided with these; but you may, if you choose, walk on board without so much as a fork in your fist; and some men are niggardly enough about their furniture for the voyage, as I can testify. The simplest, but perhaps not the cheapest, plan is to buy what you want from the company, or rather from the company's licensed traders, whom you will find on the wharves in New York. In Liverpool one shop does business in the name of all lines. You go to the shop the day before you sail, and buy what you want at your leisure. As you walk down to the landing-stage next morning, you stop in and get your bundle, neatly rolled up and stoutly tied, the pots and pans depending from it.

There was a fine crowd on the Cunard dock the day we left New York (somewhat to my disappointment, as I had counted on plenty of elbow-room on the outward voyage), but the sallow-faced young Jewess who was in charge of the mattresses and tinware was cool amid a multitude of shouters. I knew I was to pay her two dollars and fifty cents, for my ticket advised me that that was the price at which the company would supply my wants. Abednego's daughter looked at my flurried countenance, and, with one motion of a slim, strong wrist, cast at my feet "what was coming to me." I found she had given me a hay mattress, six feet by two, clean and new, a hay pillow to match, a good thick rug, two shining tin plates, a tin quart mug, and a knife, fork, and spoon. I returned the chop-sticks,—I had brought these necessities with me, and, indeed, I was afterward frequently admired for being the possessor of a

plated knife and fork which shut up in horn handles and rolled up in a leather case,—I returned what I did not want, I say, but the proprietress of the establishment, the lady of the house, moved not a muscle. I was new to my surroundings, and feared that she saw I was bogus. I did not dare to ask her for a reduction in the price. When she and her wares were some miles behind me, I found that my rug had lost its virginity of nap; and, oh, Miriam, Miriam, you did me out of a wash-basin!

For seventeen dollars and a half, then, you can be transported across the Atlantic. You need not pay another penny from New York to Queenstown. And when it comes to knowing the agent who sells you your ticket, and buying your necessities from unaccredited cheap peddlers outside the dock, imagination becomes helpless: it seems as if it must be more profitable to travel than to stay at home. "Sure I got my traps from a lady out in the street there, and only paid two dollars for them," said an Irish friend, remonstrating with me. But his mattress was a calico bag, amorphous, dropsical, and he had no pillow at all. Beyond this sum of seventeen dollars and fifty cents, your chief expense will be for ale and porter, which you will buy at sixpence the bottle; and I think it is fortunate that the passengers ignorantly cling to beverages of which no human being can possibly drink very much at sea, or else there might be more drunkenness than there is. In my two voyages I saw only two men tipsy, and neither of them succumbed more than once. Porter, by the way, is the representative of value in the ship's market of influence and favoritism. The baker, the gentleman who is at the head of the crew's galley, the attachés of the saloon galley (you can't call them scullions, I suppose), the stewards, and the sailors, are all more or less under its potent and sluggish spell. The barkeeper is the only man to whom it would be useless for you to offer a tentative pint. But if you want a little extra hot water, a bit of cheese or butter, a roll or two, or a handful of

plums out of the measure for the duff, a sixpenn'orth of stout will get your half-stolen luxury, and, more than this, you will have the pleasure of seeing your mediatory *Gil Blas* crack the bottle's neck with a carving-knife and wink agreeably at you while he performs the feat of drinking from the highly-dangerous mouthpiece thus formed.

While I am on this subject, let me say that, if you are not too proud to make yourself comfortable according to the conditions of the status you have for the nonce adopted, you may for two or three pounds buy a berth- and mess-right from the quartermaster, or, for less money, procure a berth and broken saloon-meat from the steerage steward. It is interesting to observe how (just as some men are never satisfied with the dinners which the *chef* at the club gives them) many of the steerage passengers take great pains to inform you that they are accustomed to quite another sort of ordinary at home. A very charming young lady on the *Alaska* bragged to me one day that she hadn't tasted steerage fare since she came on board. I know that the crusty loaves I came by honestly were, intrinsically as well as morally, better bread than the saloon bread which I bribed a scullion to get for her, for the latter was heavy, dully white, and soft, made out of highly-processed and patented flour, with nothing for one's teeth to take hold of. But little Rose (she will forgive me for saying so) was at an age to prefer unwholesome provender of all kinds. I believe she had read the "*Heir of Redclyffe*," and I think she liked sweetmeats. The good-natured steward who made her his special care brought her no end of delicacies, and I am afraid she thought it very unhandsome of me to decline to share them with her.

The first thing you do after embarking is to wait until your quarters are ready for you. When leaving New York, we were allowed to take our traps down-stairs almost immediately; but at Liverpool, both when arriving and departing, heavens! what a time we sat and looked at the Mersey! When they

landed us from the Oregon, two hundred and fifty of us sweltered in a very small lighter at the landing-stage for over an hour and a half before anybody thought of unloading us. The saloon-baggage was going through the custom-house: it took three hours to pass it, by the way, and a dock-official begged me to write to the "Times" and complain. But half that time elapsed before they gave us tired and hungry souls a chance to refresh ourselves and stretch our legs, and during this hour and a half we were baking in a sun which all England voted tropical. The lighter was lying idle in the river with us on board. I suppose there was no other business for her. Another lighter, containing our baggage, lay beside us. When our turn came, they set some ten or a dozen men to moving those mountains of trunks—how? In an age of appliances, by carrying them on their shoulders!—and we not permitted to assist them! When leaving Liverpool, the Alaska sailed at half-past five in the afternoon, and the steerage passengers assembled on the landing-stage at eight in the morning. When they got us on board they didn't know what to do with us. They give you a berth at the office, and when you come aboard you are told "they don't go by the numbers." In New York you are not thus tantalized. When the steward calls out, "Single men this way!" you hurry toward the hatchway, intent upon getting a good berth. You rattle down a broad, steep ladder to a half-way landing, then down one of two ladders, still steep, but narrow and shaky, into a big room with big racks of berths about it. You have come down twenty-five feet or thereabouts, yet when you look out of the port-holes the water is five feet below your face. The racks vary in size and fit the shape of the ship. At the farther end of the room, right across the ship, runs one of them,—a double tier of berths, thirty or forty, I think, in a row. Others stand against the side of the ship, say twenty berths, end to end, in the lower tier, an equal number in the upper; then an alley, two or three feet wide, and then

another rack. There are three of these racks on each side of the ship, and farther forward are smaller rooms, with more bunks, which are arranged like the coffin-shelves in a family vault. The bunks in the racks are very much like the frames which you see in hot-houses. The wooden skeleton of the rack is clamped with iron; the bunks are about six feet long, two and a half wide, and a foot and a half deep, and are made by stretching a piece of canvas over and under the cross-pieces of the rack, and sewing it at top and bottom. The consequence of this is that your neighbor is related to you by ties other than those of mere proximity: a permanent sympathy is begotten which enables you to feel all his sorrows and comprehend all his woes during the long and weary night. The canvas is very loose, and let the tenth man from you but so much as turn over, a gentle undulatory movement runs along your common couch, and each petitioner for sleep feels his own muscles involuntarily repeating the exercises indulged in by the author of the disturbance. It is very curious and touching to reflect that where you have a hill the next party has a valley; and *vice versa*; that his impress upon the material environment is reflected in negative upon you. It is one of those physical phenomena which strike the imagination with a kind of awe, so strangely complete are they in detail.

On the Oregon there were a hundred or so of us single men, on the Alaska two hundred and fifty or more. Crowded quarters, no doubt; yet there were plenty of berths empty. If you are an old traveller, you pick out a berth with privileges,—a berth next to one of those through which the stanchions run,—and then you and your nearest neighbor share the empty space for storage-purposes; otherwise you must sleep with your heels on your valise and stow your tins under your mattress.

The Alaska brought out seven hundred and fifty in the steerage. For the sake of picturesque effect, then, I am to be understood as speaking of that vessel,

except where the Oregon is specially named.

When the day was rainy and the weather side of the ship untenable, we nomads had but little room to move about in. We were not wretched, for we had nearly all the hurricane-deck to ourselves, and could keep dry under the protecting roof of the upper deck; but when all the women were set down somewhere, a man had need to look sharp to save himself from balancing on his toes and heels all through the afternoon. It may be fancied with what readiness the Irish emigrants availed themselves of every chance to occupy new holdings. Nomads we were, but we exhibited the modern squatting tendencies. Certain of us were always to be found in the same place, and a few really gained title by prescription. I should have liked to see any man try to displace that dark-eyed, smooth-cheeked Yorkshire mother, with her four children, at her settlement behind the single men's gangway. Charley S—— would have interfered immediately; and Charley, who stood six feet two, had been an engineer both on sea and land, had survived shipwrecks and collisions, and was not a man to be argued with, as one of the ship's officers found out, I believe, to the great damage of his dignity. But none of us would have come in Charley's way on that account, for we all exhibited the greatest consideration for each other, and treated our female passengers with the utmost respect and kindness. I never, except in one instance, heard any man speak impudently to a woman; and the only man who swore when ladies were present was the chief steerage steward of the Oregon, who was as innocently and brutally round in the mouth, without the slightest care for his listeners, as any Britisher that ever blasphemed. And here let me say that in one way all the arrangements of the companies were excellent. The sleeping-apartments of the women were quite separate from the men's, except in this particular, that on the Oregon our stairway led down through the hall of the *gynecium*. The police system was very good,

and the behavior of *ipsi custodes* highly commendable; though I can't say I admire the plan of engaging boys of nineteen and twenty to do work which it were almost better to leave undone than to have done badly.

The racks of which I spoke look from the end something like overgrown clothes-horses with the sheets pinned over them,—as might happen if it were necessary to display a rock or a castle in nursery theatricals. This is only when you are dead in a line with the perpendicular across the parallels of the bunks: otherwise you get a slanting view of the bunks themselves, with green carpet-bags and brightly-soldered tins strewn about in them to give a local color; or you will see the protruding feet and half-hidden form of an afternoon sleeper (one of the Swedes, perhaps), or a careful gentleman feeding his birds, or a still more careful gentleman feeding himself, cutting slices from his morning's laid-away loaf and his thoughtfully-provided cheese. It is some fifteen or eighteen feet from the racks on one side to those on the other, and the space in the middle is devoted to the tables. These are of white pine, long and narrow: each moves up and down four posts, and during the day is pushed up the posts some little distance above your head and secured by pins. After supper all of them are left in function, and the long boards which serve us for benches remain on their horses. Then it is that seven-up engages the attention of the sportsmen, that the studious devote themselves to such literature as they have been able to procure, and the thoughtful produce again the well-wrapped-up cheeses and diminishing jam-pots which experience has taught us to connect with their appearance between-decks. The floor is clean, and strewn with saw-dust; the iron plates and beams of the ship, red with the raw hue of red lead, and the irresponsible wooden furniture, partly unpainted, feebly gray in part, give the place a sort of temporary, makeshift air: you feel as if you were in a vessel hurriedly fitted out for some expedition, and half expect to see chips lying about.

Yet the tables are dull with the discoloration of many hands and many bottles of porter; the canvas of the beds is shabby and baggy; Jack's traps here, Ned's there, Tom's, Dick's, Harry's, everywhere about you, convey an unmistakable impression of very homely home, and after a while you accept the room as a permanency. There is plenty of movement, plenty of animation of an unpretentious sort,—goings up- and downstairs, snatches of song, jokes bandied about, calls for one or the other of the stewards, some fellow looking out of the port-hole, some fellow pottering about his valise, some fellow stealthily writing his name on his bunk.

"Steamer in sight above there!" sings out a man who has clattered down the ladder with the intelligence.

"Is it the Horegon?" we cry out, with one voice; and for a few minutes the steerage is empty. For we left Queens-town at ten in the morning, and the Oregon followed six hours later; and the fond aspiration of all on board is that she may be on our course, and pass us slowly, slowly, overhauling us a knot an hour, and giving us a chance to admire her as she takes our water and shows us her heels; for we know, alas! that she can do it.

The ticket which the company gave me—by the way, it was the only written evidence of a contract with them that I had, and yet it was taken from me before I had been two days on board—informed me that I should breakfast at eight, dine at one, and sup at six. As a matter of fact, a man who had risen to breakfast at eight missed the whole of it, for our first meal was brought to us before seven o'clock. As our other meals also appeared an hour earlier than they should have done according to schedule time, it made no difference; but why the misstatement?

The ventilation was good enough to make a morning's snooze comfortable, but the uncertainty about breakfast pricked you up, and you hastened on deck with your private lavatory under your arm. There was a public wash-room,—a spot very greasy and sloppy

when anybody tried to make use of it, a mere cupboard, boasting of nothing more useful than a badly-freckled tin basin, a looking-glass, and a peg to hang your coat on,—but even on the windiest mornings most of us preferred the lee scuppers for a toilet-room. I affirm with pride that it was comparatively rare to see a wash-basin "chummed out," and rarer still, eminently rare, to see a man who didn't use one. I found it easy to get hot and cold water both. Perhaps it may give some people an unusual sense of being part of the picturesque to walk down deck hatless, coatless, semi-sleeved, bearing a basin in one hand and soap and towel in the other; but, if it do, they are in good company, and that is all anybody asks for. Whe-ew! *whist!* goes the wind through the rigging; the ship lurches a bit, and the soap-dish slides off its perch on the big stationary belaying-pin; the hot water won't soften your fingers, and your soap is as perverse as if you were actually introducing it to its old enemy sea-water; and while you are rubbing away at yourself, shivering in the eager breeze, the bos'n fetches aft the watch, piping to them ditties of no tune on that queer pipe of his, which sounds so clear and strangely distant in the open air. The sailors fall to work with an "Ai-e-o-yeoho-ee-oho-yoeho-o-o!" and you are forced to vamoose.

The tables are not large enough to accommodate all the passengers with seats. If you take a little too long over your dressing, you will have to content yourself with a perch on the end of your bunk. All the little alleys are crowded, and some gentlemen eat standing, seeming to prefer this attitude. The most eager are gathered about the bottom of the ladder. Charley and Tom, the stewards, descend, carrying an enormous pail full of coffee between them, and hustle these pirates out of the way, Charley being especially free in his language. But the pirates are served first, in spite of Charley's "For Gawd's sake go sit down, won't you?" And then the coffee-pails are borne slowly along the tables, Tom splashing

out the thin liquid from an active ladle into a hundred upheld pots. Charley has already made the rounds with the bread, handing out loaves right and left, foaming at the mouth, cursing and expostulating, the while: he carries his load slung about his neck in a not over-clean sheet. The butter stands on the table. In ten minutes everybody's jaws are at work. Three stewards, sometimes four, seem a small number to wait on two hundred men; but then there are not many courses. What you lose by Charley you make up by Tom, who is good-natured and accommodating: a wink from him restores the equanimity of a whole mess, already beginning to growl at the other's unmannerly roughness. Why don't workingmen suffer from dyspepsia? I never saw a pile of brokers at a lunch-counter bolt their food more rapidly than these fellows, who have plenty of time for everything,—or ought to have; but Charley hurries us unconsciously, it must be confessed. The craze of that man's life is to get his work done and have a chance to grumble about it.

Breakfast over, our quarters are closed to us while the cleaning for the day is carried on. This was always fairly well done, as far as I could tell. The floor was well swept and scrubbed, and the steerage generally smelt sweet enough by the time we returned to it. In certain particulars the sanitary arrangements were not the best possible. It is, of course, in great part the fault of the emigrants. But the companies ought to guard most strictly against all possible chances of disease, and I don't think they do. They are too niggardly with their space, and the passengers are given no directions at all, where a few might be of great service. If cholera were to break out on one of the ocean steamers, I think the only doors that could be shut would be stable doors. I know that the reassuring odor of chloride of lime dilated my nostrils only once in two voyages; and disinfecting ought to be as necessary a practice as holystoning seems to be. The Cunard company puts the matter of which I speak in charge

of old sailors who have outgrown active work in the company's service, and who are called masters-at-arms. From what I saw and was told, I think this plan is probably unwise: such men dislike the work and consider themselves superior to it. I heard one surly old fellow bully and blackguard an emigrant at a great rate, for no particular reason. There was no harm done on either side. The civilian was probably a little disputatious, but the officer, if such he was, ought either to have done his duty quietly or stood up to take the thrashing which the other could easily have given him, and would have given him, I think, if he hadn't been deterred by some vague ideas on the subject of mutiny and the penalties attached thereto. It is in the morning, too, that the doctor makes his rounds. As I was never asked to accompany him, I have no report to offer as to the manner in which he conducted his examinations. But I have no doubt he did his duty thoroughly, though he was never down-stairs very long at a time.

During the morning the expectation of dinner is enough in itself to occupy the time: it is in the afternoon that the greatest efforts are made to amuse and be amused. Dinner is in courses, but the second course appears long before the first is disposed of. The kettles which in the morning held our coffee, and will at evening hold our tea, now contain soup, which is ladled out in the same fashion as the other liquids. Hardly have you begun to break your bread into it, when Charley's voice is heard offering you meat. Under his arm he holds a pan of Gargantuan size and extraordinary depth; in his right hand is a fork which might be used at a barbecue. He spears a piece of meat, slaps it down upon your plate, and delicately disengages the fork by means of his thumb. Fat or lean, all is one to him. Complain loudly, if you complain at all, that your ration is uneatable. If he condescend to remedy matters, he will probably salve his conscience by letting you know at the same time what he thinks of your presump-

tion. Behind him comes Tom, lugging along another pan, the fellow of the first. "Soldiers, now!" he cries. "Murphies here! Who says soldiers?" And we may guess what he carries. Are you looking for the mustard at this late hour? Bless you! the little pot was scraped clean of it five minutes ago; and there's not a grain of salt to be had anywhere. Hold out your plate to Tom; he gives you a fine handful of potatoes, and makes the tin rattle as his hand opens to bestow them on you. If that little accident which ruined the contractors for the Tower of Babel happened at dinner-time, I am sure it was not noticed for a quarter of an hour at least. Scrape, scrape, go the knives and forks: we are all talking away, two hundred strong. A little Cockney rushes about distracted, shouting out that somebody "has 'pinched' his bloomin' plates, and he can't get his bloomin' grub." There is a glorious noise. Look at that big-eyed, innocent-faced little Irishman there, with the tender fringe of beard: that lad has never been a mile from home before, and his sagacity is amazing. He always manages to get three loaves of bread where the cleverest of us can only compass two; his tin mug is always the first to be filled: he is like the birds, who can't count beyond one,—number one. Behold his plate! He has the tenderest piece of meat, potatoes beyond number are heaped in front of him, his share of mustard would fit out a Bombay cook. There! he has just appropriated the bit of bread which the black-bearded New Zealander doesn't want, though he has a loaf by his plate at this very moment. He will never be able to be a Presidential candidate, that boy, but some day we shall see him running for Congress.

Supper is on the table at a quarter to five generally. It is breakfast over again, with tea substituted for coffee. Such, then, is the bill of fare,—and much better fare, as the patriarchs among us say, than in the old days, when you cooked your own bacon and made your own tea. Really it is good fare. I was treated better by the Cunard company,

I think; yet I do not wish to be unjust to the Guion victuals. The Guion butter was unquestionably superior, but the Alaska's bread was sometimes carelessly baked, and on the Oregon we never saw salt junk. Always on the latter, and generally on the former, the bread was excellent,—not too fresh, crusty, sound, and wholesome. And the meat was excellent, too, though the fish on Fridays,—salt cod it was— However, my tastes may not be sufficiently simple. I mistrusted the soup a little; not that I doubted the ingredients, but I could not help fancying that it was very much like that which Lazarus may have compounded for himself. It was disingenuous: it seemed to me that I detected a flavor of the first cabin about it. However, it was wholesome, and not too greasy; and for the pea-soup, which appeared only once a voyage, I conceived the highest respect. Sunday's duff was stick-jaw, I don't deny, but it was palatable, and there was no deception about the plums; and I have nothing but praise for the porridge and treacle on odd mornings. On the Alaska it was, as I have already hinted, a matter of some management to obtain a second loaf at breakfast-time (the loaf was a little bigger than your two fists); but the victuals on the Oregon were so plentiful that the waste was extravagant. They were more chary of the water on the Alaska,—to be sure, there were three times as many passengers,—and I will add, for the benefit of those who may be contemplating a steerage voyage, that the Cunard company gave us much more mutton in our occasional morning's broth, that their potatoes were bigger (which may have been a matter of nationality), and that on Sunday evening they treated us to orange marmalade,—a treat indeed! I myself hold positive views on the subject of drinks, and touch neither tea nor coffee, so I cannot speak as to them; but it was the universal agreement among my fellows that these beverages were rather feeble.

I think the steerage passengers run no great risk of being very uncomfortable. Of course, in weather so heavy

as to keep them all below-decks their misery might be somewhat acute, especially if the hatches were to be battened down. It seems to me that few seas could get at our sheltered companion-way, but it would not be amusing to be shut up down there for a couple of days, shaken about like dice in a box, half of you sea-sick, t'other half gasping for breath, the chances of getting your meals regularly looking very small, the screw pounding and bumping away a few yards behind you. The picture is rather doleful. I commend it to those about to travel, with the caution that it is drawn from imagination only.

As a matter of fact, none of us were really uncomfortable at all, except the grumblers, and they only so when the weather was beautiful, the ship going at full speed, the deck dry and warm, the dinner good, and they were winning at seven-up. But a constitutional grumbler has an extra right to be treated badly by fate and humanity, and has my sympathy when he is not. The grumbler of the Oregon, however, was a fortunate being, for he was happy when he got what he wanted. After all, I think he was not a real grumbler, but only an ordinary human with a very high standard. His chief grievance was that the American coal wouldn't burn out, and consequently the ship did not run at full speed. At last his desires were fulfilled, and he gloried. I even slyly combated his opinions on anthracite, to give a gust to his triumph, for I sympathized with him. Very inspiring it was to grind through those big waves under that high black cloud whose edges were breaking up into dark-bellied, drifting masses; splendid to stand far astern and see the ship's nose go down into the water and the spray fly high and misty as she hurled herself along, twenty knots to the hour. "Look at 'er," quoth my friend. "Sails? w'y, they 'ardly steady 'er. A 'ed wind is wot *she* wants, a 'ed wind, a draught that sucks the coal hup through 'er funnel by the sackful,—coal as *his* coal,—give 'er 'er course, and let 'er go. W'y don't you build ships like that in the

States?" Every man of us on board that vessel owned her, knew her tonnage, her beam, her horse-power, her pressure, her length, her fighting-weight, her records,—became part of her *Geist*. The day's run was kept as carefully in the steerage as in the smoking-room, and we knew every night what the pools had been worth and what the figures had sold for. On the Alaska were two of us who had been ship-mates on the Oregon. One day there was a dispute about our favorite's right to all the honors, and in a minute's time we had produced so many dates and authorities that our antagonists retreated instantly, overwhelmed, discomfited.

Wet weather was a nuisance, there is no question. But a thick pair of soles was protection enough, and on such days cork-hop (played by hopping as far as you can three times, and carrying a cork farther than the other fellow) became doubly interesting and doubly dangerous. Fine days made us all happy. We read, we smoked,—like Thackeray's Turks and Greeks, "our pipes did puff alway," and matches were almost as valuable as dates in Sahara,—we yarned, we ran to the taffrail to look at a passing steamer, and we played at seven-up. But there was no gambling at all. I once heard a man offer a half-hearted suggestion that porter was a good thing to play for, but his adversary took no heed of it.

And then we had all the life of the ship to amuse us. The saloon passengers are treated with great respect, considering the presumptive errands of some of them,—though an ocean steamer is not to be compared to a through train to Montreal,—but their life is a golden bondage. They get servility, but no confidence, and they are by no means thanked when they begin to inquire. Whereas the steerage passenger, in spite of ropes and placards, is really free of the ship. What cabin grandee is invited into the fore-castle, or walks welcome into the quartermaster's room? has the warm friendship of the baker, or is even on speaking acquaintance

with the firemen? knows when the watches relieve each other, or what his dinner is going to be before he gets it? sees the ice dragged up from the ice-house, and the beef hauled into the galley? hears what is going on up on the bridge, in the engine-room, in the second cabin, down in the stoke-hole?—what does such a one, I say, know of his surroundings? Who tells him what the log really is, or hints to him anything about the correction of the run? But everybody is polite to him, which is to him much the same as if everybody were friendly. For my own part, I am ashamed of the airs I have given myself in days when I was a first-class passenger, and the next time I travel first-class I shall be less proud. I incline to think that advertisements and the nature of things have not yet established a connection between high fares and a politely discriminating insurance. "When you get into a shipwreck," said Charley S—— to me, "you'll discover that the newspaper reports of those same are not strictly accurate. It's every man for himself, and you mind that, mate. If there was time to lower a boat, and I helped lower it, I'd be in it, or know the reason why." Several old sailors and travellers nodded assent. Charley had been shipwrecked more than once, as I have said already. He was, to all appearances, quite unselfish and fearless. "But you can't save passengers unless the ship's a-going down to slow music," said he. "Make 'em believe they ain't born to be drowned,—that's the cherritable thing to do; and when it comes time to jump, why, you jump. *Save 'em?* You might as well try to save the hanchor."

Decidedly, then, I recommend to the saloon passengers that they be either more anthropomorphic or more polite. I don't uphold communism, which I think would be unwise for both parties, nor have I any commendation for the cabin gent on the Oregon who used to get very tipsy and then come aft and dance reels for us. But the spirit of anything so mortal as an ocean traveller has no business to be proud. Let us

remember that the emigrant is as æsthetic as we are, and thinks us very irrelevant to the scenery. By this means we shall perhaps avoid the error of a young gentleman, whose form I recall, who liked to display himself to the steerage in a flowery smoking-cap, tennis-shoes, and garments of a pronounced check. He might have been welcome if he had appeared in a romantic costume, but mere tailoring was insufficient to command attention.

It was at night that the personality of the ship was most impressive, that its life was most open and most vivid to us; and never more so than on those dark starlit nights which most travellers meet with as they near shore. As you stand behind the fore turtle-back, all the light and motion is aft of you; the ship seems hardly to be moving, and only the occasional slow rise of her head, the dark form of the solitary lookout above you, and the little ripple heard far below, remind you of your hopes of getting in early on Sunday morning. Leaving these really vast solitudes, you pass, not without awe, the captain's room, which has a silent, rich, and, so to speak, East-Indian suggestiveness about it. A red curtain is drawn across the open dead-light, and the steady glow behind it speaks to you of logarithms—or supper. The smoking-room, also of a rich suggestiveness, into whose misty depths we peer when the quartermaster's eye is not upon us; the brilliantly-lighted first-cabin entrance, with its groups of lazy talkers or readers; the stewards hurrying along, bearing goes of hot Scotch and plates of anchovy-toast and Welsh rabbit; the dark boiler-rooms; the galleys, whose officials are now intent upon the decorations of to-morrow's tables; the half-official, half-domestic habitats of minor functionaries, whose open doors practically enable us to be guests at receptions given by high stewardesses and high cooks to passengers' maids and waiters of the prime rank; the latticed and dimly-lighted corridors, on which stand the state-rooms of the owlish engineers; the deck state-rooms, whose occupants are thrumming

banjos and putting children to bed; the hall in which the bar stands, the favorite rallying-place of our troupe of actors, who may be seen congregated there at this moment, rehearsing the dinner-scene from the "School for Scandal," very possibly; the hall of the second-class cabin, whose sober passengers are reading, knitting, singing hymns; then the dark, much-obstructed, screw-racked stern, whose rough shadows only half hide the numberless little groups of singers and smokers that fill the deck,—nothing but a catalogue like this at all supplies the materials for a picture; and whoever calls my method clumsy must remember that he is to construct a panorama, not outline a miniature. For Leviathan deserves a big canvas, and you must draw the Oregon or the Alaska very large indeed before you begin to see anything except hull and spars and funnels.

It was at night, too, that we used to seem most friendly with each other. For instance, when you went to warm your back at the boiler-room, you experienced a peculiar fraternal fondness for your fellow-voluptuary, though in the daytime you might rub elbows with him for an hour and not think twice of him; but in the darkness a pleasing and romantic fitness attached itself to all occurrences. You saw with a smile the dripping and dimly-glistening deck, and the misty blackness hurrying past the taffrail, and, silently nudging your neighbor, turned to look in through the iron door (what a smell of wet cinders struck your nostrils!) at the dim figures moving to and fro in those Ætnean chambers, the huge, dirty-gray vents, or chimneys, or whatever they were, the little grating covering the narrow stair down to those mysterious regions below, whose distant light and hum came faintly up to you: there was reason enough to be impressionable and intimate. So it was with walking, leaning against the taffrail, sitting about, wrapped up in blankets, smoking, singing together: there was always a peculiar sympathy at night.

As for singing, we never tried it at

any other time in the twenty-four hours, except on Sunday, and we were never tired of it. Night after night we gathered together around the single men's companion-way (just aft the second-cabin entrance) and sang ourselves happy. The women led, generally: when the agitated and distracted stewards had sent them all below, we men kept at it, fifty or so strong; and the ladies sang on below there for an hour or more before they went to sleep,—so Rose told me; indeed, so I found out for myself on board the Oregon, being more instructed as to the domestic life of the women on board of her, as I have said before. And a queer sight it was to see a lot of heads sticking up out of a long row of deep bunks, all looking at you upside down, over their foreheads, as it were, the owners of these heads all singing away at a shrill hymn which rang in your ears as you went down the ladder to your own quarters.

The favorite songs were seafaring songs; but this might have been accidental, for all that I heard were, as it happened, music- and concert-hall songs of sufficiently late birth. Who knows a song in which Jenny is bidden to wait till the clouds—? but I need not go on. Then there is a ditty, each verse of which, logically or illogically, concludes, "Then 'ere's to the sailor, 'ere's to the 'art so true," etc.: that was perhaps the best-beloved strain. And the chorus is, "Sailing, sailing, Over the raging main, And many a stormy wind shall blow Ere Jack comes 'ome again." You must have heard it. It is a rousing good song. "The Pore Little Midshipmite" (by the author of "Nancy Lee," I believe) and "Steady, Boys, Steady" complete the list of regularly-billed attractions, with the exception of a song called, I suppose, "The Anchor's Weighed," which I have never heard elsewhere (and I think myself an amateur of songs), and which has one or two slightly strange and pleasant phrases in it, and a slow, simple, and very affecting chorus. Then, after these were all honorably sung out, Moody and Sankey would succeed to the field. Any up-

holder of the missionary view of the Christian religion would confess, I think, that such people as these are the hardest to do anything with, for the obvious reason that they don't want anything done with them. What is the use of denying yourself, making yourself a thorough-going nineteenth-century compound, half Franciscan and half Felix Holt, for the sake of equalizing spiritual and material benefits among a lot of folk who ask you for the grossest kind of spiritual fare, which you hold in alarm, and the richest kind of material fare, which you have foregone and now despise? The Salvation Army does its work, there is no doubt of it, or leaves its mark. Here were men and women of all creeds,—Church of England, Presbyterians, Methodists, Catholics, Dissenters of all complexions: with what readiness they all joined in this neutral, non-partisan psalmody! how well they knew it, and with what affecting fervor they sang it! Still, a cultus may be trained in the background. The most (apparently) sincere of these choristers would presently loiter down-stairs, yawn off all remnants of sentiment, and gossip together like the worst of the unregenerate. This suggestive phenomenon is not met with only in the lower classes, I believe.

The most ardent songmen I met were two Irish lads on the Oregon. One of them, a big-boned, high-cheeked young fellow, who dropped cartridges on the deck when he undertook to perform gymnastic feats, was a descendant of a bard. He lacked a harp, and the weapon he had girded on was unromantic, but he was more than half a minstrel. He asked me to lend him my "song-book," and was surprised to find I did not possess one. He seemed to think it a necessary. "Death! I've forgotten mine," said he. He knew ballads innumerable. I used to try him with old songs which I myself only knew by name, but he had them by heart. He spent his days in learning new lyrics and epics. I don't know under which head to put the poem concerning Heenan and Sayers which I saw him conning

over. When he dropped his cartridges (he was hanging by his toes at the time), we all cried out, "Dynamite!" at which he looked sheepish. I forget whether he sang at the concert which we Oregonians gave ourselves or not.

That concert was something between a success and a failure. If the impresarios, our two Jew barbers, felt that the applause given to the artists whom they presented was Bæotian, they ought to have been satisfied with the attendance. Perhaps the real secret of their bid for popular admiration was that they wanted it for a pet prodigy of their own, a clog-dancer, who certainly was given very discriminating attention and praise. It is true they not only forced him upon the public, anticipating the encores (I must do the prodigy the justice to say that he was not a party to all this), and, after the fashion of managers, artfully stimulating the enthusiasm, but they took quite an independent tone about the mere singers, and seemed by their attitude to insinuate that these gentlemen were to bear their own responsibility. The barbers sat on a raised platform (the hatchway of the lower hold), under the lamp. Beside them sat the chief singers and the accordion-player. I need not touch upon their performances, nor pause to commend the dancing of the star of the evening. I am sure the animus of those barbers was displayed when the senior barber said he 'ad 'ere a young gen'l'm'n who would dance hagainst hany gen'l'm'n in the ship. I know the word went round that the lad was a good lad at the clogs, and 'ad danced before now, in New York. He assumed a professional air at once, the lad did, and affected to appear and disappear by way of a fictitious R. and L. E., sitting down after he had made his congé with a thin pretence of having vanished. His singing, I am sorry to say, was inferior. Imagine, if you can, the result of a Cockney's attempt to imitate nigger dialect. I shall not try to exhibit it. At the first sign of a hitch, those hypocritical barbers—the more I remember of that *soirée* the more I am certain of their treachery—showed

themselves again in their true colors. Their calls for volunteers were shams. They had no real desire to bring out the latent talent of the ship. I think myself they were afraid of it. The senior barber, he of the pale-blue eyes and light, curly hair, affected a tone of good-humored remonstrance. "Gen'l'm'n," he cried, "we must 'ave singin' to 'ave a concert, you know. It don't matter whether a gen'l'm'n is a first-class performer or not, you know: we haren't critical, y' know. Start it hup, now, some gen'l'm'n." It may be imagined what effect such an appeal as that would have on an artistic nature. The younger barber, who had black eyes, and dark, curly hair, and a pouting mouth, growled to himself in what I half fancied was "patter."

We were helped out of our difficulties by a queer, three-sided, bandy-legged old chap, with a leather face full of wrinkles, who was a great and half-pitied favorite. I think he was pitied because his ideas were a little strict. He rose amid delighted cries of "Yorkshire!" and said he would gi' us a song to help us on a bit. This was the "song:"

"Ower the 'ills an' far away,
Plenty o' work an' little pay;
So now a must bid you all good-day,—
It's ower the 'ills an' far away.

"It's werry nice walkin' an' werry nice talkin' for a little bit at first; but when it gets to'ard night, it's werry warm travellin'. What med the matter be?

"Ower the 'ills, etc.

"As a were goin' along a met a chap on 'orseback, an' a asked o' un if he could find me hany work. 'E says, 'Wot can ye do?' A says, 'A can almost do anything.' A says, 'A can brew ale, and a can drink it, too.' 'E says, 'You're the chap for me; coom i' th' marnin.' So it were—

"Ower the 'ills, etc."

The chorus of this ditty had a rambling sort of tune to it,—an up-and-down quavering, with a falsetto shake at the end: the rest was, of course, sober

prose. "Yorkshire" went through it with a grave face, and the audience took it as a huge joke. The dust rose under our stamping feet, and confidence was restored.

The next day the clog-dancer detected me in the act of taking down this song from Yorkshire's dictation, and gave me a very sour look. He hung about until I had put up my tablet and pencil; then he edged up to me, and said, "That ain't no comic song, y' know; that ain't no song. 'E honly did that for a bit o' nonsense. You couldn't hintroduce that hat a music-all, y' know, or hat a privick hentertainment. That ain't no song."

He waited a moment for me to beg pardon of Art in his person, and, finding I had no intention of doing so, turned away in disgust.

I must ask permission to "introduce" one song more. This was sung by a pale young man in a cotton cap, in response to a general call for something sentimental. He gave it with entire gravity and some tenderness, and the chorus was sung by all present with sober respect:

HAS THE SNOW WERE FALLIN' LIGHTLY.

One night in cold December,
When the snow were fallin' fast
(I 'ave reasons tew remember)
Threw the cold and wintry blast,
There I spied a charmin' creachure,
Playin' strange music from hafar:
She looked well in hev-e-ry feachure
Has she played on 'er light guitar.

Has the snow were fallin' lightly
On 'er shoulder from hafar,
She looked well in hevery feachure,
Playin' hupon 'er light guitar.

I soon fell in conversation
Vith this pretty little dear;
She said she 'ad but one relation,
Who lived many miles from 'ere.
Then I harsked 'er who she meant;
She answered me, "My great-grandma;
And this is 'ow I make my livin',
Playin' hupon my light guitar."

Me bein' a werry feelin' man,
And 'avin children hof my own,
I arsaked this darling little creachure
If she'd like to 'ave a 'ome.
"Kind sir," she says, "vith pleasure;
Though I don't know who you are.
But I'll make your 'ome a treasure
By playin' hupon my light guitar."

The attitude of the steamship companies is very much that of the soldier who said you couldn't expect all the cardinal virtues for sixpence a day. And the general fairness of this attitude is acknowledged by the passengers. The companies cannot perhaps claim credit for all the improvements made of late years, for many of these have been the result of competition and popular agitation; but they do about as well as can be expected. And the introduction of electric lights into the steerage marks, perhaps, the distance to which cold comfort has been pushed by modern invention. The barkeeper was the only official I saw who was consistently brutal and disobliging; but his tyranny did not amount to very much. And I wish to make a point of saying that the sailors were the best fellows of any of us. I am very sorry that I shall in all probability never meet Ned Kennedy again. I made his acquaintance the first morning I tumbled up to get my bath. How well I remember the black night, the men bringing the hose aft, the swash of the water over the deck, and Ned's brown beard, oil-skins, and bare feet! He and I had a pull at my flask together, and we were friends all the rest of the voyage. What a good soul he was! "Did ye ever read Volney's 'Ruins of Empires'?" said he. "It's a quare book. But I used to say to the docthor on the A—— (sure he was an atheist), 'Docthor,' I'd say, 'what difference is it if I do belave? Sure if there's annything in it, I'm saved; and if there isn't, what differ does it make?' says I."

But, dear me, if I were to go into the subject of my fellow-passengers! I seriously advise Mr. Richard Grant White to take the trip. He will be ravished with the English, Irish, and Scotch who have acquired American traits of countenance and speech. And the lingo he will hear! He would have given a great deal for that fallow-faced man, with a black chin-beard and high cheek-bones, who wore carpet-slippers, a conductor's cap, two shirts, one over the other, and "galluses," who had two highly American daughters—and

was Lancashire by birth. I must not fail to say a word more about Charley S——. He was the most completely good-natured man alive. He was never happy unless he was doing some woman a good turn. When the weather was nasty he used to get the sick women up on deck, surround them with all the comforts he could muster, bring them their dinners, joke them into an appetite, walk them up and down till they had sea-legs as firm as any quartermaster's. Mark Tapley was a fool to him. He was singing all the time, and the last touch in his favor was that no sentimentalist could have compared him to a bird, unless it had been a raven. I think I hear him now, at six A.M.: "Wake up, boys! Wake up! Brreakfast! Hi, you seven sleepers! 'Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny! Wait till the clouds—'" And then would begin a laughing contest with the man next to him.

And you really must let me tell you about Michael. Michael was one of the first people who caught my eye. His bunk was opposite to mine, and he was laying away his shore-clothes. I set him down at once for a Tammany plug-ugly. He was stocky, bull-necked, red-haired, freckled, and snub-nosed. He wore a torn red undershirt, and his arms were those of a son of Anak. I despised him. And he turned out to be innocent, kindly, cheerful, unsuspicious, everything but intelligent. I had some conversation with him about getting a bath early in the morning, when the decks were being washed down. "Sure I think it would be a good thing," said he, with an Irishman's optimism. I took this for a subscription to my enterprise, so the next morning I woke him up,—at four in the morning. He was as gentle as a sucking dove. "I don't think I'll bathe wid ye," said he. "I might catch cold." (He could not have hurt himself if he had tried.) "But I'll get up and hold your clothes for ye!" And he did, and shivered while I bathed. Afterward he remarked, in an earnest whisper, "Was there any money in thim trousers?"

My word, but I feared I wud dthrop it!"

One day I was talking to him after dinner. We sat in our bunks and hobbled together. I suspected he was not going home only to see the old folks, as he had been in America but a few years, and in a short time I obtained from him the bashful acknowledgment that he expected to find the girl of his heart waiting for him. "I've not written to her," said he, "for I can't write: I never could l'arn. But she's sent me her likeness twict, and I let her know I got it." This he said with a great air of slyness. Then he became argumentative. "See, now," he went on, "why shouldn't I marry? I've been getting big wages,—three and four dollars a day,—and I've two thousand dollars saved up, and she has a bit of money; *and then I know her people*. Why for wud I marry a girl from the States? I'd not know her family, nor her folks, sure, to know if they were dacent people. And she'd not know mine. Whist, now! If you was to marry a girl from Chicago, say, or Californy, she'd be wantin' to talk about her folks all the time, and you wouldn't know them; and she'd niver care to hear you talkin' about your father and mother and the places you was whin you was a boy, but she'd be after tellin' you about her affairs, and you wouldn't be in the conversation at all at all." Which I commend to Mr. James for a practical commentary upon his story "Lady Barberina."

On the whole, the passengers justified the remark of one of their number, who looked at them as they stood on the deck, with a contented air. "All gentlemen," he said; and I'm not sure he was wrong. We had no dynamiters nor assisted emigrants among us: we were thrifty, decent folk, fit for any country. Most of the passengers on the Oregon

were travelling for recreation; nearly all of these to see the old country again. Then there were petty bagmen and drummers, engineers, upper servants, inn-keepers, clerks, etc., etc. Most of us were mechanics. Many of us wore very clean linen all through the voyage, and some of us shone very resplendent on the deck. And one gentleman I know could have travelled first-class at the expense of his employers, but preferred to put the difference in his pocket. After he told me this, I discovered, incidentally, that he was a Scotchman.

In fine, I may say that the reforms which are needed in the steerage can best be obtained, in my partly-instructed opinion, by keeping the doctor well up to his work, elevating the steerage steward to a somewhat higher position, and giving him more and more carefully-chosen subordinates, for the comfort of the passengers will depend to a large degree upon the capacity and good nature of the men who wait upon them and keep them in order.

I made two discoveries for which I am profoundly grateful. One is that a sea-bath in the middle of a chilly night is the most inspiring pleasure in the world. The other discovery was of a sunrise at sea, which sight I had never seen before. I am not going to describe my sunrise, for reasons which in the present state of literature ought to be obvious. But as I stood on the empty deck, the ship thrusting herself forward over the broad, straying sea, and saw that dazzling golden ball come up out of the water and lie like a molten island on the horizon, I felt that if I had been bent on an expedition by whose goal hope hardly as yet seemed to stand with a fond and reassuring smile, I should have asked for no better augury than the rosy glow around me.

THOMAS WHARTON.

LOIS.

AN old red farm-house, with its roof sloping toward the road, and rambling off at the back in an undecided way until stopped by the great barn, whose open doors showed full mows and made a dark setting for the vista of blue hills beyond. Along the side of the house were ranged squashes and pumpkins, absorbing their last allowance of sunshine, and the wide south porch was hung with strings of peppers and braided ears of corn. The front door, with its fan-light and iron knocker, opened on a narrow path leading down to the road between rows of prim China asters; but the iron knocker was apparently seldom raised, for the path was grass-grown, and an arm of the tall rose-bush had reached quite across the door-way.

South of the house the orchard stretched away, the pyramids of gathered fruit making vivid spots of yellow and red against the brown grass. Through the still air came now and then the mellow thud of a falling apple or the sound of distant chopping, and over all lay the soft haze of an October day, darkened here and there by the smoke of a brush fire. The house faced the west, and just now all its little old-fashioned panes were winking and blinking at the setting sun as though there was a good understanding between them. The place seemed the very heart of content; but down where the orchard sloped to the road a sorrowful little drama was being enacted. It was a common one,—merely the parting of two young hearts,—something we smile over every day, thinking how soon it will be outlived; and the actors were no tragedy king and queen, only a little New-England girl of sixty years ago and her farmer-lover.

There had been tears and vehement pleadings, but they were over now, and the two stood gravely regarding each other across the old rail fence. The girl's clasped hands rested on the fence,

and the young man covered them with his strong brown hands and made a final appeal:

"Lois, think what you have chosen; think what it will be to be shut up there with your grandmother."

"I know what it will be better than you can tell me; but that doesn't alter my duty," answered the girl steadily.

"But is it your duty?" urged the young, eager voice. "Your father is well able to hire a housekeeper to look after things and take care of your grandmother. There's Sam Johnson's widow, she'd jump at the chance of such a home."

A wan little smile glanced over the girl's face. "How long do you think grandma and 'Viry Johnson would agree?" she asked.

"Well, then, couldn't grandma go to your uncle 'Bijah's?"

"No, David," was the answer. "You know she tried that once and couldn't stand the children: besides, she was born in the old house and says she shall die there. It's no use talking: nobody except father and me will bear with her, and we must look after her as long as she lives."

"And the Dunns live to be ninety," said the young man.

Her face paled a little, but she said, "Yes," quietly.

"Oh, Lois," he burst forth, "don't do it! It will be a living death. Come with me. Now that I have this splendid chance, I want you to share my success, for I know I shall succeed."

"I'm sure of it," said the girl, with simple faith, looking up to the sun-burned face with loving eyes.

Those sweet eyes! As he looked down at them and thought how soon he should be beyond their light, he leaped the fence, and, throwing his arms about her, drew her closely to him.

But even the sweet sorrow of parting was to be shortened, for while the girl

clung to him there came a shrill call of "Lois! Lois!" followed by a weak, impatient blast on the dinner-horn.

With a few hasty words of farewell, she broke from his detaining hold and ran swiftly through the orchard. When she reached the great flat door-stone, she stood a moment with her hand on the latch and looked back. Up the road went a solitary figure. How far he had gone already! The sun was down, the fields looked gray and bare, there was a chill in the air, and as she shut the door behind her she seemed to shut out forever youth and hope and love.

Grandma Dunn was in one of her worst moods. "Where ye been, Lois?" was the sharp inquiry.

"Down in the orchard," answered Lois, holding out her hands to the blaze in the fireplace, for the chill seemed to have crept to her heart.

"Was ye alone? I thought once or twice I heerd voices." And the old woman looked suspiciously at her.

"David Price was there," said the girl quietly.

"David Price was there, was he?" echoed the shrill voice. "Well, if David Price wants to see ye he'd better come to yer father's house. In my day young men didn't expect gells to go phlanderin' cross lots to meet 'em; and I shall tell him so the next time he comes here."

"He won't come again," Lois answered (oh, with what a heavy heart!). "He's going away."

"Where's he goin' now?" demanded Grandma Dunn, as though the young man's life had been one round of travel, whereas he had never been forty miles from his native town.

"Out to his uncle Micah's in Ohio. His uncle is going to take him into business," answered Lois.

"Hum!" said Grandma Dunn: "'a rollin' stun gethers no moss.'" Then, with a thought of her own comfort, "Are ye ever goin' to set the table? I'm jest a-famishin' for my supper."

Joshua Dunn, coming in just then, looked from his mother to his daughter,

and said, in his grave way, "Seems to me, Lois, you might look after your grandmother a little closer."

Poor Lois! She had the feeling, so common to all of us, that the conscious acceptance of a burden must somehow lighten it, and that the secret self-sacrifice must in some mysterious way be felt and appreciated; but here in the first hour of her cross-bearing had come not praise, but blame.

She made no answer; her face flushed, then paled, and with close-shut lips she walked quickly from the room.

"Joshua," quavered Grandma Dunn, "ye ought to take that gell in hand. She's gettin' more high-headed ev'ry day. She's goin' to be the very pattern of her mother."

"There, there, mother!" answered the farmer. "Let the girl alone. She's well enough; and the more she grows like her mother the better it'll please me." For Joshua Dunn held in very tender remembrance the young wife who had given her life for her baby's.

Lois did not come down to supper, but when her father brought in the milk she came and took care of it in her deft, quiet way.

He stood and watched her, his one ewe-lamb, his motherless child. How dear she was to him, from her shining brown head to her willing feet! He was a man of few caresses, but by and by he went over to her and laid his rough hand gently on her head, and said, "Father's good little girl." Then, as though frightened at this unwonted exhibition of affection, he gathered the milk-pails together and hurried out.

The touch and the words eased the heartache a little, but that night, lying with wide wakeful eyes fixed on the square of moonlight on the floor, Lois said over and over, "The Dunns live to be ninety," "The Dunns live to be ninety." And she was only twenty. How could she bear this for seventy years?

But nature is kind to the young, and Lois had forgotten her trouble long before another pair of eyes closed in the old farm-house.

Joshua Dunn pondered long and sor-

rowfully. He had not been father and mother both for twenty years without having his perceptions sharpened where his child was concerned, and, remembering David Price's frequent visits, and certain loiterings in the old porch, and sundry tender glances, it was not difficult to connect Lois's sober face with the young man's going away. In his inmost heart he was thankful that he was not called upon to give her up; but something must be done to cheer her. If only her mother were alive! But he must do his best alone.

She should have some new dresses, she must have young company; he would take her up to the village oftener. But alas for the tender planning! The next time Joshua Dunn went to the village he was carried there and laid beside his young wife.

It had happened very suddenly. He had gone out to the barn in the morning, and, not coming in to breakfast, Lois had gone in search of him, and found him lying under the feet of a horse he had lately bought, the good, kind face trampled out of recognition.

Well, we can live through a great deal, and after the first bewilderment was over Lois took up her old duties again.

Joshua Dunn had been a well-to-do man, and everything was left to Lois. There was to be no anxiety about ways and means; there was nothing to do, except to live, with all the brightness of life gone. Grandma Dunn, in the face of a real sorrow, stopped fretting for a while, and Lois had a faint hope that their mutual loss might bring them nearer together; but after a few weeks things fell back in their old courses, her grandmother repining and upbraiding, and Lois caring for her in a cold, mechanical way.

Then the keen New-England conscience awoke. Was this the spirit of self-sacrifice? Had she given up her love merely to do the work a hired servant might do, and with the same feelings? Was she not cheapening her sacrifice by withholding a part of the price?

So the lonely girl goaded herself until by prayers and tears she grew into a softer frame of mind, and the silent indifference with which she had borne her grandmother's sharp speeches changed to pity for the poor cross-grained nature. If Grandma Dunn noticed the change, she gave no sign; but it made life more tolerable to Lois. At the best, time dragged very slowly at the old farmhouse. The mornings were bearable, for the care of the house kept her busy; but in the long summer afternoons, when her grandmother dozed in her chair, and in the longer winter evenings, when she sat alone by the fire, she grew to have the feeling that they had lived in the same way for a hundred years, and would live on and on indefinitely.

But after ten years had worn away a new interest came into her life. One day a paper from Boston strayed up to the red house on the hill. Lois did not know that the paper held a high rank in the literature of the day, but she felt the difference between it and their county weekly. One little story pleased her especially. It did not abound in elopements, murders, and highly-wrought situations, like the weekly stories, but ran along as naturally as one friend might talk to another, and the thought came to her, why couldn't she write a story?

So, one afternoon, when Grandma Dunn was safely off in her nap, Lois sat down in the shady porch and wrote her first story. It was only the story of a life which had been lived in her own village. There was no attempt at fine writing, no romance, no tragedy,—unless the story of a broken heart is always a tragedy,—but the story was told so simply and tenderly that it seemed like a quiet brook running at twilight between banks of fern and alder, until it is lost in shadow.

With many misgivings she sent it to the Boston paper, and the editor, a man of quiet tastes, read it himself, then took it home and read it to his invalid wife; and the result was that in a few weeks Lois received a paper addressed in a strange handwriting, and in it her

little story; and not only that, but a letter came containing a check and a few words of praise. With a heart lighter than it had been since her father's death, she took the paper and letter to her room. She turned the check over and over,—her own money, the first she had ever earned, and earned in such a delightful way! Then she read and reread her story, and wondered how it sounded to others. She looked the paper over to compare it with other stories, and a familiar name caught her eye, and there, among the marriage notices, she read this: "In this city, 10th inst., by the Rev. Daniel Simpson, Mary, only daughter of Roger Leonard, of this city, to David Price, of Cleveland, Ohio."

She held the paper a few minutes, then folded it smoothly and laid it away. Her brief sunshine had clouded over.

After a while, urged by her loneliness, she took up her pen again; and in all the years that followed she found it a refuge and comfort, not only to herself, but to others; for her writings, though often crude, had a simplicity and naturalness which touched other hearts; and besides the modest money return there came to her once in a while a letter from some stranger with words of kindly appreciation.

One day, when her grandmother was unusually restless, Lois, to entertain her, brought down her pen and read it to her. Grandma Dunn had often listened to her stories without suspecting the author, and her blunt criticisms were amusing and sometimes helpful. "Hum!" she said at the end of this one; "that woman had sorter the same life as M'lissy Peters,—she that was a Shepley; only nobody would think of puttin' M'lissy in a story,—a poor, shif'less thing. If she'd 'a' had less book-larnin' and more common sense, Job Peters's folks would 'a' liked her a deal better, and she wouldn't 'a' been badgered to death by 'em." Then, with sudden irrelevancy, "Ye ought to hev marricd, Lois. There ought to be children about the house. Ye'd 'a' done better to hev taken that David

Price that used to hang round here. Somebody was a-tellin' of me the other day that he was reel forehanded out to Ohio. But gells never know what's best for 'em." And she went off into an inarticulate muttering.

For a moment Lois felt a wild impulse to tell her grandmother *why* she had not married David Price, to lay open before her the long years of loneliness, the starvation of heart, which had been endured for her sake; but the life-long habit of reticence was not easily broken, and the words died away without utterance.

Afterward she was glad of this silence,—for that night the querulous voice stopped suddenly, and the chain that had bound Lois for twenty years was broken. She was free. But what was freedom worth to her? The zest was gone out of life; she had grown away from her old friends and made no new ones; there was no tie to bind her to Hillsborough, and she felt the full extent of her loneliness when she realized the fact that she had no ties in any place in the wide world. But she could not stay in her old home: so after a while she sold the farm and moved away to a small town near Boston, guided in her choice only by the fact that from this town had come some of the friendly stranger letters. Here she settled herself in a comfortable home, and faced resolutely the thirty or forty years which in all human probability lay before her. The people about her proved kindly and intelligent; she found more congenial society than she had ever known before; her pleasant house became a centre of quiet sociability, and she enjoyed a kind of autumnal happiness.

One afternoon, some eight years after her coming to Springvale, Miss Lois, sitting in her chamber, writing, heard the gate creak, and, looking out, saw a peddler coming up the walk. He walked feebly, and she noticed that as he neared the steps he straightened himself with an effort. Her little maid was out, so she laid down her pen and went down to him.

The man stood looking through the open door into the wide, old-fashioned hall. It looked very cool and inviting after his hot tramp, and Miss Lois, coming down the stairs, fair and sweet in her soft gray dress and lavender ribbons, seemed a part of the peace and quiet of the house.

She saw that he looked hot and tired, and asked him in, setting the large hall-chair for him. He dropped into it wearily, and opened his stock without the volubility common to his kind. It consisted of the usual small wares, and Miss Lois made her selection of pins, needles, and tape with the careful deliberation of a New-England housekeeper.

Suddenly she turned very white, and laid her hand on the stair-rail as though for support. It was over in a moment; and when the peddler looked at her again she wore her usual calm face, though the hands counting the money trembled a little. As he was gathering his wares together she asked him, "Have you been long at this business?"

"No, ma'am," he answered, rising stiffly; "only a year or two. I used to do a good business in Cleveland, Ohio, and had a house as pleasant as this, and a wife and child; but I failed in business; then my wife and child died, and I had a long sickness. After I got up from it I tried several different things, but finally came to this. Thank you, ma'am," putting the money in his thin pocket-book. "You look like somebody I used to know in Hillsborough, where I was raised."

But Miss Lois made no answer, except "Good-afternoon," as he went down the steps.

When the gate closed behind him, she went up to her chamber, unlocked a drawer in her bureau, and, taking from it a thin package of letters, sat down with them in her hand.

There was no need to read them: she knew every word in them. They had come at long intervals during the first nine years of waiting: she could tell the very day the last one came. She sat there very quietly until her little maid called her to tea; then she put the let-

ters back in their place, smoothed her hair, and went down. And neither Polly nor the friends who came in the evening suspected that Miss Lois had seen a ghost that afternoon.

The next morning Polly returned from the grocery in great excitement. A peddler had had a bleeding-spell there the night before; they had made him a bed in the back room, and that afternoon the selectmen were going to take him to the poor-house. Polly had seen him with her own eyes.

Miss Lois finished pasting the paper over the last tumbler of currant jelly, then washed her hands calmly, took off her apron, and went up-stairs. In a few minutes she came down with her hat on. "I'm going out for a little while, Polly," she said; "and while I'm gone you may make up the bed in the east chamber."

Polly was amazed. Of course nobody in the town would come to stay all night; and Miss Lois had had no letters for a few days; besides, there had been no extra cooking. What could it mean? But, being an obedient little maid, she did as she was bid. Bed-making was an exact science with Polly, who had been carefully trained in it by Miss Lois: so the feather bed was rolled and thumped until it stood up a great fluffy mound, to be laboriously and critically levelled with the broom-handle, Polly's arms being far too short for the purpose. Then the lavender-scented sheets were carefully laid on, with due regard to wide hem and narrow hem, the homespun blanket, with its herring-bone border, was spread without a wrinkle and tucked under the smoothly-rounded edges, and over all went the big white counterpane. Oh, it was a sight to do your eyes good. Polly was standing with the end of a pillow between her teeth, her head very far back, trying to slip the pillow-case on, when there was a sound of wheels at the door. Without letting go the pillow, she managed to apply one eye to the shutter. It was the public carriage, and, wonder of wonders, the doctor got out, then Miss Lois, and, with the help of the driver, a man was taken out and carried up the walk.

But other eyes than Polly's had been busy, and within forty-eight hours everybody in Springvale knew that Miss Lois had recognized an old friend in the peddler and had taken him home to nurse. And I think it is to the credit of human nature that, while a few said, "Did you ever?" and "How it looks!" the majority approved of the act and only hoped Miss Lois wouldn't get sick herself.

But Miss Lois's kindness was not to be taxed long. The man failed rapidly, and another hemorrhage made the end certain. He was delirious most of the time, and talked much of "Mary," and "Willie," and names strange to Miss Lois; but as the end drew near he ceased muttering, and lay apparently unconscious. That night, as she sat beside him, he looked up suddenly, his eyes bright and clear.

"Why, *Lois!*" he said.

"Yes, David," she answered quietly, laying her hand on the one fast growing cold.

He made an effort to speak, his eyelids quivered, a breath—and a second time he had gone on a long journey, leaving her behind him.

When the town authorities came to make arrangements for the funeral, Miss Lois asked that he might be buried in her own lot, for in the first months of her homesickness she had had the remains of her father and mother brought from their bleak hill-side graves to rest near her. So he was laid beside his old townsman, and a few months after a plain marble slab was placed at his head, bearing only the name "David Price," with the date of death, and his age, "52 yrs."

When Miss Lois wore the gray dress again, Polly noticed that the lavender ribbons were gone, and about this time people said to each other that Miss Lois was beginning to show her age. Not that she grew gray and wrinkled suddenly; but there was a change. It was not her heart that was changed, for her friends found her more and more delightful, and her house was the favorite stopping-place for young and old. She seemed to have a special tenderness for young girls, and many confi-

dences, blushing or tearful, were poured into the sympathetic ear, and many were the lovers' quarrels healed by her gentle counsels. She used to say sometimes, in a wistful way, "I want them to have all the happiness I have missed." But her sympathies were not confined to the young: they overflowed on all who needed them. Discouraged men and women slouched into her gate at night-fall, and came out with their faces lifted and fresh hope in their hearts. Naughty boys, who deserved and dreaded the rod, knocked meekly at her back door for help, which was always given, mingled with such wholesome reproof that a boy seldom came twice on the same errand. Even hurt and homeless animals seemed to know by instinct where to find an asylum, and took the shortest route to Miss Lois's door, and not one was turned away unhelped.

So the peaceful years slipped away, until one day her friends gathered to keep her eightieth birthday; and they said to each other how well Miss Lois was looking, and that they hoped to keep her for another ten years; and the house was gay with flowers and little children, and Miss Lois beamed on them until her face seemed transfigured.

That night, as Polly, now grown staid and elderly, went up to her room, she stopped to see if her mistress was comfortable for the night. She found her sitting in her great arm-chair, her head resting lightly against the cushions, and her eyes closed as though in quiet sleep. But it was the long sleep. One hand rested upon a package of yellow letters, and the thin forefinger of the other had stopped at a verse in the open Bible in her lap; and when they raised the stiffening hand they read the words, "Even Christ pleased not himself."

Old and faithful friends gathered up her treasures, and when in looking over her papers they came to the package of yellow letters and read the signatures, they suddenly remembered the name on the stone in the graveyard, and looked at each other with pitying eyes, half guessing the story; but the story was ended.

HESTER STUART.

THE REPRESENTATION OF THE PEOPLE IN PARLIAMENT.

THE recent exciting Parliamentary struggle in England marked an important stage in the rapid growth of the power of the people during this century. In 1831-32 the Lords brought the country to the verge of a bloody revolution by their stubborn resistance to a measure giving the right of voting to nearly half a million more of the people, and transferring a large number of seats in the House of Commons from their highly-prized pocket-boroughs to the great new centres of population. In 1867 Mr. Disraeli, seeing the inevitable tendency of things, adroitly led the Conservatives, contrary to their traditions and general sentiments, in a movement that went even beyond what the Liberals then considered within the range of practical politics, and established household suffrage in the boroughs. The results, however, of this brilliant movement proved, on the whole, favorable to the Liberals rather than to the Conservatives. It is indeed a significant fact that the latter have been able to secure majorities in only two of the twelve Parliaments elected since 1832, while the Liberals have been returned to power ten times, and have had majorities in the House of Commons for nearly forty-five of the last fifty-two years.

Not only has the number of voters increased rapidly, but their influence in determining the attitude and action of their representatives in Parliament has also grown much greater. Of this fact Mr. Goschen recently gave an interesting illustration. "Since the Reform Bill of 1867," he said, "Democracy has been making tremendous strides on both sides of this House. . . . During the last Parliament there was introduced a Friendly Societies Bill by a Conservative member from a large constituency. An honorable member opposite—a Conservative friend of mine—came to me

and said, 'Have you seen the very socialistic amendment put upon the paper to the Friendly Societies Bill?' I said I had not seen it. He said that the amendment ought to be discussed. 'Then,' I asked, 'why not block the bill?' He said, 'I block the bill! I dare not.' I suggested that he should get some one to block it. 'No, I cannot find any one,' he said. And I then ventured to block it. Never did I draw down a fiercer storm on my devoted head. We were then in opposition, and I was told that a large number of workmen took the deepest possible interest in the bill, and that I was compromising the party by the action I took." Mr. Herbert Spencer, in a letter declining to be a candidate for Parliament, has thus referred to this rapidly-increasing power of constituencies over their members: "Far too high an estimate is, I think, made of the influence possessed in our day by a member of Parliament. Now that he has come to be much more than in past times subject to his constituents, now that the House of Commons as a whole is more and more obliged to subordinate itself to public opinion, the implication is that those who form public opinion are really those who exercise power. It is becoming a common remark that we are approaching a state in which laws are made out of doors and simply registered by Parliament; and, if so, then the actual work of legislation is more the work of those who modify the ideas of the electors than of those who give effect to those ideas."

While great power is still wielded by a few noble and wealthy individuals, these always recognize the sovereignty of the people whose servants they profess to be. Even the Lords no longer claim a constitutional right to legislate contrary to the popular will. Lord Salisbury has frequently declared that it is not the function of the House of Lords

under any circumstances to reverse any decision of the constituencies clearly expressed by them at the polls, and in entering on the recent conflict with the Commons he said, "We do not shrink from bowing to the opinion of the people, whatever that opinion may be. If it is their judgment that there should be enfranchisement without redistribution, I should be very much surprised, but I should not dispute their decision."

The great demonstrations that were held everywhere throughout the country during the last summer and autumn were intended to indicate and enforce the will of the people in regard to the Franchise question. While the Liberals took the lead in getting up monster meetings, Lord Salisbury and the other Conservative chiefs soon ceased to ridicule the idea of "legislation by picnic," and became no less anxious than their opponents to have their course ratified by the people, and to point to great Conservative picnics as an evidence that they had the approval of the country. Nor is it strange, in view of the restrictions and inequalities of the franchise, that resort should have been had to so crude a method of appealing to the people. The voters numbered only about one-twelfth of the entire population of the United Kingdom. In the boroughs the proportion of voters to population was considerably greater, in the counties much smaller, than this, while in Ireland there was only one voter for every twenty-two of the population. With these restrictions and inequalities of the franchise, and a very unfair distribution of seats, an election would not have indicated the will of the people with much more certainty than did these great meetings.

In introducing the Representation of the People Bill last winter, Mr. Gladstone declared the condition of the franchise to be one of "greater and grosser anomaly than any in which it has been left hitherto." Some of the anomalies and inequalities had existed for centuries, while others were of comparatively recent origin. The qualifications for voters in boroughs have never

been the same as in counties. The Saxon Witenagemote was in theory an assembly of all the wise men of the kingdom, though as a matter of fact it was probably composed only of the wealthy and powerful. The Norman conqueror and his successors, imitating these Saxon assemblies, called the nobles and wise men of the kingdom—the earls and barons and the higher clergy—to their councils. The lesser barons, unable to bear the expense of all appearing in person, sent representatives. Hence there grew up the custom of summoning the greater barons and the bishops by name, and of directing the sheriff to send representatives of the lesser barons. How these representatives were chosen in the earliest period, whether by the sheriff or people, is uncertain. It is, however, recorded that in 1254 the sheriff was directed to bring to the council two knights of the county chosen for the purpose by the men of the county. The elections for these representative knights of the shire are generally supposed to have been held in the county courts, where probably all the freeholders had the privilege of voting. The earliest statutes defining and restricting this right of voting were enacted in the reign of Henry VI. The reason for such legislation is set forth in the preamble of one of these statutes. It is declared that the election of knights of the shire "has now of late been made by too great and excessive number of people dwelling in the same counties, of which the greater part are of little or no substance, every one of whom pretends to have a voice equal, as to such elections, to act with the most worthy knights; . . . whence homicides, riots, batteries, and divisions between the gentlemen and other people of the same counties will probably arise, if convenient remedy be not provided." Those "of little or no substance" were therefore disfranchised, and those whose freeholds were of not less than forty shillings clear annual value alone retained the right to vote. In commenting on this provision, Blackstone says that, as the knights of the shire repre-

sent the landholders of the kingdom, they must have estates in lands and tenements in the counties represented; these estates must be freehold,—that is, for the term of life at least,—because beneficial leases for long periods were not in use at the making of these statutes, and copyholders were then little better than villains absolutely dependent upon their lords. This freehold must be of forty shillings annual value, because, according to Blackstone, that sum in Henry VI.'s time would be equal to twenty pounds in his time, and would, with proper industry, furnish all the necessities of life and render the freeholder, if he pleased, an independent man. This forty-shilling "act of disfranchisement" continued to define the qualifications for electors in the counties for four centuries, until the Reform Act of 1832 enlarged the county electorate.

For several generations after the Conquest the towns were not thought to be of sufficient importance to have representatives in Parliament. In time, however, as trade and commerce increased, some of them became rich and powerful. It was Simon de Montfort who first directed the sheriffs, in the year 1264, to summon not only two knights for each shire, but also two burgesses for each borough; and the crown soon began to follow regularly a precedent which had been adopted as a counterpoise to the power of the barons. It was very desirable when the crown had need of large sums of money that the rich and flourishing cities and towns should be represented in Parliament, for the great charter had provided that the king should take no aid except the three regular ones without the consent of Parliament, and the maxim that "that which touches all must be approved by all" had been adopted as a constitutional principle. Representatives were summoned from new boroughs, sometimes because of the wealth and importance of these new communities, sometimes to give the crown a safe majority in the lower house. Owing to the fluctuating nature of trade, boroughs often grew

quickly into importance and quickly declined. Some of these decayed boroughs were deprived of their representatives or excused from sending them on account of the expense, but many of them still retained their political rights. After the revolution of 1688, the king no longer exercised the power of filling up the House of Commons with his own partisans by conferring the right of representation on new boroughs, while the Lords and great borough-owners retained the right of separate representation for their petty pocket-boroughs, and practically governed the country for the century and a half which followed. Little regard was paid to the will of the people. Seats were openly advertised for sale, and the most disgraceful bribery and corruption prevailed in some of the constituencies. It was no uncommon thing for a peer or rich land-owner to own several seats in the House of Commons. In the year 1801 it is said that four hundred and twenty-five of the six hundred and fifty-eight members of the House of Commons owed their seats to the nominations or recommendations of two hundred and fifty-two patrons. In 1830 Old Sarum was a mound, Corfe a ruin, Dunwich had long been submerged under the sea, Ludgershall had one, Flint four, Gatton and St. Michaels each seven, and Droit-
church twelve electors, and yet each of these boroughs was represented in Parliament, while populous towns, such as Manchester and Birmingham, Leeds and Sheffield, had no vote in the national legislature. It was natural, in view of all the circumstances, that the borough members should be much less respected and influential than the county members. It was at one time seriously proposed to give additional representatives to the counties in order to secure a more honest body of legislators. While there have always been notable exceptions, it is only in comparatively recent times that the borough members have on the average commanded the same degree of respect and influence for their ability, integrity, and independence as the county members.

The right to vote in the boroughs seems in early times to have been exercised by all the free burgesses; and, as any freeman residing in the borough for a year became a free burgess, the right of voting was very general. At an early date, however, limitations of the right were introduced in many of the boroughs. The older craftsmen and merchants, becoming jealous of the many new-comers, obtained for their boroughs new charters, providing that birth or apprenticeship within the borough should be an essential qualification for a free burgess. When common councils took the place of borough moots in town government, the borough members were in many cases chosen by the councils. When new boroughs were given the right of representation, the king or borough-owner often fixed the qualifications for the electors. There arose therefore a great variety of qualifications in the various boroughs. The right of burgage tenants to vote in the boroughs, corresponding to the right of freeholders in the counties, was very ancient. The ancient right of freemen to be electors was often limited to freemen "paying scot and bearing lot." In a few boroughs all the "potwallers," or "potwalloppers,"—that is, all who were above being dependent on the parish and able to boil their own pots,—voted. As the election approached, the enterprising "worker" sometimes induced the man of whose right to vote there might be some doubt to boil a pot, so that he might easily be proved to be a genuine potwaller. Household suffrage in a fuller sense can scarcely be imagined. In a very few instances it is said that all the inhabitants took part in the election. The great diversity and uncertainty in regard to the franchise in some of the boroughs opened a convenient door to corruption and bribery. In most of the boroughs, whether the voters were few or many, the will of the borough-owner or patron was all-powerful both with the individual voter and with the members elected.

Several causes combined to bring to a successful issue the movement which

resulted in the Reform Act of 1832. Among these were the constantly-increasing importance of the new and unrepresented communities in comparison with many of the old constituencies, and the increasing wealth and intelligence of the non-voting middle classes. The copyholders, leaseholders, and tenants in the counties were no longer to be treated with contempt and their right to a voice in the government ignored; while large numbers of tradesmen and artisans in the boroughs had come to be men of such intelligence and standing in their communities as to have a strong claim to political rights. Everywhere there was a desire among the people for a larger share of political power, and a disposition to concede to them a larger measure of self-government. Hard times in England and great and long-continued distress increased the dissatisfaction with the old order of things and the demand for such changes as should give the right of voting to new classes of citizens and so rearrange the constituencies that the House of Commons would fairly represent the wealth and intelligence of the country. Then, even more than now, there was a disposition to hold the government responsible for the prosperity and distress of the people, as well as for the condition of the crops and the weather. The Lords and pocket-borough owners, who had successfully resisted all previous efforts to extend the right of voting and make a fairer distribution of seats, were, however, too blind to see the signs of the times, and stubbornly resisted the movement. They were able to muster force enough in the House of Commons in the spring of 1831 to defeat the government on an amendment to the Reform Bill. The result of the election which followed the dissolution of Parliament ought to have convinced even the dullest of them that further resistance would be perilous. In the new Parliament, notwithstanding the influence of the Lords and borough-owners, the Reform Bill passed by a majority of three hundred and forty-five to two hundred and thirty-nine. When the Lords rejected the measure on its second

reading the country became intensely excited. "Tumultuous meetings were held everywhere." Great and angry crowds denounced the Lords, and particularly the bishops, in the most emphatic language, and demanded the abolition of the House of Lords. Many riots occurred, the mobs attacking castles, churches, and cathedrals, and lords who had strongly opposed reform. When Parliament met again, a few weeks later, the bill again passed the lower house, and was sent to the Lords. The friends of the measure regarded the passing of Lord Lyndhurst's amendment, that the consideration of the disenfranchising clauses should be postponed until the enfranchising clauses had been considered, as a clear indication that the Lords intended again to defeat the bill, and the excitement was renewed. It was only after great pressure had been brought to bear upon him that the king, defeated and angry, put his signature to the following paper:

"The king grants permission to Earl Grey and his chancellor, Lord Brougham, to create such a number of new peers as will be sufficient to insure the passing of the Reform Bill, first calling up peers' eldest sons."

The exercise of this authority was, however, unnecessary, for the knowledge of its having been granted and the king's personal influence with individual peers induced the opponents of the measure to desist from further opposition. This victory of the Commons, representing the people in a very imperfect way, was twofold,—first, over the crown, which since then acts more than ever on the advice of its ministers, who represent the majority in the Commons, and, second, over the Lords, who no longer claim the right to resist the will of the constituencies once clearly expressed at the polls. Thus the sceptre passed from the Lords and wealthy nobles to the majority in the popular branch of the legislature.

By this act the right of voting in counties, before limited to forty-shilling freeholders, was extended to many of the copyholders and lease-holders and to

tenants who were liable to an annual rent of not less than fifty pounds. In the boroughs many of the absurdities and anomalies of the old franchises were removed. The right of voting was, however, still retained by freeholders, burgage tenants, and freemen, and votes were given to occupiers of buildings, with or without land, of the clear annual value of not less than ten pounds. In the redistribution of seats, nine more representatives were given to Scotland and five more to Ireland. Fifty-six of the decayed boroughs were deprived of their one hundred and eleven representatives, and thirty-one other small boroughs of one-half of their representation, while twenty-two new boroughs received each two representatives, and twenty-four each one representative, and twenty-seven counties had each two, and seven other counties each one additional member.

This act, although enfranchising less than one-fourth as many citizens as the recent one, was much more far-reaching in its influence than either of its successors is likely to prove. Many of the statesmen of the time correctly regarded it as revolutionary. The principles which it established have greatly changed the character of the English government, and have given a great impetus to democratic tendencies. It has been in many respects the model according to which later reform measures have been framed.

Yet, important as were the immediate results of this great revolution, and great as were the changes which it made, large classes of people of growing intelligence and influence were still without votes and representation in the legislature, and they and their friends soon began an agitation for a still further extension of the right to vote and for an additional transfer of seats from the smaller boroughs to the new centres of population and wealth. Accordingly, numerous reform bills were from time to time introduced into Parliament. In 1859 we find Mr. Disraeli proposing to equalize the county and borough franchises, and thus in one important respect anticipating the measure recently enacted. The provisions of his scheme

were, however, so limited and restricted in various ways as to be unsatisfactory to the country and to Parliament. Mr. John Bright called these provisions "fancy franchises," and, according to Mr. Gladstone, killed them all by this "wicked phrase." Five years later we find Mr. Gladstone laying down the broad proposition, which must have seemed altogether too radical to most of his Liberal brethren, that "every man who is not personally incapacitated by some consideration of personal unfitness or political danger is morally entitled to come within the pale of the constitution." The scheme of reform which, as leader of the House, he introduced three years later was, however, far less radical, and proved quite unsatisfactory to many members of his own party. He was forced to abandon his determination to deal with the extension of the franchise first and redistribution afterward, and was deserted by so many of his own party that he was compelled to give up all hope of carrying his bill. It was then that Mr. Disraeli and the Conservatives promptly and unexpectedly took up the cause of reform and framed and carried a very important measure, even accepting Mr. Gladstone's proposal to enfranchise the lodgers in the boroughs, and other valuable suggestions from Liberals.

This act gave votes to the occupiers in counties of lands or tenements of the ratable value of twelve pounds or upward, while in the boroughs it gave a vote to every "inhabitant-occupier," either as owner or tenant, of a rated dwelling-house or part of a house used separately as a dwelling, and to every man who for a year had occupied separately and as sole tenant lodgings in the same house and borough of the clear yearly value, unfurnished, of not less than ten pounds. Considerable changes were made in the distribution of seats, the smaller boroughs and less populous communities giving up some of their representatives, and the cities and communities whose wealth and population had been increasing gaining a corresponding number.

The provision of the act which enfranchised the inhabitant-occupiers of rated dwelling-houses in boroughs was of the greatest importance, for it gave votes to large numbers of workmen in cities and towns, and laid the foundation for universal household suffrage throughout the three kingdoms. The workmen in the counties, supposed to be chiefly agricultural laborers, were thought to have less independence and intelligence than those in the towns, and the suffrage was therefore withheld from them. It soon became evident, however, that, with the growing disposition to concede something like equal political rights to all men not personally disqualified from exercising them, such a distinction could not long be maintained. As a matter of fact, the supposed difference in character and capacity between the borough and county workmen very often did not exist. It often happened that cities and towns were built out much beyond the borough limits, and that workmen and small tradesmen moving out into these districts were permanently disfranchised, losing their votes in the boroughs and not having the qualifications for voters in counties. The Glasgow mechanics who are engaged in ship-building furnished a good example of the unfairness of the act. On account of the marvellous growth of their industry, which had in recent years extended some distance down the Clyde, many of these men had been compelled, in following their work, to move outside of the boundaries of the boroughs, and had lost their right to vote. There were also many small towns and villages which had not yet reached the dignity of Parliamentary boroughs, but whose artisans and small shopkeepers were precisely similar in character and capacity to the voting householders of the boroughs. On the other hand, the boroughs were in some cases merely extensive rural communities,—East Retford, for example, containing two hundred and twelve thousand acres, and the five largest boroughs averaging one hundred and twenty thousand,—with populations precisely similar

to those found in the surrounding counties. A century ago, when much less regard was paid to the right of the individual citizen and when the will of the people was much less quickly felt by the government, such inequalities would have attracted but little attention: in this age they are not to be endured. In recent years Mr. Trevelyan and other eminent Liberals have frequently advocated the extension and equalization of the franchise, and at the last general election the Liberal party made Parliamentary reform an important part of its platform.

The first part of the Liberal programme of reform proposed to fix the right of the individual to vote, and was contained in the Representation of the People Bill, which Mr. Gladstone aptly described as a Household Suffrage Bill. The principle upon which it proceeded was that every head of a household should have a vote. The provisions of the act are directed toward definitely ascertaining who are the heads of households and enfranchising them. The franchise conferred in 1867 on inhabiting-occupiers of rated dwelling-houses was limited to owners and tenants, and did not include many householders who, as superintendents, officers, and agents of corporations and institutions, or as stewards, gardeners, gamekeepers, or servants, occupy houses often of considerable importance, but are neither owners nor tenants. The new service franchise, which gives votes to this large and important class of citizens, rounds out and completes the system of household suffrage in the boroughs. Then the lodgers, the inhabiting-occupiers, and the service franchisees are all extended to the counties, and the provisions of the act apply to all parts of the United Kingdom. The ten-pound-clear-annual-value franchise established in the boroughs in 1832 is retained with a slight modification, and is substituted in the counties for the much more limited twelve-pound-rating franchise established in 1867. The franchise conferred in 1832 on tenants liable to a yearly rent of not less than fifty pounds is abolished,

but these tenants will all have votes under some one of the other franchises. The freeholders, lease-holders, and copyholders will continue to vote in the counties; while in the boroughs, whatever freemen, livery-men, and burgage tenants there may be will still have votes in accordance with their ancient rights.

Although fagot voting is practically abolished, plurality voting will continue. It will frequently happen that a man will have a number of votes in consequence of having a number of the prescribed qualifications. Many, on the other hand, who have not yet arrived at the dignity of householders, but who in this country would be considered quite capable of voting intelligently, will still be without the franchise. The ideal state of things which Mr. John Morley described by the phrase, "One man, one vote," has not yet been reached, although remarkable progress has been made in that direction.

The importance of the new law may in some degree be appreciated by remembering that it has added at least two million of voters to the three million before enrolled, while the act of 1832 added not quite five hundred thousand, and that of 1867 about nine hundred thousand, to the list. In respect to the numbers enfranchised this new reform measure is therefore much more important than either of its predecessors. The latter, however, both extended the franchise to new classes; this act fully enfranchises classes some of whose members already have votes. The new voters consist mainly of two classes,—small tradesmen, artisans, and workmen in towns and villages, and agricultural laborers. The former of these classes has already received the franchise in the boroughs, while the latter have, in a few instances at least, been enfranchised where the boroughs are merely extensive rural communities. The new voters will therefore be quite as capable of using their new rights intelligently and honestly as many of the old ones.

There are those who see great cause for alarm in this sudden admission to the franchise of numbers of the labor-

ing-classes so large that hereafter the great majority of the voters will be workingmen who do not own real estate. Mr. Herbert Spencer has recently called public attention very pointedly to what he considers very dangerous tendencies in legislation, growing out of democratic influences, tendencies subversive of personal liberty and the rights of property and threatening the worst sort of slavery, and there are not a few who, in view of these rapidly-developing democratic tendencies, share his fears. On the other hand, most English statesmen hold to the belief expressed by Mr. Gladstone more than twenty years ago, that the workingmen, if allowed to vote, will not act together as a separate body in their own interests, regardless of the welfare of the state. Even Mr. Goschen, with all his doubts of the wisdom of extending the franchise, recently declared that a few years ago, when there was a serious depression in trade, when employment was reduced and wages were low and unscrupulous politicians were ready to preach plausible socialistic doctrines, "the workingman wanting work stood more bravely by his guns than the politician wanting power. I must say," he added, "that the attitude which the working-classes then took must inspire us with some confidence in the attitude they will take in the future. The sturdy attitude of the representatives of the trades-unions, too, was in strong contrast with that of some of the politicians." He had watched, he said, the different contests at the last election, and saw no tendency on the part of the working-classes to combine on any special question where their pecuniary interests might be involved, but, on the contrary, they seemed to him to take a more genuine political interest in public questions than the class immediately above them.

It would be rash to predict the ultimate effect to English institutions of these great additions to the electorate. Most intelligent men in this country believe our system of almost universal suffrage, with all its drawbacks, to be, on

the whole, the wisest and best. Here, however, a very much larger proportion of the voters are or expect to be owners of real estate, than in England, while the lines between the different classes are much less closely drawn and socialistic doctrines have made far less headway. Whatever dangers individual philosophers and statesmen may see in this transfer of so much political power to the working-classes, most of the Liberals firmly believe in the doctrine expounded by the great chief of the party: "We are firm in the faith that enfranchisement is good, and that the voters under the constitution are the strength of the constitution. . . . The enfranchisement of capable citizens, be they few or be they many,—and if they be many so much the better,—is an addition to the strength of the state."

Great opposition was made in the earlier stages of the discussion to extending the provisions of the measure to Ireland. It was urged that the new Irish voters would be so numerous as completely to swamp the old voters, and that for the most part they would be disloyal, ignorant, and without sufficient stake in the country to warrant the transfer to them of so much political power. To the old Irish electorate, which numbers two hundred and twenty-three thousand, the new law will add more than four hundred thousand—according to some estimates five hundred thousand—new voters. The new will therefore outnumber the old electors two to one, while in England and Scotland the new voters will not be much more than half so numerous as the old. There will therefore be a much more complete transfer of the balance of power to newly-enfranchised citizens in Ireland than in the other divisions of the United Kingdom. The limitations of the franchise in Ireland have, however, been one of the greatest and most deplorable grievances of that unhappy country. The Irish electorate could not be said, in any truthful sense, to represent the Irish people. Few unprejudiced people will have any doubt that it is far safer and better to extend to Ire-

land precisely the same privileges that England and Scotland enjoy, so that there may be complete equality between these countries "in all civil, municipal, and political rights." Ninety Nationalists elected under the extended and equalized franchise would be less to be feared, less likely to delay and obstruct the business of Parliament, than seventy with the great new grievance that a perfectly just and most important and desirable right had been denied to the Irish people.

It is true that there is much illiteracy in some parts of Ireland. In Galway county and town, for example, forty-six, and in the entire province of Connaught nearly forty, per cent. of those above five years of age are unable to read or write. I have elsewhere ("The Irish Question," pages 283 to 295) directed attention to the rapid progress which the Irish people have made in education in the last forty years, and to the increase in general intelligence and in interest in political affairs. The illiterates in Ireland decreased from fifty-three per cent. of the entire population in 1841 to forty-seven in 1851, to thirty-nine in 1861, to thirty-three in 1871, and to twenty-five in 1881. Many of the schools are good, and few of the children now growing up are unable to read and write. All of which is full of promise for the future.

While many of the Irish householders are poor, it must not be forgotten that the land-laws now give the tenant two very valuable interests,—namely, the right to live on and farm his holding indefinitely at a fixed fair rent, and the right to the improvements which he or his predecessor in title has made. Now that the law secures to the tenant these valuable interests, improvements will probably be made far more rapidly than in the past. The statistics show that the character of the dwellings in Ireland has improved greatly during the last forty years. A very large proportion of the six hundred thousand householders who are to have votes hereafter have real-estate interests, and, so far as property is concerned, a

greater stake in the country than the majority of the new voters in England and Scotland. Those therefore who consider the ownership of property the most essential qualification for voters ought not to object to extending the franchise to these Irish householders. From almost every point of view the course of the reformers in insisting that Ireland also shall have the benefits of the act seems eminently just and wise.

The second part of the Parliamentary reformer's programme—redistribution—fixes the weight which each vote shall have in the choice of a representative. Where representatives are distributed on the simple basis of population, as in this country, the groups of electors entitled to members are theoretically all equal, and the votes all have equal weight. In England this plan for apportioning representatives has of late been growing rapidly in favor. As matters have been for many years, the individual voter in some of the constituencies has many times as much power as in others.

On the basis of population there would be one member for every 54,000 inhabitants: 120 boroughs, however, with less than 20,000 inhabitants each, have been sending altogether 144 members, 42 boroughs, each with less than 7000 inhabitants, have had a member apiece, and one borough,—Portarlington,—with only 2426 inhabitants, has had a member, while Liverpool with 553,000, Glasgow with 487,000, Birmingham with 400,000, Manchester with 393,000, and Leeds with 309,000 inhabitants, have had each but three representatives, and London and its suburbs, with a population of nearly 5,000,000, have had only 32 representatives. The counties, with a total population of 20,000,000, have had 283 members, or one for 70,710, while the boroughs, with a total population of 15,000,000, have had 376 members, or one for every 40,000 of the population. Very few even of the most ardent advocates of a pure population scale have had any hope of seeing such radical changes as its adoption involves made in the near future. Many Englishmen

desire as far as possible to preserve the distinction between county and borough,—the agricultural and mercantile interests,—and to retain, to some extent at least, the lines of the old constituencies, with their historic associations and traditions. With equal electoral districts, or a pure population scale, it would be hard to do the former and impossible to do the latter. The necessity for frequent redistributions, and the opportunities offered each time for gerrymandering, are regarded by many as grave objections to accepting the doctrine that political power shall be equally distributed among the voters and equal electoral districts be maintained.

It was because he thought that in very large and highly concentrated populations political action is "sharper, quicker, and more vehement" that Mr. Gladstone held that they ought not to have quite so large a proportional share of representation as the more sparsely settled rural districts. Undoubtedly the people in cities and large towns have far better means of making known their desires and needs, through all sorts of associations and meetings and through influential newspapers, than in small towns and in the country. Mr. Bright, in speaking of the political influence of London, has asked, "How many members of this House live more than half the year in London? How many newspapers are there in London giving instruction, using persuasion and menace, and putting pressure on the government and on all parties? The influence of London, with this vast population, with so many members of Parliament living here, with so many newspapers published here, upon the government is far too great, and I believe is a source of very many and grievous errors which our administrations make."

It is evident that the problem before the English government, which is compelled to have some regard for the interests of town and country, for the traditions and histories of individual constituencies, for the density and sparseness of the population, and for distance from the capital, is far more complicated and

furnishes far greater opportunities for gerrymandering than where the apportionment is made on the simple basis of population. In view of these considerations, it is easy to understand the reason for the intense struggle which there has been for the control of the redistribution measure, as well as Mr. Gladstone's determination not to combine extension of the franchise and redistribution in one measure. In such circumstances, it would be too much to expect the adoption of any symmetrical plan for the removal of all the inequalities and absurdities of the old system.

The plan of redistribution agreed upon by the leaders of the two parties makes greater changes than could have been hoped for had it been necessary for the Liberals to push a redistribution bill through Parliament in the face of the combined opposition of the Conservative party and of numerous sectional, local, and personal interests which must be unfavorably affected by any extensive measure of the kind. The House of Commons is to consist of 670 instead of 652 members; Ireland retains her 103 and Wales her 30 representatives, while England will have 465, an increase of 6, and Scotland 72, an increase of 12. All boroughs with less than 15,000 inhabitants are deprived of separate representation; boroughs with from 15,000 to 50,000 inhabitants have one and those with from 50,000 to 165,000 have two representatives, while the representation of the larger cities is considerably increased, there being one additional member for every 50,000 or 60,000 inhabitants. While many intelligent men of both parties have been disappointed because no general provision for minority or proportional representation has been made, the division of the large constituencies entitled to several members into smaller constituencies returning each a single member will in very many cases result in minorities obtaining representation. With our ideas of the equal rights of citizens, we should hardly consider it fair that a small town should have a representative for its 15,000 or 20,000 inhabitants

while a great city like Liverpool has only one representative for every 60,000 of its population. The new apportionment of seats is, however, an immense improvement on the old one: it makes a much more nearly equal distribution

of political power among the electors, and will result, in connection with the extended franchise, in securing a fuller representation of the people in the House of Commons.

DAVID BENNETT KING.

IN HUSH OF NIGHT.

WHEN nightfall on the Dardan plain
Brings truce, and stilled are sounds of Mars,
And mournful, mournful moans the main,
And Simois' ripples take the stars,—

When thoughts of home float o'er the sea
From fields afar, and heroes' breasts,
At last from brazen corselet free,
Soft-heaving take those gentle guests,—

Ah, then who sinks to sleep away,
In tent, or galley scarlet-prowed,
Nor doubts some deed he did to-day?
That taunt was harsh, that boast was loud.

How failed his eyes to recognize
The god behind the foeman bold?
Why gave he, under friendship's guise,
That mail of brass for mail of gold?

Oh, is there one, of either host,
Who never, sighing, weighs his cause
At this grave hour, nor feels a ghost,
Cool-handed, bid his courage pause?

Two: dog-like droops the dreaming head
Of mean Thersites evil-eyed;
And Paris on his broidered bed
Sleeps well at swan-white Helen's side.

No scruple sharp the selfist finds;
The wrangler no remorse frets:
The loved of gods in lofty minds
Have room to house a high regret.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

AURORA.

CHAPTER XIX.

ET TU, BRUTE.

AS soon as she had finished her solitary dinner, the Signora Paula set out for the villa. The poor lady had passed nearly all the time since her interview with Aurora in weeping, and she refused to be comforted. She was one of those who weep easily and often. Many sorrows had made an irreparable *crevasse* in her fortitude, and even her cheerfulness was misty. At every new misfortune all her past misfortunes rose in a funeral chorus of welcome. "My eyes are so red!" she murmured when they went out. "Hide me all you can, Tina."

"Oh, everything is so red to-night, your face will seem a reflection," answered Tina comfortingly.

In fact, two or three small oval clouds in the west—so oval and so clearly defined in shape as to look more like gems than mist—had taken a color of such intense and glowing red that all the landscape was tinged with them.

"It is beautiful here," the signora said. "I can't bear to think of going away. I could no longer be contented in La Cala. But we must go back if the duchess doesn't arrange matters."

The duchess was at that moment visible through the open window, rising from the dinner-table, and, catching sight of her cousin, who was modestly approaching a side-entrance, she beckoned her to the front door.

"Go and talk with Mariù," the signora whispered to Martina. "But not a word to Rosina. Make Mariù promise not to tell, and see if she has heard anything."

The duchess, standing in the door, greeted her cousin with an after-dinner good nature: "Why, what's the matter with you, Paula? You look as forlorn as a pigeon out in the rain."

The count, standing behind madama,

looked at his sister over her shoulder with a piercing and anxious gaze.

The duke had disappeared in some other direction.

"I feel forlorn, Laura," the signora said. "We are all in an imbroglia at the castle."

The face of the duchess immediately lost its careless look and became full of eager, even excited, curiosity. "Come in here," she said, and led the signora to her boudoir.

She made no sign of expecting the count to follow, but his sister whispered a word in passing: "Come: it concerns you."

He obeyed without asking any other permission, and closed the door of the boudoir after them.

The duchess frowned slightly at sight of him, but made no objection, and the three seated themselves around a little tea-table which would allow of the faintest whisper being heard across it.

Then the Signora Paula told her story.

She had expected to be interrupted with exclamations of surprise and incredulity, but not a word was uttered till she had finished. Moreover, she caught a quick, angry glance which her brother darted at the duchess when first he understood what the matter was, and she could not but see that there was more uneasiness than surprise in madama's face.

"Where did Aurora get this story?" the duchess demanded sharply. "Who told her?"

"I do not know. She says that it is all over town."

"It was the first question you should have asked," cried the duchess violently. "The person who told her is a mischief-maker, and should be punished. Find out at once when you go back. Say that it is absolutely necessary that she should give her authority. And tell her, too, that the quieter she keeps

about the affair, the better for her. This unreasonable, extravagant conduct will only make matters worse. She must on no account dismiss her servants. They will spread the story everywhere, and revenge themselves by declaring that it is true. Above all things, find out who told her."

"But wasn't it better the contessina should know?" began her companion, when the duchess interrupted her:

"Not at all! Everybody is talked about more or less, only they do not know it. If people knew what is said about them behind their backs, and by whom, the race would soon be exterminated."

"Have you ever heard anything of this talk about Aurora?" the Signora Paula asked.

"Not a word," the duchess replied promptly. "I don't believe it is all over town; but she takes precisely the mode to make it so."

The Signora Paula thought that it was better to have it known that a falsehood is denounced openly than to allow it to be whispered about till the victim is hopelessly undermined; but she saw that her cousin was in no mood to be contradicted.

"I am afraid that it will do very little good at present for me to advise the signorina," she said hesitatingly. "She was quiet, but she silenced me. I think that when she has considered the matter a little she will herself speak of it again to me. Don't you think that I had better wait?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the duchess rudely; "wait till she has made some mischief for us which it will be too late to remedy! Wait till she appeals, perhaps, to the duke himself, and sets him at us all, lance in hand. I have no patience with you, Paula. You are always waiting for opportunities, instead of acting promptly. You owe it to me to do everything you can to silence the girl. It was to serve you and Clemente that I tried to get rid of her, and if the duke knew it he would never forgive me, nor you. It is even more important to you two than to me that nothing of this

comes to his ears. Besides, don't you see that her taking the affair up with such a high hand is an impertinence to us? The story concerns both the villa and the castle. She should have come to me privately for advice."

"I didn't think of all this," the Signora Paula said humbly. "Let us hope that it may not be so bad as you imagine."

"Let us hope!" repeated the duchess scornfully. "I do not want hope: I want certainty. Go now, at once, Paula, and talk with her this very night. Advise her to come to me. If she is very stubborn, tell her that you will ask me to go to her. Impress on her mind the indelicacy of her being the one to act and speak in such an affair. Go, and lose no time. I assure you, Paula, that it is important."

The Signora Paula rose with a sigh, and was accompanied to the door by her brother and cousin. When they had taken leave of her they returned to the boudoir.

"A pretty *impaccio*!" muttered the count, in a voice hoarse with anger.

The duchess rang the bell, and sent for her maid. "Where is the duke?" she asked.

Rosina had seen him walking down the avenue with a cigar.

"Tell Renzo to watch who goes up or comes down the rocks," said her mistress. "And go at once yourself to see if the duke is still in the avenue."

The Signora Paula went out and found Martina. "Let us go down round the Serpentino," she said. "I feel the need of a walk. Laura has confounded me. I must have time to cool my head and arrange my thoughts before going into the house. And, Martina," lowering her voice to a whisper, "the story is a trick of Laura's. We have got to help cover it up."

The two stood whispering there a few minutes, just at the point where the avenue joined the Serpentino, then walked up and down a little while before going on. The Signora Paula wished to postpone as long as possible her return to the castle. She did not

dare to speak to Aurora; knowing what she knew, and she did not dare to disobey the express command of her cousin. She could say that Aurora was in bed when she entered; but if it were not true, Giovanna could expose her falsehood to Rosina. It must be true.

"It is evident that they have got Giovanna," she said. "Try to make her believe that I wanted to see the signorina to-night. And, oh, be careful what you say to her. Now let me see what time it is. Have you a watch in your pocket?"

Martina lighted a match, and the signora looked at her watch. "We can go on now," she said.

Rosina, watching from a distance, saw that little glimmer under the trees, and went back to report to her mistress that the duke was still smoking in the avenue.

D'Rubiera was at that moment entering the castle gate. Looking up from below, he had seen Aurora on the terrace, her slender form clearly defined in black against the evening sky, with the evening star just over her forehead. She stood there motionless, looking off over the campagna and the mountains. She was erect, but her hand rested on the parapet, and her head was slightly inclined, as if in a deep reverie. He had stood some time gazing at her thus, till at length she moved and began walking to and fro. Then he went on, and, entering the court, found Gian drooping mournfully in a chair beside the door, and Giovanna standing by him, talking in a low tone in his ear and shaking her fist now and then, but apparently with no hostile intentions toward her husband. There were evidences of weeping in the cook's red and swollen face; but the softer mood had now given place to a dry fury.

Gian was acting on the sailor's rule,—

When the wind comes before the rain,
You may hoist your top-sails up again;
But when the rain's before the wind,
You must reef when it begins,—

a rule which holds good also for a woman's temper.

Gian therefore was as close-reefed as

silence and submission could hold him, though he was sorely tempted to say that his wife had brought her trouble upon herself.

"Somebody's coming!" he whispered, hearing a step.

"What do I care?" cried Giovanna, turning her back toward the gate. "I'm not going to slave myself for anybody, nor watch the doors for anybody, nor answer questions for anybody, nor—"

"Litta, it's the duke!" whispered Gian, rising, and, with the mistaken impression that his hat was on his head, grasping himself by the hair, which made him look foolish and confused for a moment. He had forgotten that Giovanna had knocked his hat off in one of her lively gestures, and that he had not ventured to pick it up.

"Ask if the contessina is at home, and if she will receive me," the duke said.

Giovanna escorted him with mournful obsequiousness to the *salon*, affecting to wipe her eyes secretly. Then she went up the terrace stairs and waited there full ten minutes before announcing him. D'Rubiera stood by an open window, and, being very keen of hearing, could distinguish perfectly the light footsteps going to and fro above, and the servant's heavy step on the stair. The latter paused before reaching the terrace; the former went steadily on from side to side. Why in the world didn't the woman speak to her mistress? At last he heard the rude "The duke's downstairs" which Giovanna flung over her shoulder at Aurora.

"What impudence!" he muttered. "She shall go out of the house directly."

Already he felt himself master there.

The light step was instantly arrested. He could guess that there was a breathless surprise in that sudden pause. Then it went slowly to the stair, and down the stair, and came toward him through the corridor.

His heart beat tumultuously. A swift rush of passionate delight seemed to make him clairvoyant. He felt that some strong emotion was beating in that

approaching heart, and that she half shrank from seeing while wholly wishing to see him. He had drunk into his soul all that soft hesitation of hers, the wistful questioning of her eyes, and the sweet pathos of her lips, before they were there before him against the dark background of the open door, with the uncertain rosy light of the west making a picture of them. In that instant's tremulous pause on the threshold, she made him remember a lovely Madonna he had once gazed at, which had seemed to detach itself and float out from the dark canvas over a Venetian altar, as the canal beneath sent up its dancing ripples of reflected sunlight through a hidden casement.

In that first glance neither saw well the face of the other. Perhaps the rosy west hid for a moment the pallor it shone upon. Or perhaps Aurora colored momentarily. Her rich, full blood had always a blush in reserve for her saddest hour. And, the duke's back being turned to the light, the first ardor and passion of his glance was veiled by a shadow.

But when she had entered and made her pretty, courteous salutation, he saw the signs of trouble. "Dear, foolish girl!" he thought. "She misses her truant lover. Or maybe she fears that her innocent folly is discovered."

Her salutation, full of unconscious reserve, which was not distrust, but only timidity and respect, reminded D'Rubiera that as yet they were only ceremonious friends, and that his visions of delight were all in the future and must be approached with some caution.

"Contessina Aurora," he said, when they had seated themselves, "I think that we ought to be something more than mere acquaintances. I should like to be a friend to you and to feel that you confide in me entirely. The late duke's last word to me was for you."

"Ah! he was so good and dear!" Aurora said; then murmured, in a lower voice, "You are so kind!"

"I would gladly have an opportunity to be kind," D'Rubiera returned. "I should be glad if you would appeal to

me when you are in trouble or need of any kind, and use my influence to remove any annoyance you might be subjected to. Your confidence would not be betrayed."

"I am sure not," Aurora breathed, in soft parenthesis.

"You need some one—some man—to whom you can tell all your mind," he went on, answering her sweet interruption with a grateful glance. "A woman has not sufficient strength and knowledge of the world to serve you so, and a priest has neither the courage nor the independence. Who should take such a position toward you, if not I? You were consigned to me, in a manner. Though your claim on this place is indisputable, still I might call you my tenant. You were on the point of being the step-daughter of the former duke. Moreover, we are near neighbors and are likely to meet frequently. The only doubt is one of personal sympathy. Lacking that, all outward circumstances go for nothing. Do you think that you could trust me? Do you think that it would be a pleasure to you to trust me?"

He put the question with a smile and in a half-playful tone, and, bending his head, looked searchingly into her eyes.

D'Rubiera's manner with ladies was peculiarly winning. There was nothing coquettish, doubtful, or significant in it. He was never insinuating. He was kind, gentle, and delicate; and at this moment he was tender. It needed that playful tone to prevent his tenderness from being almost embarrassing.

"Of course I trust you, and am glad to," Aurora replied quickly. "How could it be otherwise? And I do indeed need—" She stopped abruptly, and blushed. Her reserve had been melting away while he spoke, and the cry of her troubled heart came up almost to her lips: "I need some one to shield me from the world. I want a strong arm and a bold heart all mine." But the sudden, passionate impulse was checked by a thought as swift. The husband of Laura d'Rubiera could never have all her confidence nor be her con-

stant protector. The wife would be an adverse and powerful influence ever at work. She had fully recognized the fact that in the Duchess of Sassovivo she had an enemy.

"Tell me what need you feel," the duke urged gently. "Prove the confidence which you have just professed in me."

"I need to believe in some one," she replied, with a faint smile. "I am afraid that I have begun to grow suspicious, so many persons have failed me."

"Never suspect anything of me which would displease you if confirmed," said D'Rubiera earnestly. "I do not think that I should ever be suspected. I am too brusque, too frank. People may know of me what they may not like, but suspicion is for the subtle."

Aurora opened her lips as if to speak, but hesitated. She seemed to have something to tell him and not to know how to begin.

"I was taken by surprise on learning that Paula was with you," the duke said easily, affecting not to perceive her embarrassment. "It was a very sudden arrangement. I hope that you find her a pleasant companion."

Taken by surprise, was he? Aurora was herself surprised to learn it. "You did not know that she was with me till your return?" she asked.

"I knew nothing of it. The duchess did not mention it in writing, though she explained how it came about when I came back. I was afraid that Paula might have been urged upon you and that you had accepted her from courtesy. But if she is not quite to your mind, tell me. I will find a way of placing her somewhere else without giving any offence."

"I have been perfectly satisfied with her," Aurora said, and stopped there, still with that air of wishing to say something which she knew not how to say.

D'Rubiera would have urged her confidence on this point, but that he believed her hesitation had another motive. He had, besides, introduced the sister's name only that he might speak of the

brother. "Have you seen much of Clemente?" he asked rather abruptly.

Aurora's timid hesitation vanished at sound of the name. A bright color swept over her face, and her head was raised with a gesture of haughty displeasure. "I have seen the Count Fantini when he visited his sister," she replied.

D'Rubiera was disconcerted. That she should, as it were, defy him and refuse her confidence on the only subject which at present had any importance to him, defeated his instinctively-formed plan of approach and disappointed him in her character. She was not so soft and timid as he had thought. She meant to conceal herself from him if she could, and she suspected his meaning. "And yet," he thought, "how could I expect her to confess to me at once? She may even think that it would be disloyal to him."

"I am somewhat troubled about Clemente," he said. "I am trying to find some place where he can get his living, and it is not easy. He expects more than most people would concede to him,—more than I would myself allow. He wishes to live like a gentleman, and he hasn't a penny, and doesn't know how to do anything, that I can find. His own idea of marrying an heiress, if he can carry it out, would perhaps be the best one."

Feeling that the duke glanced at her keenly more than once while speaking, Aurora's face began to burn and assume an expression of pain. Why did he speak of the count in this way, and why had he asked her confidence, if he did not know what had been said of her? He meant to defend her, that was plain; but, oh, that he should have heard!

"I should suppose that the duke could always find places for his friends," she said, in a constrained voice, finding it necessary to speak.

"For one I heartily wished to serve, yes," the duke replied quickly. "But I confess to you that Clemente is not a favorite of mine. I like a man who can help himself."

"Mamma was a countess; yet when

we were poor we earned money by teaching," Aurora said.

"And showed your good sense," was the reply. "But Clemente wants an heiress."

"I should think that madama might find him one," said Aurora, and rose to ring for lights.

D'Rubiera rose with her, and stood till the lights were brought. He remained standing even when Aurora had resumed her seat, and she saw by his face that she was about to hear the errand on which he most certainly had come.

"I am not a good diplomatist," he said, smiling, but with a brow which betrayed impatience. "I am a soldier. Forgive me if I am brusque. I wish to address you as the woman a man most honors on earth should be addressed by him. If I say to you a word which offends you, check me at once."

Strongly agitated, he turned from her a moment to walk across the room and back.

"I am afraid that you are angry with me," he said, pausing before her and looking down into her pale and startled face.

"Why should I be angry with you?" she asked. "I know of no reason."

"Then perhaps you have been annoyed by something without knowing what caused it."

His heart bounded as he spoke. She was gazing up breathlessly into his face, and the color was gathering in her cheeks.

"It is coming," he thought.

"You the cause!" she repeated, almost in a whisper.

"Yes. It is I who have prevented Fantini from coming here. I requested him not to come for a week. My intention was to see you within the week, tell you my reasons, and ask you to banish him altogether."

He could see that a look of relief passed over her face, which almost smiled.

"She is glad that he did not absent himself voluntarily," he thought.

"Do you imagine that I would be

angry with you for that?" Aurora asked. "You can judge how little, when I tell you that I have begged the Signora Paula to request her brother not to come here any more."

"Why did you that?" demanded the duke hastily.

The blood rushed painfully all over her face, which drooped before him.

"Yet, no; do not tell me, Aurora," he exclaimed. "Forgive me. I did not mean to distress you. Let the past be forgotten. It is enough for me that you have discarded him. I can understand all, dear. Do not think that I condemn, that I even criticise you."

Her look checked him for a moment. She had raised her wide eyes and fixed them breathlessly on his face.

"We can none of us be happy without sympathy and friendship," he said then; "and one so young and trusting as you may well have made the mistake of fancying that she had found them where others know that they do not dwell."

"Signor colonel," said Aurora, when he paused, letting slip unawares the name she thought of him by, "do you think that I ever had any wish to marry Count Fantini?"

She seemed to be taking refuge again in the reserve from which he had succeeded for a moment in moving her. It made him feel baffled and irritated.

"You may not have distinctly proposed to yourself such a possibility," he replied; "but you must be strangely unconventional if you absolutely rejected the idea of one day marrying the man whom you so singularly favored."

A mist swept before Aurora's eyes. "Favored—in what way, signor colonel?" she whispered, her voice failing and her face drooping again.

"Dearest Aurora, must I tell you?"

"Tell me." The words were scarcely audible.

"I have told you that I can understand, and do not dream of blaming you," he said. "Why, then, will you not trust me? It is frequently the most generous and innocent hearts that are sometimes betrayed into those im-

prudences; and they may soon be forgotten. I have not spied upon you, believe me. It was by chance. I saw your signal and his reply. Aurora! speak to me, dear! Look up!"

Her face had drooped forward to hide itself in her hands, and she bent so as to seem to be sinking forward.

"Aurora mia, don't take it so!" D'Rubiera implored, stretching out his hand without daring to touch her. "It is nothing. Look up, and speak to me."

She half lifted her pallid face. "*Et tu, Brute!*" she sighed. "You believe it, Rubiera!" And, sinking forward again, she slid from her chair and dropped senseless at his feet.

At the same moment the door opened, and the Signora Paula stood on the threshold. She had just returned from the villa, and had entered the house without meeting any one.

CHAPTER XX.

FLIGHT.

ON the third day after his interview with Aurora, Michele brought the duke a letter from Mrs. Teresa Lindsay. He had broken it open in the garden, but immediately on seeing the name took it to his library to read.

"I do not often write a second letter to a person who has left a first one unanswered," Mrs. Lindsay wrote; "and I cannot imagine any circumstances in which I should be likely to trouble the Duke of Sassovivo to read a third missive from me. When I informed you some weeks ago that the duchess had requested Aurora Coronari to leave the castle in order that her cousins should occupy it, I wrote in the belief that you were not a party in the affair and that you would enlighten madama as to the circumstances of the case, of which she was, apparently, ignorant. Aurora declared to me at once her positive conviction that you had nothing to do with the attempt to deprive her of the rights so sacredly conferred on her. In fact, the law of the land protects those rights.

"But there is no law which protects against slander; and the doubt I felt when no reply came to me is now confirmed by a letter I have just received from Aurora herself. A dishonorable request having failed to induce her to leave the place, the most infamous means have been employed to drive her out of it.

"Had I been the Duchess of Sassovivo, as was once proposed to me, I should have cherished with every tenderness and respect the beloved adopted daughter of the late duke; and I rejoice that my position still enables me to place her where she will be protected from insult and injury."

Having written so much, Madama Lindsay subscribed herself with an infinity of freezing compliments.

D'Rubiera sat with the letter in his hand, and his face as white as marble. Nothing of reproach could sting him after that fainting whisper which for three days had echoed in his ears like the sea in a sea-shell; but the shame and anger of his fall were renewed at every turn.

He had as yet done little or nothing. He was waiting to see Aurora again. Till he should have talked with her he did not wish to talk with any one else; and to his request, every day renewed, that she would see him, the same answer had always been given: she was not well enough to receive visits. He had written her a passionate, penitent letter, and had received in reply her card, with, after the name, "begs that the duke will not distress himself for having made a mistake, but will forget and never mention it again. It belongs to a past for which there is no remedy."

His wife had not mentioned the subject to him, nor he to her. He had requested her to send her cousin to look at the house in Florence and decide whether the life of a lodging-house keeper would suit his love of ease, and she had sent him off at once, glad to get him out of harm's way till the storm should have blown over. For that there was a storm of some kind brewing was but too evident.

She had had Paula down at the villa, but little light on the subject had resulted.

Paula had gone back to the castle, and, entering the *salon* without being aware of the duke's presence there, had found Aurora fainting at his feet.

The faint had lasted but a minute, but had been followed by a complete seclusion. No one had seen Aurora but Martina, who alone had been permitted to serve her. Giovanna was not allowed to enter, and Paula herself had been begged to postpone her proposed visit to the young lady's chamber.

Madama's cousin did not think it worth while to tell her that the duke had been beside himself that night when she found him and the contessina together; that he had knelt by the sofa where Aurora lay, and refused to go till she should give him her hand in token of forgiveness for some offence which the companion did not know the nature of; and that when Aurora had at length extended one hand to him, the other covering her averted face, he had touched and kissed the finger-tips as timidly as if they had been a queen's. Neither did she mention to madama that the duke had been three times to inquire for the young lady, and had left a letter for her in the Signora Paula's hands, and received a reply through the same medium.

The Signora Paula, who had never trusted much to her cousin's honesty, was glad to be friendly with the duke, in whom she was beginning to have a good deal of confidence. She had done her best to serve him in the last three days. She had had self-possession enough on that evening in the *salon* to enter quickly and close the door behind her, instead of screaming and calling the household, and she had been equally secret about the letter.

The duchess had therefore nothing to do but wait and see what would happen. They were, indeed, all of them waiting for some movement or word from the girl shut up in her chamber at the castle.

But when D'Rubiera had read Mrs. Lindsay's letter, his waiting was ended.

He read it twice over, then wrote a brief reply. "Michele!" he called out as he folded the sheet. The man was visible through the long, open window of the library. He always waited in sight of the library window, after bringing the mail, till he was dismissed.

On such occasions the servant was like a genie,—he was on the spot almost as soon as his name was pronounced.

"A most important letter has been lost," his master said. "It was sent while I was away. What has become of it?"

Michele considered a moment: "I went to the office every day, signor colonel, and I always left the address. When we came back, I inquired at every address. Nobody has ever—" He stopped with a look of startled recollection and a sudden rush of color to his face.

"Well?" said the duke impatiently.

"When we were at Bellmar, I sent Pietro, the *facchino*, one day. It was the day I stewed the eels. He brought one letter."

In making this confession, Michele showed signs of a disposition to drop on his knees. He felt as though his last hour had come.

"He went only one day?" the duke asked, more gently than could have been expected.

"Only one day, so help me God, signor colonel."

"For the future," said his master, "recollect that my letters are of more consequence to me than stewed eels are, and that you are not to judge in my affairs. Now, go to the office and see if they sent me any letters from here, or if any letter for me was taken from the office, while I was away."

In ten minutes Michele had been to the office and returned. Yes, the post-master remembered perfectly having sent a large, thick letter in a yellow cover. It was posted in Sassovivo. He sent it to Rome.

"Take a horse to the station," the duke said. "The omnibus will already have gone. If you ride fast you will catch the train. Somebody there will

bring the horse back; or Renzo can go after him. Inquire in Rome first, at the palace and the office. If it was forwarded to Bellmar, go there without a minute's delay. Search out that letter with fire and brimstone."

He tossed two or three napoleons across the table as he spoke. Michele gathered them up, put his cap on in order that he might touch it, as being more military, and went out without a word. In five minutes he was galloping down the avenue; and ten minutes later the duke, watching through a field-glass, saw him swing himself out of the saddle at one side of the station-house, while the railway-train rolled with slackening speed up to the other.

"Now to mail my letter to Mrs. Lindsay," he thought, and opened that lady's letter to find her address. There was none. Either from haste or from anger, she had omitted it.

D'Rubiera's swift-coming frown was followed by a smile as swift. He could ask her address of Aurora. Or, better, he could send to Aurora both her letter and his reply. That would give him an opportunity to beg again for an interview without seeming too importunate.

"You will see by my letter to your friend that you only did me justice in believing me incapable of having had anything to do with the proposal made for you to leave a house which is as much yours as the villa is mine," he wrote. "And you will also learn by it that I have never received the letter she refers to. I am now in search of it. How much shame and self-reproach I should have avoided if I had persevered in my first belief in you, as you held your faith in me till my own fault destroyed it! But recollect, Aurora, that when I allowed myself to believe that you had committed what would be called an imprudence, I immediately found that imprudence natural, defensible, and amiable.

"This evening, after dinner, I shall take the liberty to call at the castle. I pray you to receive me. If afterward you forbid me to come again, I will obey; but I must see you once."

"Why haven't I another Michele?"

he thought, as he sealed all the letters up in a large cover. "I don't believe there is a trusty person about the house."

From the time that he had come to Sassovivo the duke had felt constantly that distrust of his own household. In their other residences the thought had given him no trouble, because there had been nothing in his affairs which they could make mischief about. But with Aurora Coronari for a neighbor the constant watchfulness became annoying.

"Perhaps Mariù would do," he thought. "She has an honest face; and, besides, she used to live with Aurora."

Concealing his letter, D'Rubiera strolled out to the stables, where he found Renzo alone. "I want Mariù to do an errand for me," he said. "Send her to me at the rocks, and manage so that no one shall know."

Renzo's face brightened, as any Italian servant's will at the prospect of a secret errand. He sauntered out of the stables with his hands in his pockets, stood a moment looking carelessly about and whistling, then walked in an aimless manner toward the house, stopping now and then. But, with all this seeming carelessness, he managed to catch the eye of Mariù when she came for an instant to the window of the laundry and make her a sign to come down.

His master watched him, despising his own instrument. "The rascal is practised," he thought. "Maybe I shall have to employ him. I never did keep spies; but, as Laura sets them on me, I don't see how I can get along unless I have a defence. One army always presupposes the existence of another. Renzo would do very well, if he isn't already in her employment."

D'Rubiera was mistaken in thinking that Renzo would do very well. He had never studied the tactics of spying, or he would have known that simple boldness is a higher, subtler grade than elaborate secrecy. A more practised man would have said that he had cut his finger, and gone boldly in, calling Mariù to bind it up for him.

Crossing the garden, D'Rubiera saw his wife through the open window, gayly chatting with visitors. "Curse of my life!" he muttered. "This is the way you obey me, then!"

As he reached the rocks, Mariù was visible coming there by a secret path, but with anything but a secret step. She walked firmly and not too lightly, and looked at him out of a pair of brilliant, serious eyes with a frank fearlessness of expression which pleased him.

He gave her the letter.

"You are to put this into the *concessina's* own hand," he said; "and ask if there is any reply. If there is, wait for it, and bring it to me here. I will wait for you. If there is not, ask how she is, and tell her that I told you to. And don't gossip with any one. Do you understand?"

"Si, duca," replied Mariù, in her sturdy, unsmiling way, and, slipping the letter under her apron, went off up the steps. She looked and acted like one who would overcome most obstacles and talk very little about them.

D'Rubiera walked up and down in sight of the steps while waiting for her, only stopping for a moment out of sight when some of his wife's visitors took that way in going home. In fifteen minutes he saw Mariù's red-handkerchief-bound head approaching from above, and went eagerly to meet her.

"The signorina will send you an answer by the post this evening," she said. "It will be there when the post opens at nine o'clock."

"By the post!" he repeated, with an accent of disappointment. "Did you ask how she is?"

"She said that she was well; but I thought she looked feverish," said Mariù. "She is disturbed about something, and her hands tremble."

The duke said nothing, but waited with a troubled face.

"The signorina said she wished I was with her now as in the old time," Mariù went on. "She has sent Giovanna and Gian away. They went this afternoon. There is no one but Martina, the Signora Paula's servant."

"Why do you not go there, if she wants you to?" the duke said hastily. "Renzo would still be near you. I will arrange it."

Mariù shrugged her shoulders. She would have liked to live with Aurora; but her Renzo needed watching, and she was unwilling to increase the distance between them by a rod even.

"We will talk of that afterward," her master said, too impatient for explanations or argument, and returned to the stables to order his horse and the boys' ponies for a ride.

His first feeling of disappointment yielded to a moment's thought. She had not written at once because she wished to think over the letters he had sent her before replying; and there might be some reason for her not seeing him that evening which would not exist the next day. At all events, in a few hours he would have a letter from her.

While the duke was waiting for his boys to prepare for their ride, his wife's last visitor came out, the Bishop of Sas-sovivo.

"I did not know that you were in the house, Monsignore," he said. "Will you allow me to accompany you to the rocks?"

Monsignore waved a dimpled hand for the duke to walk at his right, but yielded gracefully to the other's courteous "*La prego*," and they walked across the gardens, talking of nothings till they were out of hearing of the house. Then D'Rubiera said, rather abruptly, "Monsignore, I should like to be your ecclesiastical superior for a week."

"Indeed!" said the bishop, with smiling surprise. "May I ask what your commands are? Let us assume that you have your wish."

"I should request you to select the very best preacher in your diocese to give the sermon in the cathedral next Sunday," the duke said, without smiling. "And I should select for his subject 'Slandrous Tongues.' I would also have you direct him to cry aloud and spare not, and to be no respecter of persons."

"Ah," sighed Monsignore, "we have

cried aloud, and have not spared, and who listens to us? Faith and reverence are both dead."

"You might be a little personal in a way that would frighten the guilty and reassure the innocent," D'Rubiera said, not without a certain arrogance.

Both glanced involuntarily toward the castle windows as he spoke, and each detected the other's glance and thought. "He knows and believes," thought the duke. And "He knows, and will defend her," thought Monsignore.

"People will not take reproof nowadays," he said. "There is no longer any authority or order in the world."

"There is as much authority in the Church as there was when St. Peter spoke—"

"And was crucified head downward," softly interpolated the bishop.

—"And St. John declared his message," the duke went on.

"And was boiled in oil," sighed Monsignore.

"But that sort of thing isn't done any more," urged D'Rubiera, quite in earnest. "They couldn't do you any violence, whatever truth you may tell."

"They can do worse," murmured the bishop, almost pausing, and laying an impressive finger-tip on the duke's sleeve.

"Worse!" he echoed.

"They can laugh at you," whispered Monsignore. "And a laugh is fatal to faith."

D'Rubiera's face fell. He had been getting very much in earnest, but he chilled at once. "I perceive that the modern saint does not rush to embrace martyrdom of any sort," he remarked dryly.

"We accommodate ourselves to our circumstances," the bishop replied, coloring slightly. "I do not find that heroism and self-sacrifice are common among any class of people. In the old time, martyrdom made an impression, because there were strong convictions. Now they would only say that you were a fool. The world is all astray. I do not know what we are coming to."

"Oh, I imagine that the world isn't

much worse than it always was," the duke said carelessly. "My idea of it is that humanity is being shuffled for a new deal,—and none too soon, either, all the old tricks being played out. Of course those who held all the honors don't like it."

The bishop was too much a man of the world to show himself offended. "Might I know which is your favorite game?" he asked, with a sly smile.

"I do not play," D'Rubiera said. "But *rouge-et-noir* seems to be the game of the age."

They had reached the rocks, and, bowing with great ceremony, separated there. D'Rubiera found his sons mounted on their ponies, waiting impatiently to accompany him on a ride up the mountain. They had been accustomed to the saddle from babyhood, and Roberto was already a bold rider for his age. The little cavalcade started, the boys in advance, and Renzo following his master, and rode merrily up to the Punto del Paradiso. Now and then the duke called out some direction to his boys: "Elbows, Ern !" or, "Toes, Tino mio!" Betweenwhiles he dreamed:

"It will be my first letter from her. Perhaps she will consent to see me to-night. I will go myself for the letter, so as to lose no time, and I can read it without coming back to the villa. It will still be in good time for a visit."

They reached the Punto, and dismounted. The duke called his boys to him, and described the grand manoeuvres he had assisted at on the plain below before they were born. He pointed out historical sites that were visible from where they stood, and told them the stories of heroism that had ennobled them, or of vice that had made them infamous. "Honor is the only thing, boys," he said. "There is no gain which will atone for the loss of honor." And his heart contracted with a spasm of pain as he uttered the words, for he thought, "Three days ago I thought and acted like a rascal."

He sent them to their play about the rocks, and stood looking downward.

"Oh, Ern ! here's a hole where you

cal
hor
cer
per
he
cho
dow
intr
hom
grad
for
ever
and
had
yet
forgi
"A
piteo
to th
all th
"A
"Bri
Th
took

can go down," Robertino cried out. "Come and let's see what it leads to."

"Come away, signor marchese!" cried Renzo, turning pale. "There are vipers in there."

The boy had begun to creep into the passage leading to the cave where Martello lay turning to dust.

D'Rubiera gazed at the castle. It was fitting, he thought, that such a treasure should be kept in a stronghold. She lived there like a pearl in its shell, separate and exclusive.

The town and castle stood out distinctly in the sunset light. He could see which windows were open and which shut. The plants in the terraced garden on the campagna side were plainly visible, and so was the white stone in the balustrade marking the spot where Glenlyon had been found dead. Below, the Serpentino curled whitely around the cliffs' base, then shot off across the plain to the railway station. As he looked, an omnibus and two or three carriages came round the curve, on their way to the station with and for passengers.

It was time to go home. The duke called his children and mounted his horse. On coming up, he had felt a certain effervescence of spirits, caused, perhaps, by the finer air; but, even as he began to descend, a sombre melancholy settled upon him. He was going down to a home in which falsehood and intrigue sat by the hearthstone,—to a home where he himself had been degraded. He was going down to seek for news of the sweetest soul he had ever known, yet which he had cruelly and basely wounded,—the soul which had given him confidence and affection, yet from which he could now ask only forgiveness.

"I'm tired, papa," said little Ernesto piteously, when they were half-way down to the villa. "Perla keeps stumbling all the time."

"Ah! *mio caro*," said the father. "Bring him to me, Lorenzo."

The boy was brought, and D'Rubiera took him in his arms and drew the

small, sleepy head to his breast, and so went on down the mountain.

But, though he loved the child and was tender toward all helpless, suffering creatures, it was not Ernesto over whom his head was bent and whom his arm surrounded with such a loving compassion. It was the image of Aurora which warmed his heart and made it ache at the same time; it was Aurora's form he shielded, and Aurora's shining hair which now and then he touched with caressing lips or cheek.

The duchess forestalled her husband in avoiding a *tête-à-tête* dinner that evening. A convenient toothache kept her in her room with a lace handkerchief tied over her head. She could not eat a mouthful, she declared, and the least breath of air drove her quite distracted. She was so sorry to leave the duke to dine alone! Could he not invite somebody from town? There was still an hour.

It was a relief, since it enabled him to postpone all semblance of hostility till he should know his ground.

His own dinner over, he sat looking at his watch till the hand indicated ten minutes before nine o'clock. Then he set out for the piazza. The post-office would open at precisely nine for the distribution of the last mail. Renzo had been ordered to set a closed lantern on the rocks. Its faint glimmer was like a glow-worm's in the dark shadows. D'Rubiera paused there, and by that thread of light counted away the remaining minutes on his watch, then listened till the bells began to ring the first hour of night, Ave Maria being at eight o'clock then. There would be a long queue at the office, and, though his letters would be handed to him over their heads, and they would all make way for him, he preferred to avoid them.

The office was still full when he reached it, and a thousand compliments were necessary. He must thank people for stepping aside and opening a path to the window for him, and he must beg the cavalier advocate Monte to retain his place at the head of the line, and the sindaco to continue reading the

letter he had opened, but immediately crushed in his hand at sight of the duke. D'Rubiera sometimes found his honors far too heavy a weight for his patience to bear.

At last there was the letter! He saw the green stamp among the yellow ones of the little pile of letters handed out to him, and caught sight of the delicate characters he had already seen once.

With a decisive cutting short of compliments, he escaped and hurried to the rocks. Bending down to the lantern there, he selected the letter of the green stamp and broke the seal. It read:

"SIGNOR DUCA,—Do not feel too much distressed for having mistaken me. After all, how should you be sure that the tale was false? And perhaps I should never have known what a kind interest you take in me, and how generous you are in expiating what you hold to be a wrong, but for that mistake.

"The letter Mrs. Lindsay wrote you from Spain enclosed one within to me from the signora duchessa. Both were sent to Fra Antonio da Sassovivo, that he might be sure they reached you. He sent them after you to Rome, and from Rome they must have been forwarded to you at Bellmar, where we afterward learned you were at that time. I will give to Mrs. Lindsay the letter you have sent me, and she will undoubtedly write to make her excuses for having blamed you wrongly.

"When this reaches you I shall already be far away. I could not stay any longer in Sassovivo. I feel a disgust and horror for it which it is impossible for me to conquer. Perhaps those who have so misunderstood me will regret the injustice and return to me, but I shrink from them. They have broken what to me was a golden chain, but I now see that it was but a rope of straw, and it has lost its value. Forgive me if I ought not to have gone without seeing you. I feared to, for I have lost my courage and self-control in these days, and I might have consented to what would not have been a wise course. I am sure that you would have wished

me to remain, and would have defended me; yet even so defended I could not have the heart to stay.

"Besides, I would rather you should be able to recall my image in after-days without any associations of strife or bitterness. Then, I should certainly have wept if I had said good-by to you, for you are the last golden link between me and my beautiful buried past, and I do not wish to show myself in public with signs of tears on my face.

"I have a favor to ask of you. Will you let Mariù come up to the castle when I am gone and put all I leave into one room and lock the door till I shall know what I am to do? Mariù is faithful, and, besides, knows the house well. Everything in the house is mine. It was bought by the Glenlyons, and left to me. The Signora Paula is quite welcome to use the furniture till she shall have provided for herself, if she stays. I hope that my going may be no injury to her, for I have nothing to complain of in herself. I separate myself from her on account of her connections."

And she was gone! Not a sign to indicate her destination, and not a word to encourage him in seeking her out. She was gone, chased out foully by the foul tongue of his own wife!

D'Rubiera stood and looked at the villa and the lighted window of his wife's chamber, rage and hatred in his soul. Should he go to her at that moment and pour out his anger? No; he would wait for the letter. Hard as it was to keep silence, he would not speak till he knew all.

"The duke has got a letter from the office, and is reading it by the lantern at the rocks," Rosina was at that moment whispering to her mistress.

Just as he returned from his mountain-ride she had rushed in breathlessly to say, "The Signorina Coronari has gone away, bag and baggage. I saw the carriage drive out, and the Signora Paula stood crying after it at the gate."

It was this bit of startling news which

had decided the duchess to be too unwell to dine down-stairs.

Nor was this the only information which this invaluable young woman had that day procured for her mistress.

"Michele has brought the duke a letter which has set him in a fury," she had whispered earlier in the afternoon. "He has sent Michele away to Rome in consequence of it. And then he went to the stable and had Renzo send Mariù out to him at the rocks. He gave her a letter, and Mariù took it to the castle. I tried to find out from Mariù, but she wouldn't tell me a word; and neither would Michele tell me what he was going to Rome for."

"Can't you get at the post-office people?" her mistress asked.

"Oh, yes! Marietta Fossi is the *amica* of Giuseppe, the post-office clerk. He will do anything for her."

"Then let her get him to write down the directions of the letters the duke writes, and the post-marks of those he receives. And if a letter should be mailed here for Aurora Coronari, get him to keep it back one mail and let her have it. You can bring it to me. Or, stay! Perhaps it had better not come here. You and this girl can open and read it together. Tell her some story. Say that the duke took a fancy to you and that you are jealous. If it is sealed with wax, take one of my little pen-knives. You know how to cut round the seal. But be careful. The duke is a terrible man when he is angry."

CHAPTER XXI.

PROMPT MEASURES.

On the afternoon following Aurora's departure Michele returned from his mission.

"The duke is at the castle, and was there all night," Mariù told him. "The signorina has gone away. Nobody knows what is going to happen."

The duke had gone to the castle after reading Aurora's letter and wandering about his garden for half an hour like a man demented, and, though it was late

when he knocked at the door, the Signora Paula and her servant were still up. The mistress was still weeping at intervals, and the servant was trying to reassure her.

She started up in affright at sound of the knocker, and nearly fainted when the duke entered. Nor did his fierce "What is the meaning of all this?" tend to reassure her.

She declared passionately that she had known nothing of Aurora's going away till an hour before she started, though she had suspected something of the kind.

"I knew that she was packing up her books and china," she said, "for the cases were taken into the library, and I heard her going about there. When she told me, an hour before she left, it was not as a confidence, but a necessity, and she almost commanded me to keep silence. I didn't know but that she had already told you. I begged her to stay. I almost went on my knees to her. I told her that I would leave Sassovivo at once, or remain only till she should find another companion. But she merely shook her head. Almost the only word she said to me was that she didn't believe I was to blame, and she hoped that no one would be angry with me on her account. I haven't an idea where she is gone, and I'm sure I do not wish to stay here without her."

"Did you ask her where she was going?"

"As if I could! Ah, duca, the *contessina* isn't all softness. I felt as if her foot were on my neck."

"I should like to set my foot on the necks of those who have driven her away!" the duke burst forth.

The Signora Paula sighed. It was more than probable that her brother had not escaped suspicion. "I know nothing about it," she said.

"Can I stay here to-night?" D'Rubiera asked presently, starting out of a bitter revery. "If I go home I'm afraid I might do something rash. By heaven! I didn't think that anybody would dare to beard me so on my own ground."

"Of course," said the Signora Paula, with alacrity. "There's the signorina's room. It can be prepared in five minutes."

What dreams he had that night!—all waking dreams, though,—for sleep scarcely visited him the whole night through. She should return; and till she came no one else should live under this roof that was all hers. He would provide for Paula in some other way meantime. Nobody else should command where she had been the mistress. He would come up there to sleep every night till she returned to Sassovivo, and the boys should come up and make a visit there with him. He would not leave them to romp about alone. Aurora would like to have the boys there, he knew. He would order a new writing-table brought—the most beautiful one that could be found—for his own use, and leave it for her. She would write her poems on it and remember him. He had observed that her *escritoire* was ungraceful and insufficient. What else could he study out to give her in that indirect way?

He would talk to Monsignore and frighten him. What were the clergy for, if they did not defend the innocent? In fact, he didn't see that they did the world much good anyway. D'Rubiera was not strong in theology, and his opinion was that the modern Christian Church was a pearl-oyster with the pearl left out.

As for his wife, he had already quite decided what to do to her. As soon as the lost letter should reach him, he would present to her her own letter to Aurora in silence. There would be no need of comment. He would then tell her to be ready to start for Bellmar in twenty-four hours; and never while he lived should she enter the villa of Sassovivo again.

If she chose to keep up appearances and give the order for removal quietly, he would let her; if not, he would show who was master there, and order the removal himself. Go she should. For himself, he meant to stay till Aurora came back to her own again. Then he too must go, no matter where.

The night passed, and the day. He began to like and to believe in Paula. She was either a good soul or a good actress. As she did not attempt to defend her brother or cousin, he thought she might be a good soul. She made him as comfortable as could be in the circumstances, and really showed sympathy and tact. When Mariù, sent for by him, came up with her astonished eyes, he let Paula direct her in putting away the more valuable part of the *roba* under lock and key. The key he put in his own pocket, and he set his own seal over the lock.

He did not mention his wife or anything at the villa; and on her part the duchess maintained a prudent silence. Rosina did not stir out of the house, being employed in medicating her mistress's inflamed jaw, which, however, was as well as ever under the lace handkerchief. For the present all their aggressive plans lay in abeyance. They had to think how best they could defend themselves if attacked.

But all was not silence in the town, where a hundred rumors were flying about. The favorite one was that Aurora had eloped with Count Fantini, and the duke had taken possession of the castle. He was reported to have sworn that she should never again set her foot within the walls that she had disgraced. Everybody was sorry that she had turned out so badly, but delighted that they had something to talk about.

About sunset of the day after his departure from Sassovivo, Michele was shown into the *salon* where his master awaited him. The man was breathless, pale, and triumphant, and he held a large yellow-covered letter in his hand.

"Ah!"

D'Rubiera snatched the letter and tore it open. Michele watched him with open-mouthed anxiety. What if it should not be the right letter after all, and his toil and blood should be rewarded only with disappointment! For blood was not wanting to Michele's exhausted appearance. It showed in a

long red scratch which adorned one side of his face, reaching from forehead to chin. He had not slept since leaving Sassovivo, and he had scarcely eaten. All the repose he had had was the forced repose of the railway-carriage, which had made him ache with impatience.

His master soon set him at rest regarding the importance of the document he had been at such pains to discover; for such an outburst of rage this servant of years had never before heard from his lips.

"She draws my name in!" he cried, bringing his clinched hand down on an open sheet he had just read. "She makes me not only dishonest, but a sneak. As if I had put her up to it!"

"I hope it's the right letter, signor colonel," Michele ventured at length.

D'Rubiera looked at him. He had forgotten his presence.

"Well," he said, with a shivering sigh, controlling himself, "how did you get it? and where?"

"At Bellmar, signor colonel. Pietro stopped to talk with a girl, and she dropped it by accident through the stones at the top of the garden-wall."

"Always a woman!" muttered his master. Then, "How did you get it out?"

"I had the wall torn down,—a yard or so of it."

The duke gave an approving nod.

"And how did you get the truth out of the *canaglia*?" he asked.

Michele drew a revolver from his pocket. It was the same his master had given him the week before to fire as a signal, and he had forgotten to leave it behind, in the haste of his departure. "I got Pietro alone, and threatened to shoot him," he said, with a slight hesitation.

"You did right," D'Rubiera said promptly. "He wouldn't have told you a word otherwise. Was it he gave you that scratch?"

"No; it was the girl," Michele replied, with a rather sheepish look. "She came just as he was telling me, and tried to get the pistol out of my hands and prevent his telling."

"What did you do to her?" asked the duke, with a faint, joyless smile of bitter amusement.

Michele hung his head and blushed: "You see, there was no other way, signor colonel. I hadn't found out enough, and she was like a cat. I—I kicked her!"

D'Rubiera gave his moustache a pull, but made no comment. In his present frame of mind it seemed to him that a kick might be an excellent argument in certain circumstances, even if given to a woman.

He turned and gathered up his letters from the table.

"And now we will go down to the villa," he said.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRUSSIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

THE civil service system of Prussia is the most perfect, in its way, of any in Europe. It is a growth, rather than a creation, springing from and harmonizing with the social and political condition of the people. Existing under and fostered by an absolute monarchy, it is nevertheless independent of

the kingship and defiant of arbitrary interference. While a hundred thousand United States office-holders are dependent upon the will of the President and may be removed at his caprice, the ruler of Germany, though an absolute despot, cannot remove a clerk or a postmaster except for cause. The best of-

ficial under our government may be displaced without notice and without reason, but the most indifferent Prussian functionary may, if accused or disturbed, appeal for investigation and protection to an absolutely independent and impartial tribunal.

The primary basis of the Prussian civil service is not birth or rank, but education. Of course it is assumed, antecedent to this, that the candidate for civil honors has the necessary moral and intellectual capacity. The measure of his endowment with moral gifts is subjected to a discriminating, and to a certain extent discretionary, judgment, after his intellectual training has been completed. The first thing necessary is that he shall pass through the prescribed course of study, comprising primarily the nine different grades or classes of a gymnasium, in each of which he must remain one year. This is equivalent, and in some respects more than equivalent, to the average training afforded by an American or an English college. At the end of each year a searching verbal examination takes place in the various branches studied during that year. When the gymnasium-course has been completed, the student is subjected to a general examination as to the entire course, in the presence of certain government officials. This is called the examination of the *abiturienten*, and is the stage at which the scholars quit the gymnasium for the university or for practical life. Those who are successful in this ordeal receive a certificate authorizing them to aspire to a government career.

The next step is a course of study in a German university, generally lasting three years, and comprising law, diplomacy, history, and political administration. To have completed the studies of a gymnasium is not indispensable to admission to the university, but it is indispensable to admission to an official career.

Having finished his university course, the student undergoes an examination before a board of government officers, and, if he is successful, receives the title

of *referendar*. In that grade no compensation is allowed him, although he may be employed in the courts or in the bureaus of provincial government. The *referendar* continues his studies for, say, two years, awaiting permission to undergo examination for the position of *assessor*. This term (literally, adjunct or lateral judge) has a peculiar technical meaning, and designates the civil service aspirants who are prepared and eligible for appointment to positions in that service.

Admission to examination for an *assessorship* depends on the discretion of the minister, who is expected to be guided in his judgment by considerations as to the age and moral fitness of the applicant and the priority of his claim. When the applicants are numerous, admission to the examination may be delayed for several years, to the great disadvantage of young men of slender fortune, who must meanwhile maintain themselves respectably in society, although receiving no pay. Once admitted to the grade of *assessor*, the candidate enters upon his civil career, provided there is a vacancy where he can be employed. If there are no vacancies, and no bureaus having extra employment to offer him, then he must wait. Preference is given, in appointment, to those who have first passed examination, but men of special intelligence and capacity are more readily accepted and more rapidly promoted than those of inferior ability.

Socially the civil service outranks all other professions or pursuits, the military alone excepted. Young men admitted to civil service station generally marry well, in the financial sense of the expression, although they may themselves be impecunious. Some years ago, a learned and distinguished Heidelberg professor wrote a book designed to prove scientifically that the daughters of rich merchants are destined, in the natural order of things, to marry lawyers and civil service officials, and that daughters born of such marriages are destined to marry merchants, with a view to acquiring wealth wherewith to endow

their daughters, in turn, for marriage into the civil service.

The salary of an *assessor* in employment ranges from five hundred to six hundred dollars, but he is expected to find his chief satisfaction in making for himself an honorable career, relying mainly upon his accidental fortune for the rest. If he has capacity, he may be reasonably sure of promotion, although, as to that, length of service is considered. An old public servant who discharges his duties reasonably well will always be preferred to the most capable and industrious beginner, however much the latter may excel in natural talent.

It should not be inferred that none but persons admitted to the assessorial rank are employed in the various bureaus of the civil service. There are, besides, numerous clerks and subordinates who perform office-work and who are never promoted to any important position. Such persons pursue a strictly routine life, and have no career offered them. Their compensation varies from two hundred to eight hundred dollars per annum, out of which they manage to educate their children and live in reasonable comfort.

Promotions and removals of civil service officials are made by the ministers or chiefs of bureaus, but removals are subject to the approval of a court of discipline, consisting of a president and ten members. Before this court, which is unswayed by political or personal influence, any officer may be cited for alleged incapacity or misconduct, and may have an impartial hearing. Should the charges not be sustained, he retains his position in spite of all possible hostility or intrigue against him. The absolute power of removal applies only to the higher administrative officers.

Assessments of public officials for political or party purposes are unheard of.

Disabled and superannuated public servants, civil and military, always receive pensions, of greater or less amount, from the date of retirement. Positions being permanent, salaries are small, and extra emoluments are rarely allowed.

By common consent and usage, a government officer is accorded, *ex officio*, the highest social station and privileges, regardless of his pecuniary fortune. Germany is a country noted for its pauper princes and its impoverished nobility. Sydney Smith declared that "poverty is infamous in England;" but in Germany it is in itself no disgrace. The country is a poor one, comparatively speaking, and its colossal estates are rare. Life's compensations in the Fatherland are moral and intellectual rather than financial. Property is accumulated with extraordinary difficulty, but a good name goes farther than riches, and a man who has honorably filled any public station, and continues to conduct himself properly, never loses the social consideration to which that station entitled him. A retired official, therefore, does not feel as though he were entirely neglected and forgotten. He is still a person of consequence, and his life, though no longer active, is embellished and cheered by perpetual evidences of respectful and grateful remembrance. A poor man cannot afford to be Governor of Ohio, but in Prussia all political positions are accessible to the rich and the poor alike. Corruption and malfeasance in office are almost unknown, and, if the military budget be left out of the account, the government is an inexpensive one. Among the highest salaries paid may be mentioned that of the president of the ministry of state, who receives 36,000 marks (\$8568) per annum and is provided with a residence free of cost. The under-secretary of state and the first counsellor receive each 20,000 marks (\$4760). The total amount paid in salaries to this ministry is \$91,392.

There are in the civil service of Prussia eleven chief presidents, with a salary each of 11,400 marks (\$2700); one president of the finance directory, with a salary of 10,500 marks (\$2500); ten government vice-presidents, with 9300 marks (\$2200); one director of the direct tax administration, with 8700 marks (\$2070); three hundred and eighty-five chief government counsellors, with 4200

to 6000 marks (\$1000 to \$1500). The chief and government presidents are provided with free residences; in the other cases, in lieu of residence a stipend is paid, amounting to from 1800 to 2400 marks (\$430 to \$575), according to the rates of rent prevailing at the place of abode.

The imperial ministers receive each a salary of 36,000 marks (\$8568) and a free residence. The chancellor of the empire (Prince Bismarck) receives a salary of 54,000 marks (\$12,852).

The judiciary of Prussia is independent alike of executive influence on the one hand and popular influence on the other. The judges are selected solely by reason of their merits and qualifications, after the test of thorough examination, and, once in office, no power can coerce or displace them, so long as they are faithful to their official trusts. The administration of justice is, as a rule, fair, prompt, and thorough. Personal rights are clearly defined and sacredly respected. Crime is adequately punished, and the laws are vigorously and impartially executed.

Police government in Prussia is a semi-military system, under the immediate control of the king. In each city there is a police president, named by the Berlin government, who in turn selects his subordinates, down to the lowest, from among the applicants who pass the usual examination tests. These tests furnish an almost perfect safeguard against unfitness or inefficiency in any form. A police-officer's position is permanent so long as he performs his duties well, and he is proud and independent (perhaps a little too much so) in the consciousness that he carries under his uniform the authority of the empire and that he is a direct representative of the chief ruler of the German people.

The burgomaster of a Prussian city, leaving its constabulary control to the police president, aided, if necessary, by military force, attends to its strictly civil

administration. He is chosen by the Stadtrath, the equivalent of an American city council, elected by the people. This choice must be ratified (*bestätigt*) by the king, and if it is not so ratified a new choice must be made. When a burgomaster is to be selected, application for the position may be made by any one who desires it, in any part of the realm. The applicants must, however, appear personally before the Stadtrath and undergo the usual tests as to their qualifications. Provincial or local pride has very little to do with the selection, and the successful applicant may come from another and distant city. The present burgomaster of the city of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, for example, was at the time of his election to that office serving as burgomaster of the comparatively small town of Osnabrück. He was chosen to succeed the head of one of the oldest and wealthiest patrician families of Frankfurt, who had long filled the office with great social distinction.

The governing element of Prussia, as may be inferred from what has been said, is a special class, professionally trained. Theoretically, the humblest subject may attain the highest political position, but that can only be accomplished through the prescribed channel, with its circumscribed chances and conditions. The lower routinists and employes never rise. For special talent, self-help, and self-education, where the usual opportunities are wanting, the chances are meagre. The chief fault of the system is its routinism and its deficiency in flexibility. On the other hand, it secures a good average of competency, it makes merit alone the basis of advancement, it affords little opportunity for wealth or family connections to influence appointments, it forbids removals except for cause, and it guarantees to a faithful and competent official absolute permanency in his position during his good behavior.

ALFRED E. LEE.

CATS AND POETS.

CATS are among the earliest of domestic animals. They are mentioned in Sanscrit writings two thousand years old, and still longer ago are known to have been household pets with the Egyptians, who mummied them in company with an illustrious line of kings and princes. In India and Persia they appear to have been favorites for an equally long period, but in Europe the taste for them developed slowly, and has never reached the same point of high refinement as in the East. Next to being such old friends and companions of the human race, they enjoy the distinction of a singularly aristocratic lineage. Their descent is indeed royal. No other domestic animal has an ancestry so august, living relations so magnificent. They can boast of blood-relationship with the great felines of the tropics, their striped and ferocious cousins still lurk in the jungles of Bengal, and there is a suspicion that they have innumerable Papal "nephews" and "nieces" roaming our Western plains and hiding in the banks of our water-courses,—the yellow-eyed wild-cats of the Rocky Mountains. This aristocracy of birth is amply attested and placed beyond cavil by the high-bred delicacy of their manners. Nothing can exceed the exquisite neatness of their habits. Luxurious pensioners in the homes of the wealthy, they are yet their own valets, and would put a Parisienne to shame by the brevity and completeness of their toilets. They take their daily strolls and nightly rambles and return as serene and unruffled as a Tunbridge-Wells beau of the last century. The sordid occupations of utility seem never to distract them; they scorn to soil or perturb their impeccable leisure by enforced pursuits, unless, indeed, they are members of that *bourgeoisie* the mousers. In this respect they show their vast superiority over our honest and faithful but stupid Trays, who

serve us like obedient menials for our benefit and pastime. They are our true gentlemen and ladies, these sun- and fire-loving idlers,—our real *gourmets*, our best observers and wisest philosophers. From time immemorial they have devoted themselves, like the good Orientals they are, to pure contemplation; and, considering the length of time the whole tribe has spent in this higher service of the imagination, they must have accumulated an incalculable store of wisdom, which no doubt has been sagaciously secreted and transmitted from generation to generation. Who knows but they retain as an imperishable possession the spiritual lore of Buddha and the secrets of the Magi and the Zend Avesta?

If only honored with a mention in the beginnings of literary history, cats abound in modern literature, in novels, romances, and memoirs. From the cat in "Gammer Gurton's Needle" down to the notorious Black Cat of Edgar Poe, a long list might be made of those which have found a place in letters. Art, too, though more propitious to the nobler animals, has paid them its tribute. In his pleasant "Chapters on Animals" Mr. Hamerton can think of no considerable artist who has painted cats, but mentions incidentally "le chat de M. Manet," a black cat introduced by the artist on the bed of a Parisian lorette, which, he adds, amused Paris as Athens amused itself with the dog of Alcibiades. His text, however, is illumined with a capital etching by Karl Bodmer of a cat playing with a snake, and the frontispiece is a study of the wild species by the same painter. I have myself seen cats in pictures by the early Florentine masters, and it may be said that some of Rubens's lions' cubs are often no more than kittens exaggerated in size and ferocity. Philippe Rousseau has painted a superb cat in "Les Deux Amis" (the other *ami* being

a canary), which had the honor of being etched for "L'Art" by Eugène Gauguin. But neither in fiction nor in art are cats anything like so numerous or distinguished as in the productions of poetry. Poets have written on the most diverse kinds of pets, and we all readily recall Lesbia's sparrow, the dogs of Homer and Petrarch, Scott's hounds, Cowper's hares, and the coyote and grizzly of our American poets. Few individual cats have ever won the distinct fame of any one of these. I must confess I had never heard of the "Belaud" of Joachim du Bellay until it was cited by the "Spectator;" but the court-poet's epitaph on his dead friend is pathetically appreciative, especially in the quatrain, which will bear repetition:

C'est Belaund, mon petit chat gris,
Belaund, qui fut peraventure
Le plus bel œuvre que nature
Fit onc en matière de chats.

He could not have said any more of his mistress. If Belaund has chiefly a scholarly fame, the "Great Atossa" of Arnold is famous enough; and so is the "Pensive Selima" of Walpole, "demurest of the tabby kind," drowned in a tub of gold-fishes, and mourned in elegiac strains by Gray, though perhaps his best claim to immortality is the celebrated aphorism which the poem elicited from Johnson, that "A favorite has no friend." Among our grandfathers (as our fond grandmothers learned to their cost) the "Ballad of the Tortoise-Shell Cat" was well known, and it used to be occasionally sung by Peter Cooper, I am told, with all the vigor of his ninety years. If Charles Dudley Warner's "Cain: A Study" has not yet achieved fame, it deserves it. But, although single famous cats are so rare,—perhaps because they so rarely excite the strong personal affection which the more generous and less perfidious brutes inspire,—it has been left for the poets, obeying the law of their exceptionally sensitive perception, to discover in them many winning, companionable, and suggestive qualities. Few creatures excel the cat as a literary or poetic accessory, and the muse sel-

dom scorns the homeliest device, if only it is effective.

And what can be more effective, more enticing to the imagination, than the suggestiveness of cats in the sphere of the supernatural and the eerie? They are the unfailing attendants of witches. Wherever in art or literature there is an assemblage of the weird sisters, the cat is sure to be there, in some obscure corner, with gleaming eyeballs and arched back, with a look that seems to say, "Beware! I am the spirit of the Black Art!" In the second meeting of the witches in "Macbeth," when they are brewing their horrible "hell-broth," the first witch opens the scene by saying,—

Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

Mr. Hamerton recalls the incident of Sir Walter Scott's visit to the Black Dwarf, who at once challenged him with the demand, "'Man, hae ye ony poo'r?' adding solemnly, as he pointed to a large black cat, whose fiery eyes shone in a dark corner of the cottage, 'He has poo'r.'" Gay has a fable entitled "The Old Woman and her Cats," which turns on the old superstition that cats are imps and the partners of witches:

A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
Beside a little smoky flame
Sate hovering, pinched with age and frost;
Her shrivelled hands, with veins embossed,
Upon her knees her weight sustains,
While palsy shook her crazy brains;
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untamed scold of fourscore years.
About her swarmed a numerous brood
Of cats, who lank with hunger mewed.

Teased with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus she sputtered: "Hence, ye crew!
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
Had ye never been housed and nursed,
I for a witch had ne'er been cursed.
To you I owe that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise.
Straws laid across my pace retard,
The horseshoe's nailed (each threshold's guard),
The stunted broom the witches hide,
For fear that I should up and ride;
They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
And bid me show my secret teat."

"To hear you prate would vex a saint.
Who hath most reason of complaint?"
(Replies a cat.) "Let's come to proof.
Had we ne'er starved beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit lived as beasts of chase."

'Tis infamy to serve a nag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag!
And boys against our lives combine,
Because, 'tis said, your cats have nine."

In the little scenes of snug cosiness, of warm security beside the winter fire, the poets always leave a place on the rug for the purring cat or sportive kitten, as if it added one more touch of homely comfort to the interior.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries:
The cricket chirrup in the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies,

says Goldsmith. And Gautier, a great lover of cats, enjoying an hour *au coin du feu*, scoffs at the storm outside—the wind, the hail, and the avalanche—so long as he has

Sur mes genoux un chat qui se joue et folâtre,
Un livre pour veiller, un fauteuil pour dormir.

It takes a poet, too, to divine the uses of this most luxurious of creatures. In another fable of Gay's,—"The Man, the Cat, the Dog, and the Fly,"—the cat is asked what she can do in her way to benefit the proposed commonwealth of animals, and she cries out scornfully,—

These teeth, these claws,
With vigilance shall serve the cause.
The mouse, destroyed by my pursuit,
No longer shall your feasts pollute,
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
With wasteful teeth your stores invade.

But this is the plebeian mouser who speaks, and practical people share the delusion that this is the "whole duty," the entire scope of usefulness, of the tribe. But Béranger thought differently. According to him, a knowing cat is the go-between of lovers, the modern Parisian Cupid, as he proves in a little mansard idyl, "Le Chat," in which the grisette accuses her innocent attendant of exciting love in her heart.

In the East, as I have said, cats seem to have won a place in human affections which they have never reached among us. This may be because our nobler varieties of dogs are unknown there, and the felines have monopolized that kindly interest and condescension which we distribute over a great number of more amiable creatures. And what monopo-

lizers they are! How arrogant in their claims on us! It is certain much of this peculiar estimation comes of the traditional employment of the cat as a symbol; and it would be interesting to know precisely what symbolic meaning was attached to him by the Egyptians, who did him such reverence in death. If their mummied idols were anything like the superb Angora, in structure, habits, and beauty the typical cat, it is easy to understand how they might stand for Contemplation or Silence; but nothing seems to be known of their physical characteristics. The Persian worship is too elevated and spiritual ever to have admitted cats among its objects of adoration. No doubt something of the fondness of the Orientals for cats springs from a certain affinity of nature and temperament. What dignity in both races! What impassive silence! What wise repose! Whether the disciples of Buddha and the Prophet learned these invaluable secrets of existence from cats, or the latter from long acquaintance have copied them from their companions, were a nice question to solve. We wonder if they discern their common perfidy, their selfishness, and their unmixed cruelty in each other's faces. Where but in the East could the cat have acquired his propensity for roaming over house-tops, his surprising fertility, his unvarying infidelity in love? Similarity of nature and habits has developed a physical resemblance: a Turk squatted on his mat is the very image of an old cat, "with half-shut eyes falling asleep in a half dream."

Sensitive pilgrims have returned from the East with their heads full of cats,—cats representative of manifold subtle and erotic properties, mixed up with dreams of harems, Zaras and Fatimas, perfumes, musk, hard amber, incense. Baudelaire was such a pilgrim, and he brought back with him a strange and fantastic lore, the delight of his bohemian circle, revealed for us in that remarkable production, "Les Fleurs du Mal." He loved and understood cats as no other modern has done, and he penetrated their inner poetic essence with the

wonderful power of his feverish and morbid imagination. But let Gautier speak for him, as he does in a charming piece of writing in his preface to the poet's works.

"As I am speaking of the individual tastes and little eccentricities of the poet," he says, "let me say that he adored cats, who, like him, are fond of perfumes and easily thrown into a kind of ecstatic epilepsy by the smell of valerian. He loved these charming creatures, tranquil, mysterious, and gentle, with their electric shudderings (*frissonnements*), whose favorite attitude is the elongated pose of sphinxes, who seem to have transmitted their secrets to them. They wander about the house with velvety tread, like the genius of the place,—*genius loci*,—or come and sit upon the table near the writer, keeping company with his thought, and gazing at him from out the depths of their dark-golden pupils with an intelligent tenderness and a magic penetration. It might almost be said that cats divine the idea which descends from the brain to the tip of the pen; and that, stretching out their paws, they wished to seize it in its passage. They like silence, order, and quietness, and no place is so proper for them as the study of the man of letters. With admirable patience they wait until he has finished his task, emitting a guttural and rhythmic purr as a sort of accompaniment to his work. From time to time they gloss with their tongue some ruffled spot in their fur, for they are clean, fastidious, coquettish, and permit no irregularity in their toilet, but always in a calm and discreet way, as if they were afraid to distract or annoy. Their caresses are tender, delicate, silent, and have nothing in common with the noisy and gross petulance which belongs to dogs, upon whom, nevertheless, has been bestowed all the sympathy of the vulgar. All these merits were fully appreciated by Baudelaire, who has more than once addressed to cats some fine bits of verse,—the 'Fleurs du Mal' contains three,—in which he celebrates their physical and moral qualities, and often he has them

sitting across his compositions as characteristic accessories. Cats abound in the verse of Baudelaire as dogs in the paintings of Paul Veronese, and are a kind of signature. I should add that among these pretty creatures, so wise by day, there is a nocturnal side, mysterious and cabalistic, which is very seductive to the poet. The cat, with his phosphoric eyes, which serve him as lanterns, and sparks flying from his back, fearlessly haunts the darkness, where he encounters wandering phantoms, sorcerers, alchemists, necromancers, resurrectionists, lovers, pickpockets, assassins, drunken patrols, and all those obscene larvæ which sally forth and do their work only at night. He has the air of having heard last Sunday's sermon, and readily rubs himself against the lame leg of Mephistopheles. His serenades under the balcony, his *amours* upon the roof-tops, accompanied with cries like those of a strangled child, lend him a passably Satanic aspect, which to a certain point justifies the repugnance of diurnal and practical minds, for whom the mysteries of Erebus have no charm. But a Dr. Faust in his cell, encumbered with flasks and instruments of alchemy, will like always to have a cat for companion. Baudelaire himself was a voluptuous cat, indolent, with velvety ways, full of force in his fine suppleness, fixing upon men and things a look of restless penetration, free, voluntary, hard to hold, but without perfidy withal, and faithfully attached to every one to whom he had once given his independent sympathy."

The first of the three pieces mentioned is entitled "Le Chat," and runs thus, reproducing metre and rhyme as literally as possible:

Come, beauty, rest upon my loving heart;
But cease thy paws' sharp-nailed play,
And let me peer into those eyes, that dart
Mixt agate and metallic ray.

When my pleased fingers stroke thy head,
And rub thy arched elastic spine,
And feel strange thrills delightful shed
Through thy electric, palpitating chine,

Methinks I see my wife in my mind's eye,—
Not unlike thee, sweet creature mine,
With look as cold and deep, as piercing, ay,

And from her crown to feet there twine
And breathe about her body's bloom
A subtle air and rich perfume.

There is perhaps some malice in this, and the casket contains a surprise which reminds us of Heine's satirical touch. The next is simpler and more natural, and refers to the fondness which intellectual men and lovers have shown for cats:

Grave scholars and mad lovers all admire
And love, and each alike at his full tide.
Those suave and puissant cats, the fireside's pride,
Who like the sedentary life and glow of fire.

Fond of deep science-lore, and pleasure too,
They haunt the hours of silence and of night;
And Night might take them for his coursers bright,
If to his yoke they'd bend their pride of view.

Whene'er they muse they lie in outspread pose,
Like Sphinxes in some solitude's repose,
Who seem to sleep and dream an endless dream.

Their fruitful loins are full of magic sheen,
And shards of gold, like finest sands, do seem
To veil their mystic pupils with star-gleam.

In the last, Baudelaire tells us what most charmed him in the cat; but it may

be remarked that this is the typical cat of the imagination, and of the poet's fantastic imagination, too:

Within my brain there strolls about,
As in his rightful room's confine,
A charming cat, large, fair, and fine;
And when he mews 'tis scarce heard out,
So soft his tone, so low and calm;
But raised in purr or grumbling swell,
'Tis ever rich and deep in knell.
This is his secret and his charm.

These tones which purl and percolate
Deep down into my shadowy soul
Exalt me like a fine line's roll,
And yield the joy love-philtres make.

They soothe asleep all carking care,
And breathe for me sweet ecstasies:
To tell the longest tragedies
They have no need of words' warfare.

There is no viol in the world,
Nor perfect instrument I know,
Can lift my heart to such a glow
And set its vibrant chord in whirl

As thy rich voice mysterious.
A seraph truly, thou,—so like
In all thy ways to angel-wight,
As subtle and harmonious.

L. J. S.

NOTHING UNCOMMON.

EVEN in her own set there were many handsomer girls than Mary Brettle, but there were good reasons why the fact had not been detrimentally impressed upon her. She was tall and slender and dark, with fine eyes and luxuriant hair; but there was not more than an ounce or so of the society belle about her. She was what is sometimes called "well enough;" and there were friends who asserted that there was a good deal in her. At all events, she could not have been accused of other than the most disinterested motives with reference to Percival Maltby. He was only the superb and accomplished son of her father's head book-keeper, with a good position in a second-rate commercial

firm, while she was the only daughter of an extraordinarily old and honored banking-house. The name of Brettle & Rimm stood high, and Rimm was dead, and there was no telling how much Brettle would some day leave to his heiress.

The match was altogether unequal financially. It was too much so. The announcement of it was one of those things which cause an interrogation-point to be handed around and send an inquisitive tremor of propriety through all the delicate equilibrium of the social fabric.

One very good lady remarked of it, "Well, I must say, there never was anything proud about Mary Brettle. She's commonplace, though."

And her own daughter almost instantly responded, quite cheerfully, "But, mother, he is such a splendid-looking fellow; and he dances so well, too; and he sings; and he's a captain in the Seventh. I wonder if she imagines he is really in love with her."

Percival had told her that he was so, and she had believed him. She had known him for years and years, and that he was the very soul of honor. He had first told himself so, and had been internally met by a strong and prompt endorsement of the fact. It must, therefore, have been true, for he had been carefully trained by his father in habits of the most rigid integrity. Nothing earthly could have induced him to tell a lie or do a dishonorable thing, or to do anything imprudent if he could help it. In the latter feature of his character also his father's hand and voice had busily cultivated him from his very cradle, and he was almost abnormally well established in the safest kind of worldly wisdom.

There is nothing else exactly like love. From the hour in which Percival Maltby assured himself that he had it, and could justifiably say as much, to the other hour when he did say it to Mary Brettie, it grew in him and upon him tremendously.

She herself grew more and more beautiful to him every time he saw her, and the intervals between his consecutive observations shortened rapidly. Then all fancy and fiction departed from his perception of her improvement; for from the hour specified, if not somewhat sooner, she actually began to gain in weight and color. She also put on, as if it were a new and becoming "style," an ease and assurance of manner which she had somewhat lacked previously. Dormant vital forces were set in healthy operation, and the results were just what they should have been.

At and after the decisive date of the declaration there had been important moral and mental experiences for Percival; but he did not change externally, so far as anybody could discover. His exercises and progressions were of the

kinds which appertain expressly to the Department of the Interior.

He and Mary had been pretty well prepared beforehand for the precise nature of the answer she gave him, but neither of them imagined that anybody else could have been making related preparations. The blindness of the elderly is perpetually taken for granted by the youthful. Percival therefore nerved himself like a man, and proceeded in that same hour to face old Jeremiah Brettie in his library. He went with a courage which had something grand in it, but carried with him on that occasion a surprising load of misgiving and almost of self-depreciation. It was a burden every pound of which was new and unfamiliar material to him. Mary's assurances and the subtle consciousness that she had followed him almost to the door of the library were a reinforcement, but they were also something like an embarrassment. Never before had he entertained so uncertain a perception of his exchangeable value in the social market as when he began to explain to his prospective father-in-law what was the matter with him. He succeeded fairly well in making an intelligible statement of his case. Mary said so to herself behind the door. Then his nerves began to steady and tighten and tingle a little, while the old gentleman slowly removed his spectacles and looked at him.

"Hum! My daughter? My consent? Engaged. Both of you. I've been afraid it would come to that. I've noticed premonitory indications for some time. Well, Percival, we might as well shake hands on it."

"Thank you, sir. From the very bottom of my soul—"

"Yes, yes; but then, my boy, some engagements end one way and some another. There's little Patty Van Dance, —been engaged nine times. Happy yet. Sometimes people that are engaged get married."

"It cannot be long, sir, before I shall be able to support a wife."

"Hum! I'll speak to your father about it. Just now, I think, I'd better

send up for Mrs. Brettle.—Ah, Mary? Is that you pecking in? Come right along, my dear. You might have brought me a better-looking son-in-law; but he will do, as times go. Young men are not what they were in my day, nor young women either. If they were, you'd both have been married long ago. Call your mother."

Taking the evening as a whole, in parlor and library, it made up a very good beginning. The send-off seemed likely to be equally smooth and perfect for both the young people; but Percival had yet an encounter and talk before him, and with even a sharper old gentleman than Jeremiah Brettle. He looked forward to it almost triumphantly. Knowing the soundness of his father's financial views, he entertained no apprehensions as to the manner in which his report would be listened to at his own home. He returned there a little early, —with extraordinary difficulty as to that,—in order that he might catch his opportunity before bedtime. He went into the house with long, vigorous, confident, exuberant steps, and he stood before the hard mouth and pent-house brows of Samson Maltby with a great glow of triumph at his heart and another of the same kind upon his bright and handsome young face.

He found it quite easy to go along with his story this time, including the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Brettle; but something of the enthusiasm seemed to ebb away as the narrative drew to its conclusion. Not one tremor of responsive fervor did his son's joyful announcement awaken in the conservative pulses of Samson Maltby.

There came a moment of silence, and Percival was aware of a bewildered feeling, as if he had not found something when he knew just where it was.

"I could not expect you to feel about it altogether as I do, father, but then—"

There was another embarrassing pause, and Samson Maltby's face grew grim and remorseless in its expression.

"Purse, my boy," he said, in the deep, rasping voice with which he was accustomed to announce the refusal of

loans to needy customers of the banking-house, "I am well aware that you are a man of honor. You can keep a secret?"

"Like a tombstone, father."

"You have engaged yourself to marry one, then. Not a tombstone,—a secret. It should not be kept from you, in simple justice. You are about to make too heavy a deposit with Brettle & Rimm."

"Father?" And the young man's eyes were suddenly opened very widely.

"Now, tell me, Purse, what would you have to live on, in these times, if you should go ahead and marry an expensive wife, accustomed to everything and expecting everything, and if your house should go down—"

"Mather & Cornbury fail?"

"They find it a little difficult to place their paper just now, Purse. Nobody can tell just what's going to happen. Keep that to yourself. They may pull through. Hope they will. But if you were married, and then if Brettle & Rimm should wink out some fine morning—"

"Brettle & Rimm? I thought he was worth a million."

"I don't say he isn't. A word to the wise, my boy. It may be he is perfectly willing to see his daughter settled in life, somehow or other. So am I. He may pull through. Hope he will. His health is none too good, you know. Nobody can tell just what's going to happen. Don't be in too much of a hurry, my boy. I've something laid by, and it isn't deposited with Brettle & Rimm; but my health is excellent, and so is your mother's, and there isn't enough for two families."

Percival found a deal of difficulty in prolonging that conversation, but it left him well supplied with subjects for meditation. The indefinite but portentous secret confided to him could not be considered as relieving him of one atom of his current duties of attendance at the Brettle mansion, in the evening or at other times; but it placed his share of the happiness belonging to the situation in a somewhat different shape from that assumed by Mary's half. It is pos-

sible that its disenchanting and sobering effect assisted him in receiving the congratulations of his troops of friends more philosophically than he could otherwise have succeeded in doing. When his pleased employers radiantly mentioned the matter to him, and expressed their pleasure at his success in what they internally regarded as a magnificently profitable "operation," he met them with friendly appreciation of their good will, and yet with a calmness and reserve which fully justified them in what they said about it to each other as soon as they were alone together.

"I suppose, really, Mr. Cornbury, it will make it necessary for us to be on the lookout for his successor."

"It won't be easy to fill his place, Mather; but there'll be something fat cut out for him, sure's you live, and he's had an intimation of it. His father has been with Brettle & Rimm since the flood."

"I wish somebody would cut out something fat for us. Things are looking a little lean just now."

"They are, indeed; but I don't believe Maltby has any idea of it. How would it do to offer him a junior partnership?"

"And have his father and old Brettle prying into our ledger before they put up money for him or let him assume any responsibility? I guess not. There wouldn't much more of our paper get afloat, I can tell you."

They therefore offered Percival only a deal of civility and repeated good wishes, and the whole world drifted right along toward whatever might be in store for it. All but two men on the entire earth were blindly ignorant of the precise manner in which Jeremiah Brettle had kept his promise to speak to Samson Maltby about the future arrangements of the young people. The former was the elder, and lacked somewhat of the physical proportions as well as depth of voice that made feeble folk afraid of the head book-keeper. They met in the private office of the great and honored banking-house on the morning after the announcement.

"Well, Maltby, my old friend, which of us is to be congratulated?"

"If the times were a little better, I should say both."

"What do you think of it?"

"Good transaction. Purse'll never back out—"

"Mary won't. No give up in her."

"He'll be able to stand alone pretty soon."

"Now, Maltby, we must think about it, and see what can be done—"

"Mr. Brettle, nobody can tell just what's going to happen. We needn't be in a hurry. It won't hurt either of 'em—"

A black shadow had suddenly swept across the banker's face, and it was followed by a shiver.

"It's only till the tide turns, Maltby. I've seen such things before."

"There will be heaps of drift-wood on the gravel when this tide's out, and before it turns, Mr. Brettle. Let the young folks take it at the turn."

Just then an important customer thrust his head into the office, and put an end to private conversation by a sharp inquiry as to the prospects of the money-market. At all events, Mr. Brettle had had his talk with Percival's father, and his conscience was clear. He must have felt that it was, for he afterward appeared to be in no haste to reopen the discussion as to what had better be done in the matter of the engagement.

It was perfectly natural that all the parties concerned should be called upon from time to time to answer slyly-put queries as to when the wedding-day would be, but not one of them was in a condition to make anything better than a pleasantly evasive reply.

That question of the wedding-day and its time and manner came more and more frequently into the troubled soul of Percival Maltby as the days and weeks went by. He knew it would have to be answered definitely sooner or later. He almost began to fear that it might be suggested to him prematurely by Mary herself, or by her father, or by her mother. He did not so much as dream that the next paternal approach

to it would come from the metallic lips of his own stern parent. He well knew that Samson Maltby was of the essence of financial integrity and business honor; but engagements and matrimony were supposed to be in another line, and Percival was therefore taken a little by surprise one sultry afternoon.

"Purse, you are getting melancholy. Don't do it, my boy. Keep a stiff upper lip. You are getting along with Mary, are you not?"

"Why, father, of course I am; but it's an awful hole for a fellow to find himself put into. What on earth I am to do I don't see."

"Keep steady. You won't have a great while to wait, or I'm mistaken. Something's coming. I'll tell you what I mean pretty soon. Don't let Mary get discouraged. Nobody can tell just what's going to happen."

Samson Maltby plainly had an inner vision of luck to come, and it was kind of him to tell his son as much. As for Mary Brettle, she did not need any sort of encouragement from Percival or his father, or from anybody else. She was so thoroughly happy, just as the matter stood, that she did not care to imagine a state in life containing an uncomfortably larger volume of human felicity. She found it a magnificent thing to be betrothed to so fine a fellow as Percival Maltby, and to know that everybody was aware of it, and to have elderly ladies ask her if she was jealous whenever he happened to be dancing with somebody else. As to financial matters, such dim and occasional thinking as she gave to them condensed itself into an idea that Percival was doing very well already, and that, if he were not, her father could and would take him into the banking-house and make a rich man of him in a few weeks. The whole world was bathed in rose-colored light, and she and Percival were to go forward through perpetual summer to the end of their days. She wondered vaguely one evening, when her father incidentally expressed his distaste for protracted engagements, what he meant

by that; but it did not occur to her that it was her duty to repeat his remark to her betrothed upon his accustomed appearance.

Week after week went by, and there was not one of them which did not fully justify Samson Maltby's habitual declaration that "nobody can tell just what's going to happen." Then there came a week which was crammed with occurrences that caused a great many people to say the same thing in various forms and with varying degrees of energy.

From some unascertainable cause, there came a sharp flurry in the money-market. It could not be described as a "panic." It was rather what seamen call a "squall" as distinguished from a gale or a full-winged storm. It came in among the commercial fruit-trees, as it were, searching the orchard for its unsound and worn-out growths, and it found some of them. Sudden gusts of that kind are apt to do work which was not generally expected of them. The house of Brettle & Rimm, for instance, with its large business and great connections, had for long years been "dry-rotting" inwardly, until its core was brittle. It had roots enough, and a vast surface of pretentious bark, but the latter could not sustain the spread of branches against a trying emergency. Down it came, with such a crash as only such top-heavy old trees are capable of making. An old tree is not a ten-pin, and you cannot set it up again, but when it is out of the way there is more room for the planting of saplings.

The name of Samson Maltby was not to appear among the creditors of the broken firm, but he afterward said to his wife that he regretted the catastrophe exceedingly. It cut him off from a most comfortable salary, and it would surely call upon him for a deal of hard work after business hours in helping the assignee and other people to understand the books and accounts. There was a reason why he had no opportunity to discuss the matter with his son that evening. In fact, it almost looked as if Percival were keeping out of the way to avoid being sympathized with.

His mother said something to that effect, but his father responded,—

"No, I guess not. More likely he's sympathizing with somebody else."

That was where Samson Maltby was only half correct. His son had been having a peculiar and interesting experience that day. Business errands had carried him into the street, and he stood but a little distance from the front door of Brettle & Rimm at the very hour when a clerk, with a red face, came hurriedly out from the inner office to shut that door and lock it on the inside. The great swing of iron-bound wood went into place with a bang, and the word passed swiftly from lip to lip through streets and offices that the great old banking-house had failed.

A gentleman who was talking cheerily with Percival looked at him with sharply questioning eyes, the smile having suddenly faded from both faces. Another, who was just about to speak to him, decided not to do so, and turned away. Percival did not turn away for a moment. He stood still and stared at the closed front of Brettle & Rimm. With all the help of his father's warning, he could not make it real, and had an impulse, which he resisted, to go and pull on the knob. Then a strange feeling of pain went over him from head to foot, and he had a sensation of being sick. He faintly heard his lips muttering to themselves,—

"My poor, poor Mary! I wonder if she has any idea of it. No; he would never have told her."

His thoughts went swiftly to his father and his mother, and to the creditors, and came all the way around to himself, and there they paused a few seconds, looking for something. Then a great, sweeping, magnificent thrill went dancing from nerve to nerve and from vein to vein all over him, and he sharply exclaimed, "That settles it! I know it now. I'm all right. I do love her. Not a doubt of it left. I'm a man again. Hurrah!"

It was a credit to Percival Maltby that the effect of his father's prudent but enigmatical counsels had been that

kind of a trouble to him. It was a tremendous relief to his burdened sense of honor to find himself relieved from suspecting himself of fraud. Still, the buoyancy so occasioned was hardly strong enough to sustain any other weight heaped upon the vast and heavy fact that Mary's father had been compelled to stop payment. Percival returned to the office of Mather & Cornbury with a somewhat indefinite idea of their existence. There was already with them an acquaintance who had dropped in to bring them the news of the great failure. Doubtless Mr. Cornbury had no intention of being overheard when he remarked, just as Percival strode past,—

"It's rough on our Mr. Maltby. He's engaged to old Brettle's heiress, and his father is head book-keeper there."

"Not so many books to keep, eh? Not so much heiress? Well, that's the way we go," responded the visitor, with excessive cheerfulness.

Probably the father of the girl he was engaged to had not failed that morning, and he walked out of the office with the satisfied air of a man who had done his duty. He had at least given his neighbor the latest news of the day, and it had been something more than a cup of cold water,—perhaps rather a steaming suggestion of much hot water.

Mather sat still and looked at Cornbury, and Cornbury looked back at him.

"Our turn next."

"There will be a good many nexts, or I'm mistaken. This'll tighten the money-market like a hard frost."

"We'd better get ready, then. Tell Maltby to come in and help prepare a statement. We shall not go to protest until to-morrow, but I don't see any help for it. He might as well know the worst, confidentially."

"Oh, he'll get along. I haven't any grief to waste over him just now."

"And I think I need all of mine."

It took but a moment to open the state of affairs to Percival, and he did not manifest the slightest surprise or any other emotion, although he said he

was sorry to hear it. His more harassing sorrow came to him when he began to examine the schedule of work set before him, for this was such as at once put it beyond his power to fulfil a hope and purpose which had begun to grow within him.

"I shall be kept over these papers till midnight," he sadly muttered. "I shall not be able to see her at all."

He had said to himself, a little before, that he would be at the Brettle mansion at five o'clock, and break the news of the disaster wonderfully well to Mary, or, if she knew it already, tell her very eloquently how he felt about it.

Just about that hour a carriage did halt before the house, and the old banker himself was helped out of it and up the steps. It looked as if he had hardly nerve or strength enough left to pull his own bell, and the friend who was with him did it for him and departed. It was not easy to walk in, even after the door was open, for Mr. Brettle had heavy luggage to lift across the threshold. He had all the news of the day. His wife and daughter had been given no intimation that a squall could do any damage to so strong a tree as theirs. The house and its contents were the property of Mrs. Brettle, and the princely allowance for its maintenance had been paid by her husband from month to month, and from year to year, without any remark whatever.

The degree to which the news was unexpected, stunning, and incomprehensible might have been gathered from a vague inquiry ventured by Mary:

"Father, dear, do you suppose you will really lose a great deal of money by the failure?"

"My poor child! Do not you understand? I failed because I had already lost everything. A good deal worse than that, I'm afraid. The storm struck me at a bad moment. Wife, I had to give up. I'm about prostrated. I left everything in the hands of Mr. Maltby and the assignee. I must go to bed. Seems to me I don't much care whether I ever get out of it again or not."

The doors and blinds of the Brettle mansion were at once closed, as if there had been a death. All that was needed to produce some such effect was a flutter of crape, and Mary began to feel as if that also should be provided. The longest and blackest streamer, with a double rosette at the knob, would hardly have done justice to her feelings. The verities of the situation were settling down upon her, and they assumed a first-mourning blackness in whatever direction her thoughts pointed.

"What shall I say to Percival when he comes? How will he feel about it? He must know it already. Of course he does. I'm glad of that. His father suffers, too, but he won't. The bank does not owe him anything. Oh, how I do want to see him!"

She needed comfort, verily, and she waited and watched for its arrival, but it did not come. She took a cup of tea all alone, but her appetite, which had been so splendid latterly, seemed to have left her. After that she went and sat down in the drawing-room and thought. The silvery gong of the costly clock on the mantel struck again and again, half-hour and hour, and each successive sounding became more and more suggestive and unmusical. It was as if the clock said to her,—

"There! He is not come. He is not coming. Your father has failed. You are no longer an heiress. You must not expect men of the world to be sentimental."

Mary's thoughts came to her more rapidly and tumultuously than she had ever before known them to come, and every one of them was a new acquaintance. Her whole fund of impressions as to the world she lived in and its human inhabitants seemed to be undergoing a transformation. She was herself included in the mysterious mutation, and in a very peculiar manner.

Ever since the hour when Percival Maltby put into words, for Mary's hearing, the wonderful secret of their mutual relations, and in spite of all her notable bodily improvement, she had been sweetly conscious of a sense of lightness. It

implied diminished stature as well as decrease of weight. She had found somebody very strong and noble to look up to and by whom she was to be made a jewel of. The very idea of a jewel is of preciousness and condensation and caskets, and so forth. It was a beautiful and delicious frame of mind for a young woman to be in, and it had increased upon her feverishly during the first hour or two after her father's news became a realized fact in her heart and brain. She had suddenly discovered a great need for somebody strong and noble, and she could have felt very small and contented if he had been instantly present to act as a jewel-holder. Now, however, as the remorseless timepiece repeated its tingling insinuations, Mary began to grow. She speedily felt that she was tall, and that she could easily be and look a great deal taller. She reproved herself sharply a little after eight o'clock for having peered through the blinds of the front window nearest the door-steps. She added, however, in almost her next breath, "Of course there is some good reason for it; but he should have come in. He always goes home this way."

She had no means of knowing that he had not gone home at all, and her argument was therefore a pretty good one. It added a full inch to her uprightness as she marched back to the extreme rear end of the drawing-room floor; but she muttered dolefully, in going, "Poor father! What are we to do? He says he has lost everything. And Percival—I must see him—I must know—"

Her bosom heaved a little, and an all but frightened look passed like a shadow across her face. It came again and again, and it deepened, and it played curious tricks with her mouth and chin. Some of its electric affinities went out as far as her fingers, bringing them up to work with the jewelled brooch at her throat. After that her feet seemed to be affected. Not only did they take turns in patting impatiently upon the carpet, they undertook to carry her to the front again; but they were compelled to give it up half-way. She suddenly paused and began a study of the fine

chasing of her engagement-ring,—Percival Maltby's gift, and the only ring of that sort which she had ever worn. There were several girls in her set who had taken off more than one.

"It is too late," she said, and there was a manifest condensation of a number of troublesome meanings into this one utterance.

Mrs. Brettle was up-stairs with her husband; and when, at last, Mary ventured to go up for information, the news she obtained was anything but encouraging. Her mother came out into the hall to whisper, "No, Mary, he had better not see anybody. The doctor says he must be kept very still. Awful nervous prostration. Everything has gone to pieces, and he says the people who lose money will be sure to blame him for it."

"Shall we be poor, mother?"

"Dreadfully poor, my dear. The house is mine, and I've something besides, but not enough to live here. We shall be all broken up. Has Percival been here this evening?"

"No, mother. Do you suppose he had heard about it?"

"Certainly. Your father said so. Oh, how I do wish you had been married and settled before this blow came!"

"I don't, then. I'm glad he didn't come. I've told John—"

"Mary, you've not given orders that you won't see him?"

"I don't wish to see anybody."

"My poor girl! You will feel differently in the morning. Go to bed."

She went to her own room, but going to bed was quite another affair. It suited her better to sit by the window and let the cool night air blow in upon her. She could look sternly out between the curtains upon a world from which the sunshine had departed without leaving behind it any promise of another day to come.

The suspension of the house of Mather & Cornbury was announced on 'Change at an early hour of the following day. The news of it crept in among the busy clerks who were at work upon the wreck of Brettle & Rimm, and they brought it to Samson Maltby.

"I knew it was coming. We have none of their paper. I did hope they might pull through; but nobody can tell just what's going to happen."

Then he added, altogether to himself, "I'm right glad things are clearing up. That's why Percival didn't come home last night. There's been cloudy weather long enough. If there's anything I hate, it's hanging by the gills. I'd rather be pulled right in and done for."

He was a fish of a kind not easily caught and landed, and nobody could have guessed exactly the meaning of his soliloquy; but there must have been some sort of worldly wisdom in it. He went home a little later than usual, and just before going down to supper he remarked to his wife,—

"Don't say any more to Purse than is necessary just now. A little hot water'll be the making of him. He's had things too easy all along."

That sort of philosophical consolation had not yet ripened in the troubled heart and brain of the young man himself. The conversation at the supper-table was rigidly confined to finance, father and son exchanging the information that nobody could yet say how many cents on the dollar their respective firms were likely to pay. They had each been compelled to say as much to more anxious inquirers all day long. Then, after a lighter meal than was customary with him, Percival Maltby went to his own room, with the air of a soldier who is about to undertake an uncommonly arduous and perilous duty.

"It's pretty hard lines," he said to himself as he passed from the door of his father's house and walked, not too rapidly, down the street. The weather was adverse to severe exertion, and his pace became even more measured as he drew nearer to the Brettle mansion.

Very measured indeed, moreover, was the pace with which a young lady marched away from the curtains behind the closed blinds a little before he reached the door-step, for the fact of her ambush there was scientifically undiscoverable. There was nobody in the drawing-room when he entered it.

"This is tough," he muttered. "What on earth shall I say, and how shall I begin it?"

If that was the worst of his perplexities, he was about to be delivered. He heard the rustle of a dress beyond the half-open folding-doors, and a tall, graceful form—perceptibly taller than the one he had been expecting—swept stately forward toward him.

"Mary?"

"Take it,—Percival."

Her white right hand came out to meet the one he was extending, but in the open palm of it glittered a jewelled ring, and in the dark eyes which looked so steadily into his own there was an expression beyond his reading.

He made no attempt at reading it. He glanced at her flushed face for a second or so, and at the ring for another second, and then both his hands went behind his back, and he in turn stood uncommonly erect. He looked superbly well, too.

"I have not failed, Mary. Have you?"

"My father has. I—I—I looked for you—last night."

"I was at work until after two o'clock in the morning, getting our concern ready to burst. They did it to-day. Gone all to pieces. But I never so much as dreamed that you would discard me for such a cause."

"Percival Maltby!"

"I believed in you utterly—"

"Percival!"

"The fact is, Miss Brettle,—and I don't care if you know it, even now,—I never guessed how deeply and truly I loved you until I saw them closing the doors of your father's banking-house. I felt like a new man; and now—"

There had been an all but imperceptible swaying motion in Mary's dignified tallness while he was speaking. He had not been looking at her all the time, or he might have noticed it. He might also have detected a nervous kind of automatic twisting of her hands, which resulted in the ring slipping back upon its finger,—probably from a fear the ring had of being dropped and lost.

When, however, Percival made so very long a pause after the word "now," without raising his eyes from the carpet, and turned toward the door, as if all his future lay sadly in that direction, there was a quick, lithe movement, and the hand that wore the ring came lightly down upon his shoulder.

"Percival, I have not failed. I did not know of your misfortune. I was only afraid. I was proud. I said you should be free—"

"If that is really your opinion of me, you had better give me the ring."

There was a tremor of a good deal besides hurt pride in his voice, and he felt that touch upon his shoulder all over him.

"Do you wish it, Percival? Shall I give it back to you?"

"We shall be poor, Mary—"

She could not conveniently have removed a ring from either hand, so long as one was on his shoulder, especially with one of his arms around her waist. It was plain, too, that such a question, with so many financial complications, required full and thoughtful discussion. Not any of its several bearings failed of receiving proper treatment, however; and Percival Maltby returned home too late for any conversation with his father that night.

He awoke and arose in the morning with a sort of extra determination expressing itself in his every look and movement, and he went down-stairs in a style that had somewhat of defiance in it.

"Father," he said, as soon as he was well inside of the breakfast-room, "I did not say last evening that I had another position in view as soon as I'm clear of the old concern."

"Glad of it, my boy—"

"And I'm going to be married the moment I'm on my feet, no matter what comes."

"There is no telling just what is going to happen nowadays, Purse; but that's what I'd do if I were you. You can live on a quarter of what it would have cost you if Brettle hadn't failed. Your mother says she will board you and Mary at a reasonable rate."

"What? You haven't been talking it over?"

"Oh, I guessed about how it would be. It'll take all the rest of this year for me to wind up our house. I'm in honor bound to stay till the books are closed, you know. Then, after that, nobody can tell just what will happen. I'm glad Mary is all right. Her father won't pay thirty cents on the—"

"Father, I beg your pardon. I do, sincerely. Mother—"

"I would not think of having a millionaire's daughter for a boarder, Purse; but, as it is—"

It was a cheerful sort of a breakfast-table after that. If Percival could have known another fact, it would have been good for him,—that even in the Brettle mansion there were flushes and flashes of rose-gold light at about the same hour. Old Mrs. Brettle wandered sadly into the back parlor on her way to her coffee, and either she was very silent and stealthy or Mary very preoccupied, for the astonished mother heard her daughter singing to herself "In a sweet voice and low," and exclaimed, "I'm so glad, Mary! He's all right?"

"Mother? Oh, I'm so rich!"

It was a full year and more later before the wreck of Brettle & Rimm was completely cleared away; but it was only a week or so after the books were finally closed that there was a new sign over the door of the same old office, and it bore the name of "Samson Maltby, Son & Co."

It was a reasonably well lettered sign, and a pair of gentlemen looking at it from the sidewalk seemed to think so.

"Purse, my boy, it'll do."

"By the way, father, the baby is just a week old to-day."

"Hum! I didn't think of that the day Brettle & Rimm shut up. Nobody can tell just what's going to happen."

"It's a good sign, too,—and it weighs ten pounds,—and Mary says she is coming down to look at it."

There was nothing uncommon about it all. Only the old story of storms and trees and saplings.

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

A
nat
ori
of
of
fasc
wal
bac
resc
N
for
days
cis,
Qua
been
as o
and
have
the
and t
touch
As w
forgo

DIDST THOU REJOICE?

DIDST thou rejoice because the day was fair,—
 Because, in orient splendor newly dressed,
 On flowering glebe and bloomless mountain-crest
 The sun complacent smiled? Ah! didst thou dare
 The careless rapture of that bird to share
 Which, soaring toward the dawn from dewy nest,
 Hailed it with song? From Ocean's treacherous breast
 Didst borrow the repose mild-mirrored there?
 Thou foolish heart! Behold! the light is spent;
 Rude thunders shake the crags; songs timorous cease;
 Lo! with what moan and mutinous lament
 Ocean his pent-up passions doth release!
 O thou who seekest sure and fixed content,
 Search in thy soul: there find some source of peace.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

THE PALIMPSEST OF PARIS.

AN old European city may be compared to a palimpsest. The imagination once warmed with the rich memories of the past can easily trace the lines of former life under the confusing ones of modern existence. Streets become as fascinating as galleries of art when you walk through them with thoughts turned back to epochs made poetical and picturesque by bard and story-teller.

No city in Europe is fuller of material for a study of this kind than Paris. The days of Catherine and Marie de Médicis, of Anne of Austria, of the Louises Quatorze, Quinze, and Seize, may have been as prosaic to those who lived then as our epoch is to us; but chroniclers and memoir-writers, poets and painters, have thrown a precious glamour over the events and actors of those times, and the places connected with them are touched as with an enchanter's wand. As we walk by them, the busy present is forgotten: fast-succeeding pictures rise

up before us. We see famous men, beautiful women, recall strange adventures, romantic incidents. The name of a street or a palace will bring back many a thrilling story of love, glory, ambition, of the rise and fall of great hopes: it is an endless study of notable men and women in exceptional positions and circumstances.

Tourists, however, have no time for such investigation in Paris. Clever, bright women who show an intelligent interest in ruins and relics of ancient days when travelling in Egypt and Greece, or in mediæval and Renaissance history while in Italy and Germany, throw all this to the winds when they arrive in the French capital, which is regarded by them as nothing more than a great shopping-mart. They are not more familiar with the streets of their own native towns than with the modern streets and boulevards of Paris,—the Rues de la Paix and Castiglione, the Boulevards Made-

leine, Italiens, and Capucins, the Louvre quarter,—the Magasins de Louvre probably more than the galleries,—and the straight line across the Pont-Royal, through that street the mud in the gutters of which was more attractive to Madame de Staël's eyes than the sublimest scenery in Switzerland,—Rue du Bac,—to the monster shop "Bon-Marché." But all these streets are simply uninteresting highways, connected with no more elevated thoughts than the material ones of *chiffons*. And yet what fascinating memories cluster about the tourist in Lutetia Parisorum,—“the frontier city at the dwelling of the waters”! Where the Théâtre Français stands was the rampart on which the brave Jeanne d'Arc was nearly killed. What misery for her and shame to the French and English would have been spared if that cross-bow arrow had ended her young days then and there! The names of the streets around the busy tourist-quarter tell of its former country character: Rue des Petits-Champs,—street of the small fields; des Orties,—of the thistles; des Moulins,—of the mills; des Moineaux,—of the sparrows. Where your *fiacre* at certain periods of the day is likely to be crushed in the confusion and throng of lumbering omnibuses, or, if on foot, you risk being knocked over by fast vehicles and the hurrying crowds at the crossings, two centuries ago rural quiet reigned supreme. Shady walks, fields, a few country-houses with gardens, and quiet abodes of monks and nuns, occupied the now thickly-inhabited space. Near the Place Vendôme was a Capucin convent; in one of its garden-houses lived for a short time that beautiful, brilliant sinner Madame de Montespan when she was hesitating between Versailles and the convent, between the fear of God and love of man, the salvation and loss of her soul. All exterior influences that could quiet a restless spirit were about her. Those noisy boulevards were peaceful homes of pious men and women. But “the world, the flesh, and the devil,” the handsome young king, her Mortmart blood, beauty, ambition, ungovernable passions, carried the

day, and a descendant of hers is now the heir to the throne of France.* Where her residence stood now runs the street Louis le Grand, named for her royal lover. Bossuet, who did his best to save Madame de Montespan's soul, lived at the other end of the Avenue de l'Opéra, in the Rue Ste.-Anne, so named for Anne of Austria: it leads at one end by the Rue de l'Échelle into the Rue de Rivoli, at the other by the Rue de Grammont into the Boulevard des Italiens. During the Revolution the Rue Ste.-Anne was called Rue Helvetius, because that philosopher, the friend of our great Benjamin Franklin, lived there. Franklin wished to marry Madame Helvetius after the death of her husband,—that is, if we take seriously a letter of his addressed to the widow, in which he intimates his amorous intentions in a most *spirituel* way. The letter gives an account of a dream in which, Franklin said, his spirit visited the life beyond the tomb. There was Helvetius in a beautiful garden. The two friends were highly pleased at meeting each other. Helvetius invited Franklin to sit under an arbor, and called out to a person in an adjoining house—his wife, he said—to bring them some coffee. Shortly after this wife appeared, carrying a coffee-tray.

“Imagine my surprise,” writes Franklin, “to recognize in this new companion of your husband my late partner and spouse Mrs. Franklin. Do you not think, my dear madam, that we might revenge ourselves on our departed relicts by following their example?”

But, as Madame Helvetius did not become Mrs. Franklin, she must have said “No” to our philosopher's tender proposal.

Cardinal Mazarin's splendid hôtel and grounds were not far from the Rue Ste.-Anne, and occupied a great space on the Rue Richelieu and the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs. At Mazarin's death in 1661 the property was divided. The part on the Rue Richelieu went to his

* Mademoiselle de Blois, daughter of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan, who married the Regent Orleans, was the great-grandmother of the Count de Paris.

nephew, and was called the Hôtel de Nevers; now it is the Bibliothèque Nationale. The part on the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs fell to the share of the Duke de la Meilleraye, who married Hortense Mancini: in accordance with the will of Mazarin he received the bulk of the cardinal's immense fortune and took his name and arms. His portion of the hotel was called the Hôtel Mazarin until 1719, when it became the quarters of the India Board; afterward it was the Exchange, then the Treasury. As you walk by the modern buildings of the cardinal's sumptuous home, you will surely recall those witty, handsome nieces of Mazarin, whose merry, mad lives often shocked their uncle. They passed their youth at the Palais Royal, where Mazarin first lived, but after they entered society and married, the Hôtel Mazarin was always one of their homes. The lives of the Mancini and Martinozzi nieces of the cardinal minister and lover of Anne of Austria read like fanciful romances. They were Roman girls of humble family, so St. Simon tells us. A Roman diarist of the seventeenth century, however,—Giacinto Gigli,—mentions in one of his entries (March, 1634) their grandfather, Pietro Mazzarino, as a conservator of Rome. A Cenci and a Massimi were in office at the same time. This Pietro Mazzarino was father of the celebrated cardinal; he lived and died at Palazzo Mazzarino, which is now Palazzo Rospigliosi, on the Quirinal. Cardinal Mazarin brought his beautiful nieces to Paris, where his success and high position obtained for them large fortunes and brilliant marriages. He gave his favorite niece Hortense Mancini twenty-eight millions of francs as a *dot*. Her husband was one of the richest *partis* in France. His father, the Duke de la Meilleraye, said that the immense wealth of his son frightened him,—it would cause the family to perish; and it did. One of the nieces, Laura Martinozzi, Duchess of Modena, was the mother of the last queen of England of the Stuart line. Two were mothers of heroes: Prince Eugene, the greatest general of his time, "the bulwark of the German empire

against the French and Turks," was the son of Olympe Mancini, Countess de Soissons, while the son of Laure Mancini, Duchess de Mercœur, was the celebrated Vendôme.

It was at the Hôtel Mazarin that Marie Mancini played her fierce game of heart and ambition against her clever, cruel uncle, and lost. Who does not remember her passionate reproach uttered at that supreme moment when the unhappy boy-king shed tears as he spoke his last words to her in the embrasure of a deep window?—"Vous pleurez, sire; vous êtes roi, et je pars." Marie Mancini had a long and eventful life after that tragic experience of her youth. She married Prince Colonna, of Rome, Gran Conestabile of the kingdom of Naples, and enjoyed for some years regal luxury and social success. Then the wild, adventurous Mancini blood got the upper hand. She wandered over land and sea, was an exile in Spain, and was often in want of the necessaries of existence. At last this once brilliant favorite of courts and kings fell out of the world, and lived in such utter obscurity that some of her biographers have said that the place of her death and burial was not even known. I, however, have stood beside the tomb of this strange woman and read its inscription:

MARIA MANCINI COLONNA.

PULVIS ET CINIS.

—Dust and ashes. This tomb-slab lies on the ground beside the high altar of the old Templars' Church, Sta. Sepulchra, at Pisa. The Mazarin and Colonna arms are quartered on it. A long Latin inscription tells, among other things, that the monument was placed there by "her relative Cardinal Carlo Colonna," and that she died at the age of seventy-two. When Marie Mancini Colonna was seventy, two years before her death, an inventory was made of her gowns and jewels,—"*robbe e gioie*." Among them is mentioned the superb necklace of thirty-five large pearls that Louis Quatorze gave her when she married the Gran Conestabile Colonna. In her long, weary life, although often very needy in

circumstances, she did not sell that gift of her royal lover. You may fancy her poor old trembling fingers handling the precious pearls, and those tired, aged eyes, that had looked for so many long years on disappointments and misery, resting on the beads with the tearless despair of old age. And such a desolate old age as hers! Every great pearl typified the sorrows and tears of her mysterious existence. Hanging in the Colonna gallery, Rome, is Marie Mancini's portrait, by Netscher, with those royal gems on her beautiful throat; large, pear-shaped pearls are in her ears. She wears a silver-gray satin robe, embroidered in gold; a bluish-purple velvet mantle, bordered with ermine, falls from her handsome shoulders; it is fastened over the bosom by a rich chain of rubies and sapphires; ruby, pearl, and sapphire armlets are around the loose white sleeves, sapphire clasps are on the tops of the sleeves; the rich brown hair is dressed in short, puffy curls. It is a fairly intelligent face, with a broad forehead that is well covered by the hair, a long, high Roman nose, well-arched eyebrows, and dark, almond-shaped eyes that have long, heavy eyelids and a very velvety, soft expression, and a full, large, sensual mouth. There is no strength or firmness of character in the face, but voluptuous wilfulness. Those royal pearls and a brooch that belonged to Marie Mancini are now in the possession of the Princess Rospigliosi: about twenty years ago that princess wore them at a ball she gave in Rome. Historical jewels, especially pearls, should be put away reverently in cabinets, and not placed on the brows and bosoms of innocent young brides: it seems as if they might bring a heritage of grief and tears.

Before leaving the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs we must give a word or two to that other niece of Mazarin, his favorite, to whose husband the cardinal left name, arms, and the larger part of his fortune. She was Hortense Mancini, Duchess Mazarin, sister of Marie Mancini, one of the most beautiful women of her day. In her youth, Charles II. of England wished to marry her; so did

Charles Emanuel II. of Savoy; but Mazarin refused both royal lovers, for the first was living on the bounty of France and in exile, and the other was a petty sovereign of small means and less power. The cardinal married this beautiful girl to the richest peer he could find, the son of that Grand Master and Superintendent of Finances, Duke de la Meilleraie, who was cousin-german to Cardinal Richelieu, and of whom Cardinal de Retz often makes mention in his memoirs. The mother of the young duke, Hortense's husband, is handled rudely by Tallemant in his scandalous chronicles. But, notwithstanding Tallemant's malicious words, Madame la Maréchale de la Meilleraie was a beauty, sang like an angel, and was adored by her husband. Mazarin tried his best to make a *grande dame* of Hortense, but the wild, ungovernable blood of her race would have its way. She threw rank and good repute to the winds, wandered hither and thither over Europe as far away as possible from her husband, whom she loathed, led an adventurous life, lived on the bounty of her royal lovers, held holiday court at Chambéry, as the guest of Charles Emanuel II., and then at a literary *salon* of questionable morality in London, with St-Evremond as her adorer. In the Bridgewater Gallery, London, is a portrait of Hortense Mancini painted as a nymph; behind her stands St-Evremond, represented as a faun. Madame de Sévigné writes, "*La justification de Madame Mazarin était écrite sur la figure de M. de Mazarin.*" But Madame de Sévigné was more severe to herself, for she pardoned acts and vices in her own husband and son much more offensive than the physical defects and the petty tyranny of poor Mazarin de la Meilleraie. When Hortense Mancini died in London, she was so deep in debt that the creditors seized the body: her husband redeemed it, had it embalmed, and for at least a year kept it with him, even in travelling! Was it love or revenge that made him do this? Go to the Fountain of Trevi, in Rome, and look up at the façade of the Minorities Church,

SS. Vincenzo and Anastasio. Cardinal Mazarin rebuilt this old church, which was in his Roman parish. Martino Longhi, the architect, designed the curious front, which was called at the time by the satirical Romans the "Temple of Fame," because on the summit is a sort of temple-façade of six columns, with two flying angels blowing trumpets. In the centre of this temple is a shield with the Mazarin arms,—a Roman fasces and stars. Below, over the door of the church, is a marble bust of a woman,—a bold, beautiful Roman type, but hard, cold, and as expressionless as a sphinx. Tradition says this bust is the portrait of Hortense Mancini, Duchess Mazarin. "*La sola effigie di donna profana sopra la facciata di una chiesa*" ("the only effigy of a woman not a saint placed on a church"), writes the Roman chronicler of the eighteenth century, Cancellieri.

One of the most interesting walks in old Paris is the full length of the new Boulevard St.-Germain, from the Legislative Palace (Palais Bourbon), at the Pont de la Concorde, to Pont Sully, at the Isle of St.-Louis. The old Faubourg St.-Germain, the doors of which were so hard to open to those who were not born in the purple of rank, ended at the Rue des Saints-Pères. A few years ago, when I first explored this new boulevard, I was shocked at seeing so many imposing and historical residences half destroyed. This line of way, made for the benefit and convenience of the omnibuses and tramways of the multitude, cuts ruthlessly through fine gardens and court-yards into the very centre sometimes of buildings to which famous old names belong, leaving bare to the highway great stone staircases, hall-like rooms, stately wings, and ruined gardens,—de Guemenée, de Broglie, de Mailly, de Noailles d'Harcourt,—a host of names that recall the days of Sully and Henri Quatre, of Richelieu, Mazarin, and De Retz, of bold, gallant rulers and clever political intriguers, those fascinating times which are described so graphically in the memoirs, chroni-

cles, and letters of the elegant men and women who flourished under the early Bourbon kings.

The Legislative Palace, where the Boulevard St.-Germain begins, was the Palais Bourbon, built by Girardini (1722) for the Duchess-dowager de Bourbon (Princess Hesse-Rheinfels), wife of "Monsieur le Duc," as Louis Henri de Condé, chief of the Council of the Regent Orleans, was called. Their son, the brave, *spirituel* Prince de Condé, spent twelve millions of francs on this palace when he enlarged and completed it. His son was the miserable Duke de Bourbon who ended the famous Condé line so ignobly in 1830, after its four hundred years of honorable existence. That unworthy descendant of a kingly race deserted the Legitimist cause in his old age. Soon after he was found hung by the cravat to a window-bolt of his bedroom at the Château de St.-Leu. Those of us who are old enough will remember the famous *procès* and the horrible scandal circulated against the Orleans family after the wretched old man's suicide or murder. The heir to the Duke de Bourbon's immense fortune was the present Duke d'Aumale. After that ignominious death the Palais Bourbon was bought by the French government for the Chamber of Deputies. When you enter the boulevard at the Legislative Palace, turn and look at the marvellously beautiful scene,—the Pont de la Concorde, the river Seine, the quays, the Champs-Élysées, the monumental buildings, the Egyptian obelisk, and the delicious atmospheric background of light and air. The Seine is always full of fine sky-effects in fair weather. So peaceful is the view that you quite forget you are in a city where volcanic human passions have caused the most fearful tragedies.

If you are a good walker, you may complete the Boulevard St.-Germain and its environs in three days certainly. There are literary as well as aristocratic memories around the old Faubourg which will make you go many a round-about way. For example, there is the Rue de Lille,—formerly Rue de Bour-

bon,—named originally after the Abbé de St.-Germain-des-Prés, who in 1640 opened that street and other public ways across a part of his abbey-fields, which were called the *Pré aux Clercs*,—clerks' or priests' meadow. That abbé was Henri de Bourbon, illegitimate son of Henri Quatre and the Marquise de Verneuil. One of the streets, by the way, still bears the title of that frail daughter of a frail mother, for Henriette d'Entraques, Marquise de Verneuil, was the daughter of Marie Touchet, the favorite mistress of Charles IX., by her marriage after that king's death with the governor of Orleans. The Marquise de Verneuil succeeded Gabrielle d'Estrées in the facile affections of Henri Quatre, and also obtained from that king, who was so weak to his mistresses, a promise of marriage, which the minister Sully had the courage to tear up.

In the Rue de Lille were the Hôtels Valentinois, de Montmorency, etc. Madame de Staël at one time lived in the Rue de Lille, as did also Condorcet the philosopher, whose beautiful wife Sophie de Grouchy held her *salon* in the Rue de Lille and shared the rule over Paris society with Madame de Staël. Another celebrated but shameless woman lived in that street, at No. 75,—Madame de Tencin. There she held her "*Bureau d'Esprit*," where she assembled her menagerie and animals,—"*ma ménagerie et mes bêtes*," as she said. Madame de Tencin was one of the most ambitious and unprincipled but clever beauties of the Regency. Never did a woman know better how to use not only her own wits, but her lovers'. From the Regent Orleans and his minister Dubois she secured political power; Law made her rich; Fontenelle and Montesquieu gave her philosophy and learning. She posed with a certain success as authoress and theologian, corresponded with popes and prelates: as the witty Romans say of such universal pretensions, "*ella tirava il capello a tutti*" (literally, "she lifted her hat at everybody"). This heartless woman had her illegitimate new-born infant placed on the steps of a little church near Notre-Dame. The poor abandoned

child was adopted by the wife of a glazier, and became the celebrated philosopher D'Alembert, the better spirit of Diderot's audacious and marvellous *Encyclopédie*. Poor D'Alembert! He had little luck with women. The only one he ever loved, Mademoiselle de l'Esplanasse, he discovered after her death, had been untrue to him for years. Go to No. 19 Rue St.-Dominique and look up at her house when you remember this sad history of a learned man.

At the corner of the Rue St.-Dominique and the Rue des Saints-Pères was the residence of the Duke de St.-Simon,—"un *Tacite à la Shakespeare*," as Ste.-Beuve said of that bitter pen-caricaturist: he might more properly be called a literary Hogarth, but he lacked the good heart and philosophy of that marvellous painter satirist. What would that haughty little duke have thought if he could have known that a century later his hôtel would be occupied by the son of a servant and a fruit-seller?—one of Napoleon's generals it was,—Auge-reau, Duke de la Vittoria. For St.-Simon "saw in the nation only the nobility, in the nobility only the peerage, in the peerage only himself."

On the right of the Boulevard St.-Germain, just after you pass the Rue du Bac, you see a grand old hôtel. The new boulevard has cut directly through its court-yard, carrying away the two lodges or front buildings. The main building and garden remain intact. It is the celebrated Hôtel de Luynes, built over two hundred years ago for one of the most remarkable women of the seventeenth century, Marie de Rohan Montazon, Duchess de Luynes and Chevreuse. She was by birth of that French family whose proud motto was—

Princee ne daigne,
Roi ne puis,
Rohan je suis.*

*This motto is older than the Rohan family: it dates back to 965, when it first belonged to the De Coucys. What romantic lover of crusading legends does not remember Raoul de Coucy, the lover and affianced husband of Gabrielle de Vergy, who was killed at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, 1191? When dying, he ordered his squire to take his embalmed heart to his lady-love, who had been married by her cruel

In 1660, when the Spanish minister congratulated Cardinal Mazarin upon the treaty of Westphalia and said he hoped his eminence and the nation might now enjoy peace and quiet, Mazarin shook his head and replied, "Our women in France give us too much trouble for any hope of repose. You Spaniards are better off. Your women occupy themselves only with love-affairs; *ma, gran' Dio!* we have in France at this present moment three women capable of governing or upsetting three great kingdoms,—Madame de Longueville, the Princess Palatine, and the Duchess de Chevreuse."

You will be sure to stop in front of the Hôtel de Luynes and think of the brilliant, beautiful woman who built it, and who in her youth turned the heads of all the men,—friends and enemies, kings and commoners, peers and prelates. During one of her triumphant exiles from France she was disguised as a man, and then all the women lost their hearts to her. St.-Evremond says that Ninon de l'Enclos told him she thanked God every night for her wits and begged him every morning to protect her against the follies of her heart. This prayer Madame de Chevreuse had also need to make. She used her bright brains to little purpose, and the follies of her heart forever misled her. In Richelieu's and La Rochefoucauld's memoirs you will find the story of Marie de Rohan's political and *galante* in-

trigues with *le beau Chalais*; in D'Haussonville's "*Histoire de la Reunion de la Lorraine à France*" is told how she dazzled and entangled in her plots the impetuous Charles of Lorraine; Retz in his malicious, clever memoirs gives Madame de Chevreuse in her mid-age, and also a spiteful portrait of her handsome unlucky daughter, Charlotte de Chevreuse. Indeed, all the memoirs of those days tell of the plots, exploits, adventures, conquests, and tempestuous life of the bold, beautiful duchess,—her dangerous journeys over Europe, an exile flying from Richelieu's vengeance, throwing herself headlong into every conspiracy, using every means, fair and foul, to further the political aims of her various lovers and to harm and vex the all-powerful cardinal.

Madame de Chevreuse lived in a day when women were as openly immoral as men. Her first husband was the bold favorite of Louis XIII., Duke and Connétable de Luynes, who ruined the Maréchal d'Ancre, exiled Marie de Médicis, and fought a fair fight for royalty against the peers. The Connétable de Luynes might have made a grander, more consistent woman of Marie de Rohan if he had lived, for it is said they loved each other; but he died when she was only twenty-one. A year after (1622) she married Claude de Lorraine, Duke de Chevreuse, an unworthy descendant of the great Balafre, Duke de Guise. The Duke de Chevreuse was brave, handsome, but grossly immoral, had no dignity of conduct, no force of character, no order in his affairs, was utterly unable to command the respect or control the actions of his headstrong wife. During her first marriage Marie de Rohan was appointed superintendent of the queen's household, and was as great a favorite with Anne of Austria as De Luynes with Louis XIII. This office she held after her second marriage. The court was very brilliant, gallantry the order of the day,—gallantry and political intrigue. The imprudent young beauty was instantly in the thickest of all the perilous plots and conspiracies against

father to another lord. Gabrielle's husband discovered the poor heart, and in an agony of jealousy tried to force his wife to eat it! She died of hunger! Those of us who are old enough will remember reading in our youth De Belloy's famous tragedy on this revolting subject, and wondering, probably, as I did, why so mediocre a work had been famous. But Grimm's correspondence gives the reason. It was the great actress Madame Vestris who gave the tragedy its reputation. She appeared first in "*Gabrielle de Vergy*" in July, 1777. Grimm, in his report upon it, says never was an impression produced on the French stage equal to the one made by Vestris in the scene where Gabrielle, hoping to find a poison-draught in the cup, sees her lover's heart which her cruel husband has placed there. Her sobs, the pantomime of horror and keen anguish, raised the house: the audience shouted, and women not only fainted, but went into violent convulsions.

Richelieu. La Rochefoucauld says she brought misfortune to her lovers: rather they brought her ill luck. She showed great lack of political judgment, however, in taking up the cause of such wild, reckless men as Charles of Lorraine, of such political adventurers as Chalais and Châteauneuf, and in devoting herself so blindly to that selfish, dissimulating woman, Anne of Austria. She aided and abetted the queen in all her underhand dealings with Spain, was her confidante in the mysterious love-affair with the brilliant favorite of Charles I., Buckingham,—which nearly cost Anne of Austria her crown and liberty. Years after, when the queen had bridged over those dangerous days with lies and mean humility and was the mother of a future king, Louis XIII. introduced to her a young Italian prelate who was the new assistant of her arch-enemy Richelieu. "You will be sure to like him, madame," said the king, with a look that humbled his wife to the earth, "he is so like your old friend Milord Buckingham." That young prelate was Mazarin.

After Richelieu and Louis XIII. were dead, and Anne of Austria was regent, she recalled Madame de Chevreuse to France. Ten years the exile of the duchess had lasted, and both were anxious to see each other. They had shared many a wild frolic together, had parted in great sorrow, and in greater peril. No wonder they counted on a future happy intercourse. But time and events had changed each woman. Madame de Chevreuse at forty-three was still intrepid, ready for intrigue and conflict, but she was no longer gay, merry, and dashing. Anne of Austria's natural indolence had increased; she loved ease and tranquillity; power, too, and its responsibilities were upon her; above all these causes of indifference, she was in the first delicious days of her love for the clever, handsome Italian Mazarin. Unluckily, but most naturally, Madame de Chevreuse immediately placed herself in direct antagonism to the cardinal. Of course the lover won the day, and Marie de Chev-

reuse again went into exile. Years, however, had brought a certain amount of wisdom to her: she made peace with Mazarin, went over to his political views, returned to France, and enjoyed court favor, which was somewhat endangered, however, by her coquetting politically with the leaders of the Fronde. It was in 1650 that the Duchess de Chevreuse built the Hôtel de Luynes, when she expected to marry her daughter Charlotte to Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti, younger brother of the great Condé, the chief of the cabal of the *Petits-Maitres* in the Fronde. He was an ugly, envious little man, but a prince of the blood: therefore when he broke off the proposed marriage with Mademoiselle de Chevreuse the mortification was very great to both mother and daughter. Conti jilted the beautiful girl in order to save his head from the scaffold, for his conduct during the Fronde had put his life in peril, and he made his peace by marrying one of the nieces of Mazarin, the eldest and best of the family,—Anne Marie Martinozzi. Two years after Mademoiselle de Chevreuse's disappointment, she was seized with a malignant fever, and died, after only a few hours' illness, in the arms of her almost frantic mother.

Poor Madame de Chevreuse! Every one died whom she had loved. As old age came on, she found herself in hopeless solitude. True to her impulsive nature, which accepted only extremes, she became very devout: having no human beings to combat and vex, she strove to humble and mortify her own soul, and gave up every object of pride and enjoyment. The superb Hôtel de Luynes and the princely Château Dampierre became hateful to her. They recalled brilliant days that had been full of peril to her soul. She retired to a small country house, where she lived obscurely and humbly. The world forgot this woman, whose beauty, wit, and adventures had occupied so large a space in society and government. At seventy-nine years of age—in 1679, for she was born with the century—the once celebrated Duchess de Luynes and Chevreuse died at Gagny,

and few took heed of the event. Her rival, Madame de Longueville, died the same year, also her malicious enemy Cardinal de Retz. Her royal mistress Anne of Austria had died thirteen years before, in 1666. Madame de Chevreuse ordered that her burial-services should be without pomp, that there should be no funeral sermon, and that her titles should be left unmentioned. On her tomb in the village church of Gagny is this epitaph, said to have been written by herself:

L'humilité ayant fait mourir dans son cœur toute la grandeur du siècle, elle défendit que l'on fit revivre à sa mort la moindre marque de cette grandeur qu'elle voulut achever d'ensevelir sous la simplicité de cette tombe.

Madame de Chevreuse left but one child, her son by the Connétable de Luynes, who inherited his mother's titles and maimed fortune. The Duke de Luynes was a good, religious man, who led a tranquil, studious life, was closely connected with the Port-Royalists, and wrote several pious books. His household was almost Puritanical in its religious character and simplicity. The restless, passionate blood of Madame de Chevreuse flowed quietly enough through the veins of her son, but bubbled up hotly in the grandchildren, one of whom, also celebrated for her charms of body and mind,—the famous Countess de Verrue, the heroine of Dumas' "Dame de la Volupté,"—was the mistress of Victor Amadeus II. of Savoy, and—through her legitimated daughter, Mademoiselle de Savoy, wife of a prince of the blood, the Prince de Carignano—an ancestress of the present reigning house of Italy.

After you leave the limit of the old Faubourg St.-Germain you come to the Rue St.-Benoît. At the corner, on the fourth floor, lived D'Alembert's friend, the unbelieving spirit of the Encyclopédie, Diderot. A little farther on is the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, the street of the old Théâtre Français, where "Phèdre" and "Le Médecin malgré Lui" were first played. The theatre stood nearly opposite the famous Café Procope, where Voltaire and all the lit-

erary men of that time assembled. The café is still in existence, at No. 13 of the same street. It was founded in the early part of the eighteenth century by a Palermitan noble, Procope Couteau, whose fortunes had gone down in the world. Grimm tells us of Couteau's son, who was a doctor that enjoyed some literary reputation, wrote clever dramatic poems, and, although deformed in person and very ugly, was so gay, pleasant, and original that he was not only much sought after in society, but was extremely fascinating to fashionable women.

We now approach the Latin quarter, busy and buzzing with life. Near by is the attractive Hôtel de Cluny, dear to the lovers of bric-à-brac. In ancient days it was an imperial palace, with *thermæ*, or baths, where lived the Roman rulers of Gaul. Julian the Apostate was declared emperor there by his soldiers (A.D. 360). At the Marché des Carmes and Place Maubert you are on ground sacred to the memory of great scholars and famous old colleges. Place Maubert holds a celebrated name. Albert the Great—he who was "great in magic, greater in philosophy, greatest in theology" (*magnus in magia, major in philosophia, maximus in theologia*)—taught there in the early part of the twelfth century. "Maître Aubert" he was called; hence the name of the Place, M'aubert. Albert the Great was the master of St. Thomas Aquinas. Dante sings,—

Questi, ohe me adestra più vicino
Frate e maestro funmi, ed esso Alberto
E di Colonia ed io Tomas d'Aquino.

(*Il Paradiso*, x. 97.)

Centuries after, another master lived at Place Maubert,—Maître Alain,—whose young clerk did as much for unbelief as Maître Aubert's scholar St. Thomas did for the faith: he is known to the world as Voltaire.

You will be sure to hunt up Dante's and Petrarch's Rue du Fouarre,—Street of Straw,—which is not far off. It was the most important street of the Latin quarter in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. *Fouarre* is old French for

foin,—hay. A hay-and-straw market was near by. Literary legend says the students used the straw to cover the benches, even made bundles of it to sit on while listening to the lectures in the famous schools of that quarter. Dante, in the thirteenth century, places in Paradise and in the immortal amber of his verse a master who lectured on logic in the *vico degli strami*, street of straw, Sigier,—a name that has “perished out of literary history.”

Essa è la luce eterna di Sigieri,
Che leggendo nel vico degli strami,
Sillogizzò invidiosi veri.

(*Paradiso*, x. 137.)

Petrarch, in the fourteenth century, when enjoying the sweet melancholy of his tranquil old age at Venice, had disturbed memories of “the disputatious city of Paris and the noisy Street of Straw,” for students and masters in those learned schools of the Middle Ages were like Chaucer’s “Clarke of Oxford:”

Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

A walk through this quarter gives rise to sober, pure thoughts of people most unlike those fantastical men and women of the seventeenth century whose various inheritances of blood made their temperaments so strong, their characters so weak. The latter half of the fourteenth century is a pleasant period of French court life to ponder over. Charles the Wise, son of the King John who was defeated at Poitiers by the Black Prince, reigned at that time with his beautiful and good wife Jeanne de Bourbon. Their court was distinguished for dignity and intelligence. One of its principal men was the friend and correspondent of Petrarch, Philippe de Vitry, Bishop of Meaux, who translated Ovid; another was the translator of Livy, Pierre Bersuire, a most religious and learned man; another, the Dean of Rouen, Nicholas Oresme, the great Aristotelian.

We now draw near to the end of the boulevard. To the right of the Rue de Touraine is the great Wine Market,—

Halle aux Vins,—where are streets named for the different wine-countries,—Rue Champagne, Rue Burgundy, Rue Bordeaux, etc. That wine-market also has famous learned traditions of the celebrated Abbey of St.-Victor, founded by Louis le Gros (1110). It was a silent, solemn cloister, which formed a fine contrast to the noisy and pugnacious schools of philosophy. The “St.-Victors” were contemplative philosophers, deep thinkers, not “intellectual gladiators:” the end of their meditations was the inward satisfaction of the soul, their bonds in-born reverence, without doubt, without fear. They existed tranquilly in “the pugnacious city of Paris,” like those *mères perles* of St. François de Sales, “*qui vivent dans la mer sans prendre aucune goutte d’eau marine*.” There the Doctor Mellifluus of the Church studied,—St. Bernard, the great Abbot of Clairvaux; and to that abode of peace poor St. Thomas-à-Becket fled in 1159. There he passed the last ten years of his life in holy solitude. In 1169 Louis VII. of France sent for the archbishop to visit him at Amboise, and reconciled him to Henry II. of England, who was also the French king’s guest. St. Thomas returned to his native land on the word and honor of his treacherous sovereign; a few months after, “four gentlemen” devoted to the king murdered the Archbishop of Canterbury at the very altar, while he was kneeling celebrating the solemn sacrifice of the mass.

Now we reach Pont Sully. To the left is the Quai de la Tournelle, which was the Bois de Boulogne for the gay world of the seventeenth century. Under its avenues of trees the chariots of *grands seigneurs*, beautiful women, and rich *bourgeois* met on common ground. You cross Pont Sully to the Isle of St.-Louis, where are many historical houses,—Hôtel Lambert, for instance. There Voltaire planned his “Henriade,” while visiting Madame du Châtelet. Hôtel Lambert was built for a president of Parliament, Lambert de Thorigny, called “Lambert the Rich.” For this Mæcenas of the seventeenth century Le Sueur

painted the Apollo ceiling and the Muses we admire at the Louvre. Le Sueur devoted the last nine years of his life to the decoration of Hôtel Lambert (1645-1654). Le Brun also painted some famous decorative pictures for that splendid palace. Before leaving the Quai Anjou you will not miss hunting out the hôtel of "the irresistible Lauzun," the uncivil lover of "La Grande Mademoiselle," the despotic brother-in-law of St.-Simon. The date on its façade—1657—places it beside Hôtels de Luynes and Lambert in age: De Luynes was begun in 1650, Hôtel Lambert was finished in 1655. You cross Pont Sully and go to the end of the Boulevard Henri Quatre, where you will find the Rue de Lesdiguières, a name that will sweep your memory back to the memoirs of De Retz and then on to St.-Simon, and even farther back, for the famous Hôtel de Lesdiguières that stood there was originally the palace of the son of the Lucchese shoemaker, the rich Italian banker of Henri Quatre, Zamet (1549-1614). Zamet's daughter Christine, by the way, was the mother of that Marquis de Montespan who in the following century was, as St.-Simon says, "*trop connu par la funeste beauté de sa femme et par ses nombreux et plus funestes fruits.*" It was in Zamet's splendid house and grounds that poor Gabrielle d'Estrées met her sad fate. At a banquet the banker gave her she ate the mysterious orange that caused her death. The beautiful royal favorite had her pretty feet quite on the steps of the throne. Henri Quatre repudiated Marguerite of Valois, and meant with all the obstinacy of his nature to have his own will and sweet wicked pleasure. The handsome mother of those superb boys, César and Alexandre de Vendôme, whom he adored, should be his queen, in spite of Sully's remonstrances and opposition. Who put the poison in that fatal fruit? Surely not the wise and good Sully, nor the rich banker. Nevertheless, poison was there, which ended the hopes of the frail but lovely woman. Her eldest son, César, "Monsieur," was the Duke de Ven-

dôme of De Retz's memoirs; her great-grandson was the celebrated Vendôme whose mother was Laura Mancini, one of the beautiful nieces of Mazarin. Zamet's hôtel in Louis XIV.'s reign belonged to "*cette fée*," as St.-Simon called her, the well-known kinswoman of Cardinal de Retz, the Duchess de Lesdiguières: hence the name of the street, which tells of the hôtel long after it has perished. St.-Simon says it was "a true fairy-palace, such as romances describe," and the fairy who lived there, "with all her wit, never wished to see the world, never went to court, never left her own house." She had no need to, for all the world came to her. It was with the Duchess de Lesdiguières that Cardinal de Retz spent the brilliant closing years of his stormy life, at her fairy-palace. The ancient Frondeur had a superb old age. All the illustrious men and charming women of that famous *siècle* sought his society and approval. His king thanked the cardinal publicly for his eminent services. That charming woman Madame de Sévigné was unremitting in her attentions. Molière read to him his immortal comedies, Corneille his finest tragedies, and Boileau his "Poétique" and "Lutrin." On the 24th of August, 1679, the aged Jean François Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz, drew his last breath, mourned by the most brilliant men and women of the French court, of *le grand siècle*. The career of De Retz is a curious and at the same time a beautiful study. In his restless, irreligious youth he ran after popularity, which, like happiness, always flees the pursuer. As years advanced, the old man saw the folly of worldly ambition, despised worldly grandeur with sincerity, even implored the Pope, Clement X. (Altieri, 1670-1676), to take away from him that coveted princely dignity of cardinal for the possession of which at one time he was ready to barter his soul's salvation. Thus his old age, instead of being an expiation of passions and faults, was through the blessing of God's grace a tranquil harbor, a perfect soul's rest.

A few steps farther on, you are at the Bastille, and your walk is ended.

I have omitted many celebrated places in this ramble through the old and new Boulevard St-Germain. As you go through it, you will find at every turn, on every side, other interesting memories,—of the Cæsars of Rome, of the Middle Ages, of the Médisis, the Fronde, the gay days of the Louises, the mad ones of the eighteenth-century Reign of Terror, the nineteenth-century savage

Commune. And as you stroll along, and,

With thoughts conversing, lose the world,

you will forget, as I have often done, that the modern world is about you. Men and women of another day will people the streets, the past will be more vivid than the busy, bustling present, and the precious lines of the palimpsest of Paris will be clear to your mind's eye.

ANNE HAMPTON BREWSTER.

ÆSTHETIC CHILDREN.

"MUMMER! come 'ere!" called a girl of fourteen, one day, across a hotel lawn.

Though the words are set down as she spoke them, it is with no intention of descanting on her pronunciation. If she liked to address her mother as *mummer*, and especially if her mother was willing to respond to that appellation, why should any one find fault? Leaving out of count a very few exceptions in favor of *mamma*, it is strongly to be suspected that *mummer* is our national term of endearment for a female parent, in which case fault-finding is useless. If the term is national, we shall not get rid of it, and to complain is simply to blazon a misfortune abroad.

As to the missing *h*, still less need be said. Every one knows where it is national to drop *h*'s, although it is a curious fact that in England whole congregations may gallantly attack that passage in the Prayer-Book where priest and people acknowledge together their sins of omission and commission, and come off victorious, leaving not an *h* behind, whereas with us it happens as often as not that the clergy themselves begin the sins of omission by saying that we 'ave left undone those things which we ought to 'ave done. Let those explain the matter who care to

make researches about trifles. As a personal opinion, the writer inclines to believe that the letter *h* is of no great consequence. There are very respectable nations which have never used it; and one at least of our own dictionaries calls it merely "a note of aspiration or mark of a strong breathing," and adds that it is "by many grammarians accounted no letter." Such persons, then, as account it no letter have many grammarians on their side; and it is plainly admissible to breathe strongly or not, just as one pleases, when saying in the ardor of conversation that one might 'ave, or could 'ave, or should 'ave done something or other.

No, when *mummer* tripped across the lawn at her daughter's behest, it was nothing of all this that some one thought of, but simply of the difference between now and then,—*then*, when parents were addressed as "madam" and "honored sir," when their hands were kissed by their meek offspring, who dared not so much as be seated in their presence unless invited thereunto, and *now*, when parents may be hallooed to from afar and bidden to come 'ere.

Of course the former state of things was reprehensible, as well as more or less ridiculous; and yet one's fancy lingers rather kindly about those stiff

little girls and boys, whose exaggerated veneration for their parents doubtless passed over into a general conviction that all grown persons were superior beings. Then, too, absurd as the hand-kissings were, they suited the age better than some other things would have done. Picture a stately mother of those days deep in conversation with a friend, and all the while her little daughter plucking at her sleeve and calling importunately, "Madam! madam!" One cannot imagine madam serenely going on talking under such circumstances, although it strikes nobody now as in the least singular when little Mother Hubbard keeps up her everlasting, "Mä-ma! mäi-ma! mäi-ma!" until the mother, finding that she can no longer hear herself speak, turns round to know what is wanted.

It is not announced as a new discovery that this is the children's age, and that grown people have ceased to be superiors; nor is there any design of proving here how little the children have gained thereby, either physically or morally,—that has been often set forth before; but there is another view of the subject suggested by the fashion of the day: *Are the children æsthetic?* That is to say, in striving toward that end has it sufficed to bang their hair?

Let us pass a few of them in review, just as they present themselves at some summer resort. Here is a scene at a public table, to which enters a boy of eight or nine years, having in his suite a gentleman of not unengaging appearance. The chief personage, being seated, helps himself *instantly* to berries, with the remark,—

"Pupper, gimme some sugar!" The sugar is given.

"More," says the infant; and a second sprinkling follows.

"Gimme 'nuther spoonful!" he further commands, and cuts short an opening remonstrance with the angry roar, "I *alwus* have three!" Whereupon the father does as he is told, without arguing.

Was there anything æsthetic about that little lad? He could not have

been more unæsthetic, unless, indeed, his mother had been present to wrangle with him over the third spoonful. For it is a curious fact that a mother seldom if ever yields gracefully, but will argue and argue until, it may be, a dozen persons find themselves practically involved in the Ollendorffian question whether the child of their neighbor has the sugar or has it not. Perhaps it is yet more singular that after any such educational spasm, though she may not have accomplished even so much as a compromise, she can always return to her own berries with an air of having done the whole duty of woman.

However, it is the children only whom we are considering, and we need hardly linger over them at the social board. Every one can see that a child with a piece of pudding, and likewise a piece of pie, before it, is not a picturesque object. The artist is not born who could treat such a subject æsthetically, nor would it be a favorable moment to take the children's portraits when, their little foreheads in piteous knots with the effort to make themselves heard over all the din of the dinner-room, their cry arises, "I want," and "I don't want," and "I," "I," "I"—

It is a school for training unæsthetic voices, that is certain, and the exertions which children are forced to use, either there or anywhere, when their elders are making more noise than is consistent with proper deference to the young, may be held accountable, as we believe, for those higher American tones which are sometimes attributed to climate.

But let us now repair to the public drawing-room, on the understanding that friends from another hotel have come to call on us. We form a circle, and are for the moment a private party, when suddenly there appears in our midst a small boy with a long stick. No one knows who he is, and he cares very little who we are: his sovereign glance may have discerned that there were ladies and gentlemen sitting there, or he may have taken us for so many posts, but at all events it was the vacant central space which was the chief attraction, and,

having gyrated there two or three times about his stick and discovered what sort of a place it is, he saunters away again.

The next event worthy of record on this same occasion is the arrival of three little girls, who take a vastly greater interest in us than the boy did. They were on their way through the room, when something remarkable about us attracted their attention, and they forthwith stopped and formed a line,—outside the circle this time,—three girls of ten or eleven years old, each violently munching a green apple, and staring, and staring, and staring. Anything more ludicrously unæsthetic than the effect produced it would be difficult to imagine.

Does some one say, "Oh, pshaw! children must be children!" But that is just it: these were not children, any more than were those prim little beings of olden time. No one required the small boy to bring his heels together and make us a bow, or the little girls to drop courtesies as they passed; but there is a long way between that and this, and somewhere in the middle distance there was no doubt a time when little folks still possessed a modesty which made it impossible for them either totally to ignore their elders or to walk up and contemplate them as if they were animals in a menagerie.

Perhaps it will be suggested that these are "piazza" manners. But then one must remember that there is room on the piazza for black, white, and gray. It is quite possible that some of the parents were "the first people" somewhere. At any rate, to judge from their children's clothes, they were all given to æsthetics, and had parlors at home full of lambrequins and portières and bric-à-brac, and, in short, devoted themselves more or less to the contemplation of lilies, the while the olive-branches were growing up crooked.

Still, let it be that all this belongs distinctively to the piazza,—alas! to think how many piazzas there are in summer resorts!—let it be so, and we will betake ourselves to a "cottage." You can remember making an informal call on some

queen of society when her little daughter was in the room; and what happened then? The charming lady discovered after a time—after the time, that is, that you had discovered it—that the child's constant interruptions were annoying: so she said, "Run away now, Daisy, dear." But Daisy did not want to run away. She perched herself about upon the chairs instead, and began to indulge in freaks of fancy which necessitated constant interspersions in the conversation of "Don't do that, dear," "Get down," etc., etc., with periodical recurrences to the original idea of her running away. Finally, conscious of having but one eye and ear for her guest, and wearied with the effort of dividing her attention, the poor lady makes that last supreme appeal of the American mother, and says, "Please, Daisy," in a tone that might move a heart of stone. And Daisy is moved, doubtless, but the thing has gone on too long: there are circumstances under which even the American little girl develops a form of embarrassment. With two pairs of eyes fixed upon her, watching between hope and fear to see what she will do, she really cannot beat a graceful retreat, and therefore ignores the pathos of the situation and abruptly changes the subject by saying in a lively manner, "Mamma, I want to tell you something." Thereupon follows a controversy as to whether she shall tell now or reserve the communication for a more convenient season; it ends in her putting her arms around her mother's neck, and a long whispering ensues, of which the final words are, "May I?" Visibly brightening at a prospect of getting out of her difficulties, the mother says, "Yes, you may,—if you are a good girl now." There is probably some tacit understanding between them as to what this goodness shall consist in, but outwardly the situation remains much the same as before. Daisy hangs around a little longer, silently, to be sure, but she only takes herself off when she is ready.

Well? Daisy is a pretty child and exquisitely dressed, yet her whole personality—her *Wesen*, as the Germans

s
in
th
o
an
ev
b
w
ar
in

of
up
th
ar
ar
am
on
eff
is
qui
acc
but
mo
tha
but
mu
mer
min
inst
may
sion
Gre
whi
pina
ness
from
chai
at a
she
ing,
soul,
ering
hand
chirp
shopp
straw
way.
The
droop
her l
looked
had
first

say—fails to produce that harmonious impression which essentially belongs to the æsthetic. She takes a good deal out of your nervous system in one way or another, and it must be confessed that even your outward eye is not refreshed by her pantomimic protest against doing what she does not like,—her squirmings and wriggings and displays of long legs in not precisely beautiful attitudes.

And what a bouquet of such daisies, of both sexes, we could any of us make up at short notice! The truth is, that the idea of children's doing as they are told without first questioning and arguing, wrangling and cavilling, is lost among us to the very tradition. No one knows now what an aristocratic effect obedience has in children. There is a real dignity about a little creature quietly noting a sign or word and acting accordingly. That is still to be seen, but it is in a class of children of whom most of us know little; we like to think that they are sheltered and cared for, but we pity them and feel that they must be, on the whole, rather sad specimens of childhood. Yet, putting out of mind overwrought tales about charitable institutions, and going to visit one, you may bring away no melancholy impression. Just here memory recalls a Kate-Greenaway picture, not as to costume, which was simply a brown frock and pinafore, but as to attitude and joyousness the very thing. A child dangling from one finger a tiny purse on a steel chain, such as were offered that winter at all the street-corners for ten cents; she had found it in her Christmas-stockings, and was as happy over it, dear little soul, as if it contained a fortune. Gathering up her short skirts with the other hand and skipping across the floor, she chirped, "This is the way I shall go shopping." But, oh, there was a stranger looking at her from the doorway. Then what a transformation! The dancing feet stopped, the head drooped, the little finger went up to her lips: she was positively shy. She looked up and answered, however, as she had been taught; but even after her first surprise there was all the while a

sweet little modesty about her, an evident feeling that she was but a child, which was perfectly delicious.

Yes, one imagines them turned out by the hundred, all alike, the little charity orphans; yet one would not mind seeing a hundred like that; and, if you think of it, there is a good deal of sameness about the more fortunate children,—the same banged hair, the same assured gaze, the same sense of superiority revealing itself in every tone and motion. They are happier; but the orphans' unhappiness does not lie, at all events, in their docility. Constant contention, even when more or less amiable, can be no very great pleasure to a child; and when it is unamiable, what a strain on the delicate young nerves!

But this is again wandering from the point; we were to think only of the effect produced on a beholder; and, as before said, in the calm, reposeful ways of an obedient child there is something aristocratic, even in an asylum. One may go further, and say that even out of the asylum, should the happy and less happy children meet on common ground and the orphans prove to be more in harmony with the surroundings, they must still be pronounced the more æsthetic. It would be great odds against them when one thinks how beautifully happy children nowadays are dressed: so it is but fair to place the illustration where dress makes no difference, where the rich and the poor meet together,—or ought to. Take them in church. The charity children, from the oldest to the youngest, appear to know why they are there,—some one has probably taken the pains to tell them: they kneel and fold their little hands as naturally as they would do anything else. And the daisies? In the first place, nobody has told the smaller daisies anything; they have not the slightest idea why they are there; they simply work themselves into their seat at once and begin to gaze around as if they were—say, in the horse-car; while the older ones have possibly heard that their clothes are far too handsome to be brought into immediate contact with

the floor or the footstool, for, even when their parents kneel, it suffices for them to lean forward and get their head as near the book-board as is consistent with retaining some support for the end of the spine. Now, putting aside such finer æsthetic considerations as naturally occur, and regarding nothing but the outward aspect, need one ask which an artist would choose for his picture,—the kneeling child, or the one in exquisite costume, doubled together, with her arms in her lap, holding a book in one hand and waving a little fan with the other, as she lisps from time to time, "*We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord*"?

Having got thus far, the very pen pauses in dismay. Is this what we have come to? Charity-children as models for drawing-room darlings! It is too incongruous. Here is something better. The fact that it is not a personal experience must excuse the paucity of detail. It was related two or three years ago by some one who did not know "that such delightful children were possible in these days." More than half the story has evaporated since, and perhaps all the charm of what remains. It was in a railway-car, and it may be premised that children who can be delightful on a journey will always be in harmony with their surroundings everywhere. They were a happy, united little family party of four, girls and boys, who knew how to take all sorts of good-natured fun from each other; they played like well-bred kittens, without any discordant squeaks.

Even so, however, the mother, sitting by, had to speak a word now and then,—as when they began to pelt each other with their handkerchiefs and the fun became rather furious for a public place.

"There, that is enough," she said. "Put up your handkerchiefs."

And every handkerchief disappeared,—not after two or three more throws and when they had all been appealed to by name, but at once. The charming young people seemed even a little abashed at the idea of having been over-loud. They were very quiet for several minutes, but eying each other the while, and evidently preparing something fresh.

It is safe to say there was not a person in the car who could see them and did not envy that happy mother. How she had brought about such magnificent results, who can tell? It was certainly in the best and kindest way, for they were so fond of her. There was not a little about their devotion to their mother in the original account, but it is all forgotten except the one fact that these peculiar children had actually reverted to the old-time habit of *hand-kissing*. In their case, however, the act was so purely a tender, adoring expression of affection that possibly they fancied they had invented it for themselves. At all events, to the charmed beholder there seemed nothing strange in it. Why, indeed, should it be strange for children to kiss the hand of a saint, their domestic saint,—the mother whom they are growing up to call *blessed*?

GRACE H. PEIRCE.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

In a Paris Pension.

IT was neither the Pension Beaurepas nor its rival the Pension Bonrepas, but, as we named it after a month's acquaintance, the Pension Unrepas. For the frugalities of Madame allowed her boarders, at a price which at home

would have assured three square meals a day, exactly one, and all the life and brightness of her neat apartment was concentrated in that dinner and the hours afterward in the *salon*. In the morning, indeed, over the single cup of coffee and the scant roll, we felt that

Paris had its disadvantages; and we did not always get over this opinion at the breakfast served at eleven A.M.,—a breakfast richer in plates than in dishes. Most of us bridged the gulf between this slender meal and the seven-o'clock dinner by afternoon-tea, an extra duly paid for, but comforting in those dreary winter days when it was always snowing or raining or freezing. As we hovered over the tiny wood fire in our rooms,—a fire that warmed the spirit more than the body,—and sipped the tranquillizing draught,—it was English tea,—we discussed forlornly pictures in the Luxembourg or lectures at the University, and wondered if the advantages of Paris were really full compensation for our material discomforts. We were students, of course, and we enjoyed our privileges, but we did not enjoy cold halls and bare floors and the struggle of mind between the wish to be warm and the need of being economical, wood being a frightfully dear extra, and most of the heat going up the chimney after all.

But when we went down to dinner, and Madame beamed at us behind the soup-tureen, and every one smiled and chatted over his full plate, we were more content. It was a motley group about that board,—Madame's two daughters, a fat old Englishwoman who had plenty of money and very little else, a couple of Swedes from Stockholm, a young Finnish lady, a Russian, two pretty English girls sent here for French and music, and on occasion a Swiss lady and a Spaniard, who both lived on the floor above. One had thus the advantage of hearing French spoken with all varieties of grammar and accent. Of course that was what we wanted; for this was a pension where, in the words of another, "they took you right in and talked to you, and you had to understand them."

We had formal lessons three mornings in the week, and since, being both deaf and toothless, Madame was not strong in conversation, she brought in for our benefit, one evening in the week, a charming old Swiss lady. Madame conducted a pension to make money,

but she had a grain of conscience, and meant to keep her bargain no less in the amount of language supplied than in the number of courses at dinner. So every Thursday Madame Suisse descended to dinner, and in payment therefor made conversation for us afterward in the *salon*. She was very poor, I suspect, but she was very much of a lady. She kept house in two tiny rooms, a *ménage* so meagre that she could not even afford a cat as company. Her one son was in America,—in Buenos Ayres,—and she had a liking for us two because we also were from America. The Spaniard, too, paid for the weekly dinner to which he was asked. He gave us music afterward, and no end of stories; and he concocted always on these occasions some rapture of eggs and cream, which we called Ambrosia. Such delectable dishes as that stout, dark-haired man could contrive had never before passed our lips. It was the very poetry of cooking, and the muse descended always at the wave of his stirring spoon. Monsieur was a music-teacher and a singer. I never knew if he was a good one; but he was an adorable cook.

Dinner over, we troop to the *salon*, bright, this thirtieth day of October, with the gleam of a tiny wood fire; and as Madame spreads her hands to the blaze she tells us that in the eighteen years she has conducted a pension it is the first time that sacred hearth has been illumined before the first of November. "But when one has Americans," beaming on us, "who are so—so shivery, as, indeed, when one considers the climate from which the ladies come, it is no wonder!" For Madame has already told me that she has often had compatriots of ours who were as cold-blooded as we,—Mexicans and Brazilians; and it is in vain for us to protest that we are not from those tropic climes. Madame's geography is vague, and is it not all, she begs to know, America?

"It's against the law, I suppose, to have a fire before November," my friend says, meaning to jest. For the last week we have all been in shawls, and Madame herself has worn a jacket, a

scarf on her head, and mitts on her hands, as she knit in the chilly room.

"Ordinarily, mademoiselle," she answers, with majesty, "one lights the fire the first evening of November, and one extinguishes it the first of April."

"Fools' day," my friend whispers, knowing by bitter experience that, with bare floors, windows down to them, and these mocking fires, Paris is as cold as New York in winter, however the thermometer may stand.

There is a little talk over what we have done that day, comparison of notes on sights and shoppings, and then Madame suggests that Mademoiselle Sophie is ready to read. For Mademoiselle is in training for the Paris Conservatoire, and she has promised to-night a little play she has been studying. And she reads it admirably. It is not the *Comédie Française*, but it is the door to it,—this perfection of enunciation and expression. It is a trifle,—that "*La Joie fait Peur*" we read in school-days, with a wonder over its rank among modern classics. But we wonder no longer as we listen. It is a revelation of pathos, of that touch of nature that makes all the world kin. It is not often Mademoiselle will read. Usually we are driven to cards to get a chance to practise French with her and despair over her perfect articulation. Sometimes we descend even lower, and play games,—childish things, such as proverbs or the like; and there is something funny in the seriousness with which we all go into them. It is only another lesson in French.

No one feels like talking when Mademoiselle has finished, and it is a relief when the Spaniard proposes music, and takes his pupil—our pretty English girl—to the piano. A Scotch ballad, a nocturne from her deft fingers, and then she gives place to the Finn. And she sings us something wild and strange, falling into pathetic minors that recall the wind over icy gulfs and in deep pine forests. She is tall and slender and very blonde, our Finn, and she looks the embodied spirit of the North as her voice rises in that strange chant. "But I do not like to sing," she says

when we ask for more. "It gives me homesick." Indeed, her cold blue eyes are lit with strange gleams as she gives way to the Spaniard. But what he sings is all of the South, rippling and musical and long-drawn vowel-sounds, of which we only catch now and then some word of love. It is a serenade, perhaps: it seems fitted, indeed, rather to the light mandolin than to this prosaic piano and lighted room. But our Spaniard is versatile, and after the serenade he gives us a rollicking song of the vine, and then a popular French air. These two are the body of music, and have that tunefulness to which the common mind obstinately clings; but the others are its soul, waking in ours strange stirrings and keen emotions and wild yearning for we know not what.

The music comes to an end as Marie appears with the tea-tray. We all take a cup; though why we should drink the weak mixture which among the French passes for tea, none of us really know. But over her own cup Madame grows chatty, and tells us, as she has been telling her boarders for the last ten years, doubtless, of the Siege and the Commune. "Through it all I had one pensionnaire, a young American studying, who had not money to get away, and whom finally I fed on horse-flesh. Very good she thought it, too, so long as she didn't know what it was. But the moment the Commune was over, scarce three days after, my house was full,—English people who wanted to see, Americans wanting to get through to the South. Everything was disordered. There were no cabs at all, hardly; and I remember that two Englishmen came in what a day before had been a dead-cart. They could find nothing else, they said."

She tells us how her daughters worked in the hospitals, and how, coming home one day rejoicing that the Siege was over, they met at the very entrance of our street the hoarse cry, "*Viens, viens, citoyennes, fais des barricades!*" It was the beginning of the Commune, and already that Paris pavement, so ready for revolutions, was displaced.

"For the next five days," she adds, with impressive brevity, "we women stayed in the house. Worst of all was the church-bells. For two days they never stopped, and the clamor was distracting."

But here Mademoiselle Sophie protests, and the gossip of history comes to an end. The fire came to its, some little time ago. We two Americans have been almost on the fender for the last half-hour, in the ambition to keep it warm. There will be no more wood put on; it has had its allowance; and, as a preliminary shiver runs over us, we all say good-night.

E. F. W.

The Art of Listening.

It is a familiar saying that an essential part of good conversation is good listening; but the latter art is much more difficult than the former. Yet it is very evident that in all conversation some one must listen, the relation of subject to object being nowhere more clearly established than here.

There are several important virtues which go to the making of a good listener, such as modesty, self-control, and a generous disposition. But these virtues must not be carried to excess and become amiable weaknesses. The good listener is not one who does nothing but listen, any more than the good talker is one who attempts to do all the talking. A marked self-consciousness and a habit of self-display are often seen in the man who bears the reputation of being a good talker. The sound of his own voice is like sweet music, and speech from any one else is employed but as an accompaniment to his own flowing measures. Keen, furtive glances are sent here and there from a pair of restless eyes to take note of the general effect, as a windy orator of the stump studies the faces of his audience and trims or spreads his rhetorical sails accordingly. One has no choice but to listen where conversation takes the form of a set speech; and there are many intellectual and so-called cultivated people whose conversation inevitably takes the form of a public address. They are never easy or quite

themselves except in the presence of an imaginary audience.

The art of listening well is something more than a social grace and accomplishment. The good listener is the genuine listener, who listens with the heart and understanding as well as with the external organs of hearing. It is impossible for the indifferent listener not to betray himself. He may compose his face to the utmost attention, fasten his eyes upon us with the forced, sustained gaze which denotes a fixed determination not to lose a word or syllable of our discourse, but sooner or later a vacant or wandering expression creeps over the eyes, the corners of the mouth droop languidly, the hands and feet begin to make restless movements of their own, and the friend whose bodily presence is still before us is miles away in thought and wishing himself farther still. How inspiring and helpful, on the contrary, is the face of the friend who really listens, entering into our thought and mood with a fullness of sympathy and understanding attested by the bright, intelligent glance of the eye, the answering smile, the ready response and question, that never interrupts, but only reanimates our efforts!

The ability to ask questions in a timely, intelligent fashion is an important aid to good conversation. George Sand makes this one of the essential traits of the superior woman, whom she defines as one "who knows enough never to ask a ridiculous or ill-timed question." A friend of the writer's once said there are two ways of attaining knowledge,—to ask questions, and to set quietly to work by one's self to find out the desired information. A little tact and experience will suffice to show which is the best method to employ in the special cases that arise, but that is a poor form of self-love which is bent on never betraying the least ignorance. There are certain forms of ignorance which are quite excusable, considering the complex character of our rapidly-increasing civilization. Ignorance of a special subject, qualified by an average amount of general information and a

desire to learn, has served as the inspiring motive to many an excellent conversation.

The wise man will bring a careful economy to bear upon his social relations, and cultivate the habit of extracting the most and the best from different minds. The best conversation is that which, relieved of all appearance of pedantry or affectation, leaves the mind more richly stored either with facts or with fancies, and supplies it with some new moral or intellectual stimulus.

Something besides the friction of intellect upon intellect, the flash of wit and action of subtle reason, is necessary for the development of the highest social intercourse, which requires the interplay and reactive influence of the mental forces with those of a more spiritual origin, the moral and emotional. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," is a saying that has been used to explain much of the world's foolish speaking, but it has also here the cause and occasion of its noblest utterances.

We must not forget, however, the intimate relation which the art of good listening sustains to that of good talk-

ing,—a point which has been apparently overlooked. It will not do for the man who finds himself powerless to command the attention of those whom he is addressing to comfort himself with the reflection expressed in the remark of a clergyman who excused a poor sermon by saying that, anyway, he talked as well as the people listened, seeming quite oblivious of the possibility of any counter-reflection arising in the minds of his hearers to the effect that they listened as well as he talked. Certain it is that good listening is as dependent upon good talking as good talking upon good listening. The question of priority between the two is as difficult to decide as that with regard to the chicken and the egg, and of no more practical moment. This much both experience and common sense prove indisputable, that the good talker loses half his power, either to instruct or please, if he lacks the talent of listening, while it is equally true that the good listener has something more than a merely passive part to play, and must not hesitate, when occasion offers, to express an honest and courageous opinion of his own.

C. P. W.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"The Croker Papers. The Correspondence and Diaries of the late Right Honorable John Wilson Croker." Edited by Louis J. Jennings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is a "far cry" back to the times when the Tory party stood on the ancient ways, resisting all innovations, defending the throne and the altar, upholding the rights and privileges of the landed aristocracy,—including that of filling the lower house of Parliament with its nominees,—and predicting ruin as the result of any change in the sacred and glorious fabric of the constitution. Prostrated by the first Reform Bill, reorganized by Peel only to be left stranded by his desertion and that of his ablest followers,

"educated" and bewildered by Disraeli, it has at last abandoned the useless search for a *pou sto* in an age of head-long movement and incessant change, and, under the guidance of Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill, has yielded to the rush it was unable to stem, and is drifting down the broad current of democracy. We must pass over all this to get at the position of Croker, who was a typical Tory, the last, perhaps, of a now extinct species, never admitting any necessity for concessions, never accepting accomplished facts as a settlement of past disputes and the basis of a new policy. We find him, indeed, toward the close of his long life, asserting that

he had "never been a *retardataire*." "I have always," he writes, "advocated and *pro viribus* advanced all progress that I thought improvement," and he instances his early support of several measures of public utility, such as lighting the front of the Admiralty with gas, and especially "one remarkable improvement," which, however, he had never found people willing to discuss,—namely, the adoption of "one common thermometrical scale" by the European nations. "I even went so far," he adds, "as to endeavor to have it talked about at the Congress of Vienna. I probably should have succeeded [*i.e.*, in getting it talked about] but for Buonaparte's return from Elba." As to political questions, he had—like Pitt, Canning, and other Tories—been an advocate of Catholic emancipation, but this only at a time when "it might have done good," not when "it had become capable of nothing but mischief" by being actually carried out, instead of being timidly mooted and then laid aside in deference to the conscientious scruples of royalty. So, too, though a bitter enemy of the Reform Bill, on the passage of which he withdrew from public life, thus allowing the country to go to destruction, he had himself at an earlier period proposed a scheme for "transferring the franchises of delinquent boroughs, of which there were then two available, to Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Sheffield." A plea of this kind goes further than any exhibition of dogged and sullen resistance to the ideas and tendencies of his time in giving us the measure of Croker's character and intellect. Narrowness of view and intensity of prejudice are in themselves not incompatible with shrewdness, modesty, and a kindly spirit; but in his case they were rendered odious and contemptible by the self-importance, the arrogance and pettiness, the hardness of nature, and the acrid temper that seem to have been his distinguishing characteristics. In the multitude of his proposals and suggestions for the conduct of public affairs or the course to be followed by his party, one finds not the slightest indication of sagacity, of any comprehension of the needs and condition of the country, or, it may, fortunately, be added, of any influence over the men, such as Wellington and Peel, to whom he was constantly proffering advice. At a time when lack of employment and dearth of living had reduced the great mass of the laboring-classes to a state of

pauperism, Croker writes, "I look farther, much, than the mere questions of prices of corn and rates of wages, which are what to a logician I may venture to call mere accidents: the substance is the existence of a landed gentry, which has made England what she has been and is." In the same spirit, a few years later, he scouted the talk of the Irish famine, as a mere pretext for yielding to the Anti-Corn Law Agitation. It is not the opinions thus expressed that give a peculiar significance to such passages, but the insensibility displayed alike in regard to the existence of wide-spread misery and to the considerations of practical statesmanship which made some measure of relief an imperative necessity. Mr. Jennings tries hard to efface the current impression of Croker, derived no doubt in the main from Macaulay's acrimonious attacks and Disraeli's portrait of him as "Mr. Rigby," in "Coningsby." No man could well be so bad as the people whom Macaulay disliked appear in his representations of them, and the figures in a satirical work of fiction partake necessarily of the nature of caricature. But the image of Croker revealed in his own letters does not present any broad contrast to those depicted by his assailants. It is, on the contrary, suggestive of their essential truth and general accuracy. Mr. Jennings has performed his office in the spirit which was perhaps necessarily implied by his acceptance of it; but he is not likely to convince any reader who gives himself the trouble of considering the matter that Croker's relations with the Marquis of Hertford were such as a man with a delicate sense of honor would have chosen to sustain, or that his conduct to Peel, while accusing him in his correspondence with others of duplicity, treachery, and cowardice, was consistent with his professions of unabated affection and friendship. The blunders in his edition of Boswell may be unimportant in themselves, though they offer a curious comment on the claim which he puts forward in one of his letters as having a habit of mind peculiarly adapted to minute and accurate investigation; but his interpolations of extraneous and often worthless matter in the text—a point to which Mr. Jennings makes no allusion—showed the grossest possible misconception of the functions of an editor, and a total lack of that literary sense which regards the integrity of a great work as a thing to be jeal-

ously protected against any act of vandalism.

The bulk of the matter contained in these volumes relates to the political changes of a period now comparatively remote,—the first stages of a peaceful revolution which has since been proceeding at a constantly-accelerated pace. The attitude of resistance and repression advocated by Croker and other Tories of the same stamp would, if adopted, have had the effect of precipitating the inevitable result, while changing the character of the conflict. Macaulay, in a speech on the Reform Bill, uttered a warning to this effect, citing in illustration the fate of the French nobility. Croker's reply is quoted by Mr. Jennings as an evidence of his superior knowledge and an example of the crushing retorts by which he is represented as having provoked Macaulay's animosity. The argument, prefaced by the usual "Good God! sir" of the school of oratory in which he had been bred, consists in a bombastic recital of the privileges surrendered by the nobles after the assembly of the States-General. The answer to this, as Macaulay would have been likely to say, is very simple: it is true that the nobles, when caught in the rapids of the Revolution, abandoned all their immunities in the hope of preserving their property and rank; but it is equally true, and much more to the purpose, that down to that period they had opposed and defeated every project of reform by which the Revolution might have been averted. The same tone of pretentious wisdom and exactitude runs through the letters in which he discusses public events as they occur, reviews them in retrospection as confirmatory by their results of his own judgments at the time, lectures the minister who was himself watching their course with a keener anxiety and a deeper sense of responsibility than any other English statesman of this century has evinced, and keeps up the incessant cry, in raven-like notes, of impending anarchy. All this is not unamusing, even if wearisome, and it has a certain value in showing how the dominant Toryism of the early part of the century subsided into a purely negative element when questions of domestic policy took the place of foreign wars and complications. But the main interest of the book arises from the side-light thrown on the motives of the leaders when entering on a course that roused the antagonism of their followers and ended in

the disruption of the party. The outcry against Peel for "deluding and betraying" his supporters has not been confined to those who considered themselves the victims. His conduct has been censured as a breach of faith by writers of all parties, though none of them has attempted to show how he could have taken a different course without stifling his own convictions and sense of duty. But the mass of his countrymen judged him by other rules, and gave him their full confidence at a time when he had lost that of the politicians. His letters in these volumes, though marked by a characteristic reticence, give us glimpses of his state of mind while feeling his way toward the solution of a problem far more difficult and complicated than any with which his successors have had to deal. The frank and trenchant letters of the Duke of Wellington at this crisis give the key to the situation, while justifying his own line of action. He sums up the whole matter in three incontrovertible statements: the Whigs were unable to form an administration; none could be formed by the Conservatives with the sole object of upholding the Corn Law; Peel, having resigned office after the declaration of his views and the consequent rupture in the Cabinet, could not be expected to resume it unless those views were to prevail. As to himself, he was "the retained servant of the sovereign," and his "position was not the Corn Law, but to maintain a government in the country." The Duke is indeed the hero of this book, his letters and the "memoranda" of his conversations preserved by Croker being the most readable matter contained in it, and bringing out in the strongest light those admirable points of his character and intellect which were hardly less manifest in the ordinary business of life than in the operations of war. The directness of mind which he displayed on all occasions was at once moral and intellectual,—an outcome of the force and simplicity of his whole nature. Unlike most people, and in strong contrast to the man with whom he is, naturally, oftenest brought into comparison, he had never any difficulties of his own making to contend against. Croker's notices of him extend from the eve of his departure for Portugal, in 1809, to the last month of his life, and, though far less frequent and copious than one would wish, go further in giving the reader a full and just conception of his unique personality than those of all pre-

vious diarists put together. Of the numerous other figures that appear in these records not many have any strong intrinsic interest for us, and very few are vividly presented. The accounts of interviews with George IV. and the exiled Louis Philippe are graphic and amusing. There is very little of mere social or literary gossip; but this is hardly to be regretted, in view of the present abundance of such matter relating to the same period, and of the coloring which it would probably have received from a mind that was neither lively nor sympathetic.

"Episodes of my Second Life. (American and English Experiences)." By Antonio Gallenga (L. Mariotti). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Fifty Years of London Life. Memoirs of a Man of the World." By Edmund Yates. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Most people who read one of these books are likely to read both. The similarity between them, coupled with their simultaneous appearance, makes one a good advertisement of the other, while the difference is such as to heighten, instead of diminishing, the zest with which each may be relished and appreciated. They are autobiographies of men still living, who, destined by their origin, education, and early life to travel by remote and divergent paths, were eventually drawn by those apparent accidents which are among the incidental workings of some general and controlling force into the same career, pursuing it with equal energy, as conscious instruments of a power that demanded nothing less than entire devotion and unremitting labor. Mr. Yates's early history is redolent of those phases and associations of London life with which the son of a popular actor, who was also the manager of one of the minor theatres, could not fail to become early and thoroughly familiar. At fifteen he received a clerkship in the Post-Office, and he remained in the service twenty-five years; but his performance of the duties thus imposed upon him seems to have been merely perfunctory, neither changing the current of his inclinations nor impeding their gratification. The theatres, the concert-halls, the "supper-and-singing taverns," and similar resorts of comic actors, writers of burlesques, dramatic critics, literary aspirants in general, and eccentric characters that served as studies—Bohemia, in short, as it flourished, an exotic graft on a vig-

orous English stock, forty years ago—form the staple of his recollections of this period; and when the social field widens and brings into view more noteworthy scenes and conspicuous figures, this is not by any abrupt change, but by a gradual process of expansion. The turning-point came in 1873, when he entered the service of the New York "Herald" as a travelling correspondent, —a stepping-stone to the position he still holds as proprietor and editor of the London "World."

Mr. Gallenga, a native of Parma, but a Piedmontese by descent, begins his narrative with the mention of one of those obscure and futile conspiracies in which Italian youth of good family found for so long a period the natural outlet of energies and aspirations nourished and stimulated by all that appealed to the imagination, repressed and barred by all the conditions of the present and actual. The result in his case, much less terrible than in so many others, was exile, beginning in 1831, when he had reached the age of twenty-five. The first five years were passed in Corsica, Malta, and Tangiers; the next two—the account of which occupies nearly half the book—in America, chiefly at Boston and Cambridge. These were followed by a year or two of unsettled life in England, a winter in Nova Scotia, a short and vain attempt to recover a residence in Italy, and at last, in 1843, the establishment of a permanent home in London. Teaching, supplemented by lectures and by contributions to reviews and magazines, was his regular occupation during this period, and continued to be so till the events of 1848 impelled him to join in the struggle for the liberation of his native country. His experiences as a volunteer and as a diplomatist, and at a later period as an active member of the Italian Parliament, were "episodes" in a stricter sense than any others of his "second life." England had become his adopted country, there he had found the means of subsistence and a family life, and there, after much wavering, he came to the determination to settle down in rural retirement. But the fulfilment of this intention was to be long postponed. Though he was now nearly fifty years old, the most laborious days of his life were still before him. Journalism threw its net over him,—a net which, like that of the mediæval Church, sweeps in whatever loosely floating talent can be made serviceable in stirring up the public

mind and propagating opinion. He became one of the special correspondents of "The Times," and subsequently its chief leader-writer on the political and military affairs of the Continent, holding the latter position down to the close of the Franco-German War, after which he continued to serve in one or the other capacity down to a recent period.

Both these books are well written and extremely entertaining. Mr. Yates interests us chiefly by what he tells us about other people, Mr. Gallenga by what he tells us of himself and of his relations with others. The former gives us a series of rapid sketches, the latter a smaller number of carefully-drawn studies. One gossips lightly of "men and things," the other is a scrutinizing observer of characters and events. Mr. Yates is, as he professes to be, a "man of the world," and maintains throughout the tone and point of view suggested by this designation. Mr. Gallenga is a man of wide culture and serious purpose, and wins our sympathy by a mingling of grave reflection and strong feeling with kindly humor. His book will not merely prove attractive while it is fresh, but will bear rereading after a lapse of time. Its special interest for American readers has been already indicated. It is not a little curious to find society as it existed here half a century ago, with Everett, Longfellow, and various other familiar figures, as well as many obscure and unremembered ones, thus unexpectedly revived, and rendered piquant by touches which no native *habitué* could have applied, but the substantial fidelity of which is not likely to be disputed.

"The Countess of Albany." By Vernon Lee. (Famous Women Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Life of Mary Wollstonecraft." By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. (Famous Women Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WHETHER by accident or intention, the Famous Women Series has, with two or three exceptions, been made up so far of biographies of women who could not accurately be called "famous." And these two lives now to be considered are especially removed from popular sympathy and interest, and might very well have waited for their turn until a more brilliant galaxy of names had been exhausted. The Countess of Albany has, however, been made the excuse for a very charming book upon Alfieri and

his times by a writer who has given Italian literature an ardent and careful study, while Mrs. Pennell's zeal in the portrayal of a woman whose apologist she becomes may be accepted as a good augury of equally faithful and, we trust, more pleasing biographical work in the future. Neither of the volumes suggests the fact that they belong to a series which ought to be very well adapted for young girls to read. But the Countess of Albany and Mary Wollstonecraft were singularly unfortunate women, and the story of each, told as it is with a striking absence of reserve, must rouse strong feeling and sympathy. Vernon Lee has brought her literary art to bear upon the epoch to which Alfieri belonged, and has perhaps given as clear a picture of Louise of Albany as her scant materials afforded opportunity. But she rarely succeeds in making her vivid to the reader's imagination. In the first chapter Louise of Stolberg is cleverly introduced on her way to meet her future husband, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," as "a beautiful little fairy princess with laughing dark eyes, and shining golden hair, and brilliant fair skin, more brilliant for the mysterious patches of rouge upon the cheeks and vermilion upon the lips; . . . a childish woman of the world, a bright little handful of thistle-bloom." The fate toward which this girl of nineteen was joyfully hastening was something to shudder at. Vernon Lee belongs to the intense school of writers, and she does not withhold epithets which put clearly before the dullest reader the sort of debauched monster Charles Edward Stuart had become. A sensual, drunken husband, thirty-three years older than his wife, so insanely jealous that he barricaded her doors and never allowed her to appear before men without him, is not a character to be dwelt upon. Louise, however, bore her wrongs and humiliations with good humor and spirit. Her biographer never wearies of describing her as a highly intellectual woman, who made study a refuge until it became a sort of passion. It was in 1776, when she was twenty-three years old and had been four years a wife, that she first met Alfieri. To understand the nature of the *liaison* between the wife of the Pretender and the poet there is requisite a complete knowledge of Alfieri's characteristics; and these Vernon Lee makes clear to the reader in a suggestive, stimulating, and varied way. It was not until 1780 that

Louise left her husband, and not until 1784 that she and Alfieri finally cast off the shackles of the conventional world and began to live together. This was the eighteenth century, which was not easily shocked; and society not only did not withdraw itself from the Countess of Albany, but was ready to find some *éclat* in attaching itself to the *salon* of a woman who was the wife, and later the widow, of the so-called King of England, and the mistress of a great poet. Louise lived until the year 1824, and seems to have been an easy-going, good-natured, sympathetic woman, full of tact and charm to her intimates. If she had otherwise any decided characteristics, nothing is preserved to make them apparent.

Mary Wollstonecraft, also a child of the last half of the eighteenth century, was a woman bristling all over with individuality, loud-voiced in complaint, and giving adequate expression to every phase of her experiences. Mrs. Pennell tells the story with a great deal of special pleading, and perhaps by her strenuous eloquence in behalf of her subject rouses some combativeness in the reader's mind; but she at least succeeds in making Mary Wollstonecraft a real, actual, and living being to us. She was an unlucky woman, with no chance to develop her life freely, but spending an intensity of feeling upon every trifling circumstance that thwarted her wishes,—passionate, nervous, and rather unamiable, although capable of great generosity. Her girlhood was most unhappy, and had the effect of exciting indignant feelings of revolt against masculine tyranny.

She was thrown at an early age upon her own resources, and was hardly to know the end of a prolonged struggle against her perpetually varying fortunes. "A Vindication of the Rights of Women" appeared in 1792 and attracted wide attention. In 1793 she went to Paris at the very height of the terrible epidemic of lawlessness. It was there she met Captain Imlay, an American, who won her love and afterward deserted her. The ardent believer in the emancipation of women was to suffer most cruelly from the freedom of personality, of action, and of reason which she claimed for her sex. Twice she attempted suicide, but finally accepted life for her child's sake. Her "Letters to Captain Imlay" have often been printed, and have been cited as instances of an almost Héloïse-like passion and pathos. Her marriage to William

Godwin in 1797, three years after the conclusion of her affair with Imlay, is the one circumstance which links Mary Wollstonecraft to modern sympathies. She died in giving birth to the child who became the second wife of Shelley, and this connection has superimposed a sort of poetry upon her melancholy and unedifying story. Mrs. Pennell, as we have already said, has shown considerable strength as a biographer, although many of her illustrations drawn from a wide reading might be discarded as pedantic, and some of her comments eliminated as misleading and superfluous. As it is the fashion of the day to withhold nothing from the public, no matter how it may desecrate the most sacred side of a woman's life, it would not perhaps be fair to find fault with the publication of certain notes to Godwin.

Recent American Novels.

"Tales of Three Cities." By Henry James. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"An American Politician." By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"In War Time." By S. Weir Mitchell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

QUITE unabashed by the comments of the critics and the indignation of his compatriots, Mr. James, in his last volume, "Tales of Three Cities," goes on holding the mirror up to Americans until if we had any proper self-consciousness we should recognize a painful deficiency in our social life, and, going our several ways, keep up a temper generally "cheerful and commodious," instead of exasperating ourselves over our imperfections. In "Impressions of a Cousin" and "A New-England Winter" Mr. James gives us really painstaking studies of New York and Boston. Were he not so absolutely accurate in his descriptions, a superficial reader might suppose that he owed those cities a grudge. Not so, however. To pluck out the heart of the mystery of externals is Mr. James's mission. That which he seeks to discover is how things appear and impress one, and what goes on inside rarely comes into his scheme. Naturally, one who treats his subjects in this manner must work not only with the most faithful realism, but with exquisite judgment. Mr. James rarely fails in either. His wit and discrimination are almost never at fault. One may say that the material of these stories is flimsy, that not

one bears analysis, that on laying down the book one declares them to be "thin," almost trivial. Still, they are immensely clever, and, in his deliberate, cumulative way, the author says neat, delicately witty, almost brilliant things. In "Lady Barberina," however, Mr. James seems for once to have made too little of his opportunity: he has not given himself time or room to tell his story, and the episode of Agatha's American love-affair is hasty and a little crude.

In the opening chapters of "An American Politician" Mr. Crawford seems to be breaking a lance with Mr. James, and, so far as a certain ease and sprightliness are concerned, promises to beat him on his own ground. So much conceded to the earliest pages of "An American Politician," few readers are likely to find the remainder of the story anything save pretentious and absurd. There was something piquant in Mr. Crawford's first performances; there was no small recreation to the public in the notion of a Mahometan's discarding his wives to marry an English girl, and at her death entering the mystic circle of Madame Blavatsky and Ram Lal: the heroes of his succeeding books, being as well mere foreigners, could perform their various antics upon their tight-rope without raising more than applause at their agility. But an American politician does not so entirely belong to that twilight region in which any projection of the imagination may loom up on the horizon in the likeness of a human being, and in reading the story of John Harrington's public career, Americans smile the smile of the initiated. There are certain novel and striking accounts given of a triumvirate across the sea who preside over American politics, but the business is a very mysterious one, and there seems no prospect of unravelling it, so that we dismiss the whole political part of the novel and look elsewhere in the book for something Mr. Crawford may do better. But anything of real fibre is conspicuous by its absence: a little rudimentary love-making, some odd New-Englandisms of an old woman who reads Plato and talks the dialect of the Maine backwoods, and a little harmless villany on the part of Mr. Pocock Vancouver, is all the volume otherwise contains.

"In War Time" is an eminently sane and delicate interpretation of the lives of a group of people, each of whom is made admirably real by a succession of minute and carefully-studied touches.

The title might prepare one for a story of wider scope and more dramatic incidents, but, although the civil war is the actual pivot of most of the action and motives, only its effects enter into the narrative. The opening scenes, which take place in a hospital in Philadelphia, are such as no one but a physician with keen professional instincts and habits of close observation could have depicted with the same accuracy; but the expectations thus raised of an essentially new *motif*, not simply based on medical experiences, but reflecting the inner workings of the medical mind, are scarcely fulfilled. The leading character, it is true, is himself a doctor, and a very different kind of being, it must be owned, from the ideal medical attendant so familiar in fiction,—either old, venerable, and full of benevolence and experience, the embodiment of traditional knowledge and wisdom, or young, ardent, gifted with a swift intuition, and triumphing over disease as well as over his orthodox detractors by bold and successful experiment. But Dr. Ezra Wendell is a physician only in name. He has no interest or pride in his profession, no sense of its demands as regards either being or seeming. Neither his virtues, which are scarcely apparent, nor his failings, which are abundant, have been developed or modified by his medical training or practice. He has a moral incapacity for a career of any kind, and, besides neglecting his patients and administering poison in place of medicine through an act of inattention, sinks into commonplace degradation by defrauding a young girl of money intrusted to his care. Wendell and his sister are New Englanders, and, though of opposite types,—Anne's foibles being in the line of a narrow and strained conscientiousness,—are both contrasted with the broader and richer natures developed under the more genial influences, climatic and social, of Pennsylvania. In the local setting of the story the author blends all the details with a completely harmonious effect. The scene is laid in Germantown, and the life depicted is that of a circle calmly conscious of the possession of hereditary opulence and culture and of the corresponding sentiments and obligations. The feminine element predominates, and receives the sympathetic treatment indicative of a perfect *intimité*. The distinction of repose is not absent from the style or from the movement of the story, which, as will have been seen, invites a more attentive reading than the ordinary novel is expected to receive.